THE WORKS OF *SHAKESPEAR.*

VOLUME the EIGHTH.

CONTAINING,

ROMEO and JULIET.
HAMLET.
OTHELLO.
A GLOSSARY.
An INDEX.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by SANDS, MURRAY, and COCHRAN.
FOR
W. SANDS, HAMILTON & BALFOUR, KINCAID & DONALDSON, L. HUNTER, J. YAIR, W. GORDON, and J. BROWN.
MDCCLIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ROMEO and JULIET *.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*
Paris, *a young Nobleman in love with Juliet, and kinſman to the Prince.*
Montague, Capulet, } *two Lords of ancient families, enemies to each other.*
Romeo, *ſon to Montague.*
Mercutio, *kinſman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo.*
Benvolio, *kinſman and friend to Romeo.*
Tybalt, *kinſman to Capulet.*
Friar Lawrence.
Friar John.
Balthaſar, *ſervant to Romeo.*
Page to Paris.
Sampſon, *ſervant to Capulet.*
Gregory, *ſervant to Capulet.*
Abram, *ſervant to Montague.*
Apothecary.
Simon Catling, Hugh Rebeck, Samuel Soundboard, } *three muſicians.*
Peter, *ſervant to the nurſe.*
Lady Montague, *wife to Montague.*
Lady Capulet, *wife to Capulet.*
Juliet, *daughter to Capulet, in love with Romeo.*
Nurſe to Juliet.
Chorus.
Citizens of Verona, ſeveral men and women relations to Capulet, Maſkers, Guards, Watch, and other Attendants.

The SCENE, *in the beginning of the fifth act, is in Mantua; during all the reſt of the play, in and near Verona.*

PROLOGUE.

TWO houſholds, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, (where we lay our ſcene),
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny;
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of theſe two foes,
A pair of ſtar-croſs'd lovers take their life;
Whoſe miſadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' ſtrife.
The fearful paſſage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,

* The plot of this play is taken from an Italian novel of Bandello.

Which but their childrens' end nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our ſtage.
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here ſhall miſs, our toil ſhall ſtrive to mend.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The ſtreet in Verona.

Enter Sampſon *and* Gregory, *with ſwords and bucklers, two ſervants of the Capulets.*

Sam. GREGORY, on my word, we'll not carry coals *.

Greg. No; for then we ſhould be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an' we be in choler, we'll draw.

Greg. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I ſtrike quickly, being mov'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to ſtrike.

Sam. A dog of the houſe of Montague moves me.

Greg. To move, is to ſtir; and to be valiant, is to ſtand: therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runn'ſt away.

Sam. A dog of that houſe ſhall move me to ſtand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Greg. That ſhews thee a weak ſlave; for the weakeſt goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weakeſt, are ever thruſt to the wall: —— therefore I will puſh Montague's men from the wall, and thruſt his maids to the wall.

Greg. The quarrel is between our maſters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will ſhew myſelf a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or the maiden-heads, take it in what ſenſe thou wilt.

Greg. They muſt take it in ſenſe that feel it.

* A phraſe then in uſe, to ſignify the bearing injuries.

Sam.

Sam. Me they ſhall feel while I am able to ſtand; and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of fleſh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not fiſh: if thou hadſt, thou hadſt been Poor John. Draw thy tool, here comes of the houſe of the Montagues.

Enter Abram *and* Balthaſar.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee.

Greg. How, turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Greg. No, marry: I fear thee!———

Sam. Let us take the law of our ſides: let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I paſs by, and let them take it as they liſt.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is a diſgrace to them if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, Sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. Is the law on our ſide, if I ſay Ay?

Greg. No.

Sam. No, Sir; I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir: but I bite my thumb, Sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel, Sir?

Abr. Quarrel, Sir? no, Sir.

Sam. If you do, Sir, I am for you; I ſerve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, Sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Greg. Say, better: here comes one of my maſter's kinſmen.

Sam. Yes, better, Sir.

Abr. You lye.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy ſwaſhing blow. [*They fight.*

Ben. Part, fools, put up your ſwords, you know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among theſe heartleſs hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace: put up thy ſword,
Or manage it to part theſe men with me.

Tyb. What drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word
As I hate hell, all Montagues and thee:
Have at thee, coward. [*Fight.*

Enter three or four Citizens with clubs.

Off. Clubs, bills, and partiſans! ſtrike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets, down with the Montagues!

Enter old Capulet *in his gown, and Lady* Capulet.

Cap. What noiſe is this? give me my long ſword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch:——why call you for a ſword?

Cap. My ſword, I ſay: old Montague is come,
And flouriſhes his blade in ſpight of me.

Enter old Montague, *and Lady* Montague.

Mon. Thou villain, Capulet——Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou ſhalt not ſtir a foot to ſeek a foe.

Enter Prince with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious ſubjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-ſtained ſteel———
Will they not hear? what ho! you men, you beaſts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains iſſuing from your veins;
On pain of torture, from thoſe bloody hands
Throw your miſtemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the ſentence of your moved Prince.
Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice diſturb'd the quiet of our ſtreets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Caſt by their grave, beſeeming ornaments;

To wield old partiſans, in hands as old,
Cankred with peace, to part your cankred hate;
If ever you diſturb our ſtreets again,
Your lives ſhall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the reſt depart away,
You Capulet ſhall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleaſure in this caſe,
To old free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince and* Capulet, *&c.*

SCENE II.

La. Mon. Who ſet this ancient quarrel new abroach?
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the ſervants of your adverſary,
And your's, cloſe fighting, ere I did approach;
I drew to part them: in the inſtant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his ſword prepar'd,
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He ſwung about his head, and cut the winds:
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiſs'd him in ſcorn.
While we were interchanging thruſts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O where is Romeo! ſaw you him to-day?
Right glad am I he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worſhipp'd ſun
'Pear'd through the golden window of the eaſt,
A troubled mind drew me to walk abroad:
Where underneath the grove of ſycamour,
That weſtward rooteth from the city-ſide,
So early walking did I ſee your ſon.
Tow'rds him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And ſtole into the covert of the wood.
I, meaſuring his affections by my own,
(That moſt are buſied when they're moſt alone),
Purſued my humour, not purſuing him;
And gladly ſhunn'd, who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been ſeen
With tears augmenting the freſh morning-dew;
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep ſighs:

But

But all ſo ſoon as the all-cheering ſun
Should, in the fartheſt eaſt, begin to draw
The ſhady curtains from Aurora's bed;
Away from light ſteals home my heavy ſon,
And private in his chamber pens himſelf;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himſelf an artificial night.
Black and portentous muſt this humour prove,
Unleſs good counſel may the cauſe remove.

Ben. My Noble uncle, do you know the cauſe?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myſelf and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counſellor,
Is to himſelf, I will not ſay how true;
But to himſelf ſo ſecret and ſo cloſe,
So far from ſounding and diſcovery;
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can ſpread his ſweet wings to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the ſun.
Could we but learn from whence his ſorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See where he comes: ſo pleaſe you ſtep aſide,
I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

Mon. I would thou wert ſo happy by thy ſtay
To hear true ſhrift. Come, Madam, let's away.
[*Exeunt.*

Ben. Good morrow, couſin.

Rom. Is the day ſo young?

Ben. But new ſtruck nine.

Rom. Ah me, ſad hours ſeem long!
Was that my father that went hence ſo faſt?

Ben. It was: what ſadneſs lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which having makes them ſhort.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out———

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love ſo gentle in his view,

Should

Should be ſo tyrannous and rough in proof!
Rom. Alas, that love, whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should without eyes ſee path-ways to his ill!
Where ſhall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
Oh, any thing of nothing firſt create!
O heavy lightneſs! ſerious vanity!
Miſ-ſhapen chaos of well-ſeeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright ſmoak, cold fire, ſick health,
Still-waking ſleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Doſt thou not laugh?
Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.
Rom. Good heart, at what?
Ben. At thy good heart's oppreſſion.
Rom. Why, ſuch is love's tranſgreſſion.——
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breaſt;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have them preſs'd
With more of thine; this love that thou haſt ſhewn,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a ſmoak rais'd with the fume of ſighs,
Being purg'd, a fire ſparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a ſea nouriſh'd with lovers' tears;
What is it elſe? a madneſs moſt diſcreet,
A choking gall, and a preſerving ſweet.
Farewel, my couſin. [*Going.*
Ben. Soft, I'll go along.
And if you leave me ſo, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I have loſt myſelf, I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's ſome other where.
Ben. Tell me in ſadneſs, who ſhe is you love.
Rom. What, ſhall I grone, and tell thee?
Ben. Grone? why, no; but ſadly tell me who.
Rom. Bid a ſick man in ſadneſs make his will?——
O word ill urg'd to one that is ſo ill!——
In ſadneſs, couſin, I do love a woman.
Ben. I aim'd ſo near, when I ſuppos'd you lov'd.
Rom. A right good markſman;——and ſhe's fair I love.
Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is ſooneſt hit.

Rom.

Rom. But in that hit you miſs;——ſhe'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow; ſhe hath Dian's wit:
And, in ſtrong proof of chaſtity well arm'd,
From love's weak childiſh bow ſhe lives unharm'd.
She will not ſtay the ſiege of loving terms,
Nor 'bide th' encounter of aſſailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to ſaint-ſeducing gold.
O, ſhe is rich in beauty; only poor,
That when ſhe dies, with her dies Beauty's ſtore.

Ben. Then ſhe hath ſworn, that ſhe will ſtill live chaſte?

Rom. She hath, and in that ſparing makes huge waſte.
For beauty, ſtarv'd with her ſeverity,
Cuts beauty off from all poſterity.
She is too fair, too wiſe; wiſely too fair,
To merit bliſs by making me deſpair;
She hath forſworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I ſhould forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call her's (exquiſite) in queſtion more;
Thoſe happy maſks that kiſs fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He that is ſtrucken blind, cannot forget
The precious treaſure of his eye-ſight loſt.
Shew me a miſtreſs that is paſſing fair;
What doth her beauty ſerve, but as a note
Where I may read, who paſs'd that paſſing fair?
Farewel, thou canſt not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or elſe die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Enter* Capulet, Paris, *and Servant.*

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard
For men ſo old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reck'ning are you both,
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds ſo long.
But now, my Lord, what ſay you to my ſuit?

Cap.

Cap. But ſaying o'er what I have ſaid before:
My child is yet a ſtranger in the world,
She hath not ſeen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more ſummers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than ſhe are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too ſoon marr'd are thoſe ſo early made.
The earth hath ſwallow'd all my hopes but ſhe.
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her conſent is but a part;
If ſhe agree, within her ſcope of choice
Lies my conſent, and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old-accuſtom'd feaſt,
Whereto I have invited many a gueſt,
Such as I love; and you, among the ſtore,
One more, moſt welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor houſe, look to behold this night
Earth-treading ſtars that make dark even light.
Such comfort as do luſty young men feel,
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even ſuch delight
Among freſh female-buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe; hear all, all ſee,
And like her moſt whoſe merit moſt ſhall be:
Which on more view of many, mine, being one,
May ſtand in number, though in reck'ning none.
Come, go with me. Go, ſirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find thoſe perſons out,
Whoſe names are written there; and to them ſay,
My houſe and welcome on their pleaſure ſtay.

[*Exeunt* Capulet *and* Paris.

Ser. Find them out whoſe names are written here?—It is written, that the ſhoemaker ſhould meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his laſt, the fiſher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets. But I am ſent to find thoſe perſons whoſe names are here writ; and can never find what names the writing perſon hath here writ. I muſt to the learned.——In good time,——

Enter

Enter Benvolio *and* Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is leſſen'd by another's anguiſh:
Turn giddy, and be help'd by backward turning;
One deſperate grief cure with another's languiſh:
Take thou ſome new infection to the eye,
And the rank poiſon of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantan leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken ſhin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:
Shut up in priſon, kept without my food,
Whipp'd and tormented: and—Good e'en, good fellow.
[*To the Servant.*

Ser. God gi' good e'en. I pray, Sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my miſery.

Ser. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book: but, I pray, can you read any thing you ſee?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Ser. Ye ſay honeſtly, reſt you merry.———

Rom. Stay, fellow, I can read.

He reads the letter.

Signior Martino, and his wife and daughters; Count Anſelm, and his beauteous ſiſters; the Lady, widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters; my fair niece Roſaline; Livia; Signior Valentio, and his couſin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena.
A fair aſſembly; whither ſhould they come?

Ser. Up.———

Rom. Whither?

Ser. To ſupper, to our houſe.

Rom. Whoſe houſe?

Ser. My maſter's.

Rom. Indeed I ſhould have aſk'd you that before.

Ser. Now I'll tell you without aſking. My maſter is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the houſe of Montagues, I pray, come, and cruſh a cup of wine. Reſt you merry. [*Exit.*

Ben.

Ben. At this ſame ancient feaſt of Capulet's
Sups the fair Roſaline, whom thou ſo lov'ſt;
With all th' admired beauties of Verona.
Go thither, and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhow,
And I will make thee think thy ſwan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains ſuch falſehoods, then turn tears to fires!
And theſe who, often drown'd, could never die,
Tranſparent heretics, be burnt for lyars!
One fairer than my love! th' all-ſeeing ſun
Ne'er ſaw her match ſince firſt the world begun.

Ben. Tut! tut! you ſaw her fair, none elſe being by;
Herſelf pois'd with herſelf, in either eye:
But in thoſe cryſtal ſcales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love againſt ſome other maid,
That I will ſhew you, ſhining at this feaſt;
And ſhe will ſhew ſcant well, that now ſhews beſt.

Rom. I'll go along, no ſuch ſight to be ſhewn;
But to rejoice in ſplendor of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to Capulet's houſe.*

Enter Lady Capulet *and Nurſe.*

La. Cap. Nurſe, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurſe. Now (by my maidenhead, at twelve years old) I bade her come; what, lamb,——what, lady-bird,—God forbid!——where's this girl? what, Juliet?

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurſe. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here, what is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter.——Nurſe, give leave a while, we muſt talk in ſecret: nurſe, come back again, I have remember'd me, thou ſhalt hear our counſel: thou know'ſt my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurſe. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurſe. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, (and yet to my teen be it ſpoken, I have but four), ſhe's not fourteen.

How long is it now to Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurſe. 'Even or odd, of all days in the year, come 'Lammas eve at night, ſhall ſhe be fourteen. Suſan 'and ſhe (God reſt all Chriſtian ſouls!) were of an 'age. Well, Suſan is with God, ſhe was too good for 'me. But as I ſaid, on Lammas-eve at night ſhall ſhe 'be fourteen, that ſhall ſhe, marry, I remember it well. 'Tis ſince the earthquake now eleven years, and ſhe 'was wean'd; I never ſhall forget it, of all the days in 'the year, upon that day; for I had then laid worm-'wood to my dug, ſitting in the ſun under the dove-'houſe wall, my Lord and you were then at Mantua—— 'nay, I do bear a brain. But, as I ſaid, when it did 'taſte the wormwood on the nipple of my dug, and felt 'it bitter, pretty fool, to ſee it teachy, and fall out with 'the dug. Shake, quoth the Dove-houſe——'twas no 'need I trow to bid me trudge; and ſince that time it 'is eleven years, for then ſhe could ſtand alone; nay, 'by th'rood, ſhe could have run, and waddled all about; 'for even the day before ſhe broke her brow, and then 'my huſband (God be with his ſoul, a' was a merry 'man) took up the child; Yea, quoth he, doſt thou fall 'upon thy face; thou wilt fall backward when thou 'haſt more wit, wilt thou not, Julé? and by my holy 'dam, the pretty wretch left crying, and ſaid Ay. To 'ſee now how a jeſt ſhall come about.——I warrant, 'an' I ſhould live a thouſand years, I ſhould not forget 'it. Wilt thou not, Julé? quoth he; and, pretty fool, 'it ſtinted, and ſaid Ay.'

La. Cap. Enough of this, I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurſe. Yes, Madam; yet I cannot chuſe but laugh, to think it ſhould leave crying, and ſay Ay; and yet I warrant, it had upon its brow a bump as big as a young cockrel's ſtone: a perilous knock, and it cried bitterly. Yea, quoth my huſband, fall'ſt upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou comeſt to age, wilt thou not, Julé? it ſtinted, and ſaid Ay.

Jul. And ſtint thee too, I pray thee, nurſe, ſay I.

Nurſe. Peace, I have done: God mark thee to his grace! Thou waſt the prettieſt babe that e'er I nurs'd. An' I might live to ſee thee married once,

I have my wiſh.

La. Cap. And that ſame marriage is the very theme
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How ſtands your diſpoſition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurſe. An honour? were not I thine only nurſe,
I'd ſay thou hadſt ſuck'd wiſdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger [than you
Here in Verona, ladies of eſteem,
Are made already mothers. By my count,
I was your mother much upon theſe years
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief;
The valiant Paris ſeeks you for his love.

Nurſe. A man, young Lady, Lady, ſuch a man
As all the world——Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's ſummer hath not ſuch a flower.

Nurſe. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What ſay you, can you like the gentleman?
This night you ſhall behold him at our feaſt:
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine ev'ry ſev'ral lineament,
And ſee how one another lends content:
And what obſcur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him only lacks a cover.
The fiſh lives in the ſea, and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide.
That book in many eyes doth ſhare the glory,
That in gold claſps locks in the golden ſtory.
So ſhall you ſhare all that he doth poſſeſs,
By having him, making yourſelf no leſs.

Nurſe. No leſs? nay, bigger; women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move.
But no more deep will I indart mine eye,
Than your conſent gives ſtrength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the gueſts are come, ſupper ſerv'd up, you call'd, my young Lady aſk'd for, the nurſe curs'd

in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I muſt hence to wait. I beſeech you, follow ſtrait. * *Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A ſtreet before Capulet's houſe.*

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, *with five or ſix other maſkers, torch-bearers, and drums.*

Rom. What, ſhall this ſpeech be ſpoke for our excuſe?
Or ſhall we on without apology?
Ben. The date is out of ſuch prolixity.
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a ſcarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper:
Nor a without book prologue faintly ſpoke
After the prompter, for our entrance.
But let them meaſure us by what they will,
We'll meaſure them a meaſure, and be gone.
Rom. Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling.
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.
Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we muſt have you dance.
Rom. Not I, believe me; you have dancing ſhoes
With nimble ſoles; I have a ſoul of lead,
So ſtakes me to the ground, I cannot move.
Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And ſoar with them above a common bound.
Rom. I am too ſore enpearced with his ſhaft,
To ſoar with his light feathers: and ſo bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I ſink.
Mer. And to ſink in it, ſhould you burthen love:
Too great oppreſſion for a tender thing!
Rom. Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,
Too rude, too boiſt'rous; and it pricks like thorn.
Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.
Give me a caſe to put my viſage in? [*Pulling off his maſk.*
A viſard for a viſard?——what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows ſhall bluſh for me.

* ——— follow ſtrait.
La. Cap. We follow thee. Juliet, the county ſtays.
Nurſe. Go, girl, ſeek happy nights to happy days.

SCENE, *&c.*

Ben.

Ben. Come, knock and enter; and no ſooner in,
But ev'ry man betake him to his legs.
Rom. A torch for me. Let wantons light of heart,
Tickle the ſenſeleſs ruſhes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandſire-phraſe;
I'll be a candle-holder and look on. *
Rom. I dream'd a dream to-night.
Mer. And ſo did I.
Rom. Well; what was your's?
Mer. That dreamers often lye.
Rom. ———In bed aſleep; while they do dream things true.
Mer. 'O then I ſee Queen Mab hath been with you.
'She is the fancy's midwife, and ſhe comes
'In ſhape no bigger than an agat-ſtone
'On the fore-finger of an alderman;
'Drawn with a team of little atomies,
'Athwart mens' noſes as they lie aſleep:
'Her waggon-ſpokes made of long ſpinners' legs;
'The cover of the wings of graſhoppers;
'The traces of the ſmalleſt ſpider's web;
'The collars of the moonſhine's watry beams;
'Her whip of cricket's bone; the laſh of film;
'Her waggoner a ſmall grey-coated gnat,
'Not half ſo big as a round little worm,
'Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.
'Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
'Made by the joiner ſquirrel, or old grub,
'Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers:

* ———and look on.
The game was ne'er ſo fair, and I am done.
Mer. Tut! *dun's the mouſe*, the conſtable's own word;
If thou art done, we'll draw thee from the mire;
Or, ſave your reverence, love, wherein thou ſtickeſt
Up to thine ears: come, we burn day-light, ho.
Rom. Nay, that's not ſo.
Mer. I mean, Sir, in delay
We burn our lights by light, and lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment ſits
Five times in that, ere once in our fine wits.
Rom. And we mean well in going to this maſk;
But 'tis no wit to go.
Mer. Why, may one aſk?
Rom. I dream'd a dream, &c.

'And in this ſtate ſhe gallops, night by night,
'Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
'On courtiers' knees, that dream on curtſies ſtrait:
'O'er lawyers' fingers, who ſtrait dream on fees:
'O'er ladies' lips, who ſtrait on kiſſes dream;
'Which oft the angry Mab with bliſters plagues,
'Becauſe their breaths with ſweet-meats tainted are.
'Sometimes ſhe gallops o'er a courtier's noſe,
'And then dreams he of ſmelling out a ſuit:
'And ſometimes comes ſhe with a tithe-pig's tail,
'Tickling the parſon as he lies aſleep;
'Then dreams he of another benefice.
'Sometimes ſhe driveth o'er a ſoldier's neck,
'And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
'Of breaches, ambuſcadoes, Spaniſh blades,
'Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
'Drums in his ears, at which he ſtarts and wakes;
'And being thus frighted, ſwears a prayer or two,
'And ſleeps again. This is that very Mab
'That plates the manes of horſes in the night,
'And cakes the elf-locks in foul ſluttiſh hairs,
'Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
'This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
'That preſſes them, and learns them firſt to bear;
'Making them women of good carriage.
'This is ſhe———

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
Thou talk'ſt of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing, but vain phantaſy;
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the air,
And more unconſtant than the wind; who wooes
Ev'n now the frozen boſom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping ſouth.

Ben. This wind you talk of, blows us from ourſelves;
Supper is done, and we ſhall come too late.

Rom. I fear too early; for my mind miſgives,
Some conſequence, yet hanging in the ſtars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term

Of

Of a deſpiſed life clos'd in my breaſt,
By ſome vile forfeit of untimely death.
But he that hath the ſteerage of my courſe,
Direct my ſuit *! On, luſty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

[*They march about the ſtage, and exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Changes to a hall in Capulet's houſe.*

Enter Servants, with napkins.

1 *Ser.* "Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take "away; he ſhift a trencher! he ſcrape a trencher!

2 *Ser.* "When good manners ſhall lie all in one or "two mens' hands, and they unwaſh'd too, 'tis a foul "thing.

1 *Ser.* "Away with the joint-ſtools, remove the "court-cup-board, look to the plate: good thou, ſave "me a piece of march-pane; and, as thou loveſt me, "let the porter let in Suſan Grindſtone, and Nell.—— "Antony, and Potpan———

2 *Ser.* "Ay, boy, ready.

1 *Ser.* "You are look'd for, call'd for, aſk'd for, and "ſought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Ser.* "We cannot be here and there too; cheerly, "boys; be briſk a while, and the longer liver take "all." [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter all the Gueſts and Ladies, with the maſkers.

1 *Cap.* Welcome, Gentlemen. Ladies, that have your feet
Unplagu'd with corns, we'll have a bout with you.
Ah me, my miſtreſſes, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? ſhe that makes dainty,
I'll ſwear hath corns; am I come near you now?
Welcome, all, Gentlemen. I've ſeen the day
That I have worn a viſard, and could tell
A whiſpering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would pleaſe: 'tis gone; 'tis gone; 'tis gone!

[*Muſic plays, and they dance.*

More light, ye knaves, and turn the tables up;
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.

* *ſuit*, for *courſe*, *way*; not *love-ſuit*.

Ah,

Ah, ſirrah, this unlook'd-for ſport comes well.
Nay, ſit; nay ſit, good couſin Capulet,
For you and I are paſt our dancing days.
How long is't now ſince laſt yourſelf and I
Were in a maſk?

2 Cap. By'r lady, thirty years.

1 Cap. What, man! 'tis not ſo much, 'tis not ſo much;
'Tis ſince the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecoſt as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years, and then we maſk'd.

2 Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more; his ſon is elder, Sir:
His ſon is thirty.

1 Cap. Will you tell me that?
His ſon was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that which doth inrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Ser. I know not, Sir.

Rom. O, ſhe doth teach the torches to burn bright;
" Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
" Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for uſe, for earth too dear!
So ſhews a ſnowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows ſhows.
The meaſure done, I'll watch her place of ſtand,
And, touching her's, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forſwear it, ſight;
I never ſaw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This by his voice ſhould be a Montague.
Fetch me my rapier, boy: what! dares the ſlave
Come hither cover'd with an antic face,
To ſleer and ſcorn at our ſolemnity?
Now, by the ſtock and honour of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it not a ſin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinſman, wherefore ſtorm you ſo?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe:
A villain that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorn at our ſolemnity this night.

Cap. Young Romeo, is't?

Tyb. That villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
He bears him like a portly gentleman:

And,

And, to ſay truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my houſe do him diſparagement.
Therefore be patient, take no note of him;
It is my will, the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a fair preſence, and put off theſe frowns,
An ill-beſeeming ſemblance for a feaſt.

Tyb. It fits, when ſuch a villain is a gueſt.
I'll not endure him.

Cap. " He ſhall be endur'd. *
" Be quiet, or (more light, more light, for ſhame),
" I'll make you quiet——What? cheerly, my hearts."

Tyb. Patience perforce, with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw; but this intruſion ſhall,
Now ſeeming ſweet, convert to bitter gall.

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand [*To* Juliet.
This holy ſhrine, the gentle fine is this;
My lips, two bluſhing pilgrims, ready ſtand,
To ſmooth that rough touch with a tender kiſs.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion ſhews in this;
For ſaints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiſs.

Rom. Have not ſaints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they muſt uſe in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear ſaint, let lips do what hands do.
They pray, (grant thou), leſt faith turn to deſpair.†

Nurſe.

* *Cap.* " He ſhall be endur'd.
" What, goodman boy——I ſay, he ſhall. Go to——
" Am I the maſter here, or you? go to————
" You'll not endure him! God ſhall mend my ſoul,
" You'll make a mutiny among my gueſts!
" You will ſet cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man?"
Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a ſhame.
Cap. " Go to, go to,
" You are a ſaucy boy——is't ſo, indeed?——
" This trick may chance to ſcathe you; I know what.
" You muſt contrary me! Marry, 'tis time.
" Well ſaid, my hearts.——You are a princox, go:————
" Be quiet, *&c.*

† ————turn to deſpair.
Jul. Saints do not move, yet grant for prayers' ſake.

Rom.

Nurſe. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Rom. What is her mother? [*To her nurſe.*
Nurſe. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the houſe,
And a good lady, and a wiſe and virtuous.
I nurs'd her daughter that you talk'd withal.
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chink.
Rom. Is ſhe a Capulet!
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
Ben. Away, be gone, the ſport is at the beſt.
Rom. Ay, ſo I fear, the more is my unreſt.
Cap. Nay, Gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling fooliſh banquet towards.
Is it e'en ſo? why, then I thank you all.
I thank you, honeſt Gentlemen, good night.
More torches here——come on, then let's to bed,
Ah, ſirrah, by my fay, it waxes late.
I'll to my reſt. [*Exeunt.*
Jul. Come hither, nurſe. What is yon gentleman?
Nurſe. The ſon and heir of old Tiberio.
Jul. What's he that now is going out of door?
Nurſe. That, as I think, is young Petruchio.
Jul. What's he that follows here, that would not dance!
Nurſe. I know not.
Jul. Go, aſk his name.——If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding-bed.
Nurſe. His name is *Romeo*, and a Montague,
The only ſon of your great enemy.
Jul. My only love ſprung from my only hate!
Too early ſeen, unknown; and known too late;
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I muſt love a lothed enemy.
Nurſe. What's this? what's this?
Jul. A rhime I learn'd e'en now

Rom. Then move not, while my prayers' effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by thine, my ſin is purg'd. [*Kiſſing her.*
Jul. Then have my lips the ſin that late they took.
Rom. Sin from my lips! O treſpaſs, ſweetly urg'd!
Give me my ſin again.
Jul. You kiſs by th'book.
Nurſe. Madam, *&c.*

Of

Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within,* Juliet.
Nurſe. Anon, anon———
Come, let's away, the ſtrangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Now old Deſire doth on his death-bed lie,
And young Affection gapes to be his heir:
That fair, for which love gron'd ſore, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks:
But to his foe ſuppos'd he muſt complain,
And ſhe ſteal love's ſweet bait from fearful hooks.
Being held a foe, he may not have acceſs
To breathe ſuch vows as lovers uſe to ſwear;
And ſhe, as much in love, her means much leſs,
To meet her new-beloved any where.
But paſſion lends them power, time means to meet;
Temp'ring extremities with extreme ſweet.
[*Exit* Chorus.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The ſtreet.

Enter Romeo *alone.*

Rom. CAN I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out. [*Exit.*

Enter Benvolio, *with* Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo, my couſin Romeo.
Mer. He is wiſe,
And, on my life, hath ſtoln him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard-wall.
Call, good Mercutio.
Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.
Why, Romeo! humours! madman! paſſion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeneſs of a ſigh,
Speak but one rhime, and I am ſatisfied.
Cry but *Ah me!* couple but *love* and *dove*,
Speak to my goſſip Venus one fair word,
One nickname to her purblind ſon and heir.

(Young

(Young Abraham * Cupid, he that ſhot ſo true,
When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid——)
He heareth not, he ſtirreth not, he moveth not,
The ape is dead, and I muſt conjure him.
I conjure thee by Roſaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her ſcarlet lip,
By her fine foot, ſtraight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demeſnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeneſs thou appear to us.

Ben. An' if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him,
To raiſe a ſpirit in his miſtreſs' circle,
Of ſome ſtrange nature, letting it there ſtand
Till ſhe had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were ſome ſpight. My invocation is
Honeſt and fair, and, in his miſtreſs' name,
I conjure only but to raiſe up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himſelf among theſe trees,
To be conſorted with the hum'rous night.
Blind is his love, and beſt befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he ſit under a medlar tree,
And wiſh his miſtreſs were that kind of fruit
Which maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.——
Romeo, good-night; I'll to my truckle-bed,
This field-bed is too cold for me to ſleep.
Come, ſhall we go?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vain
To ſeek him here that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to Capulet's garden.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jeſts at ſcars that never felt a wound——
But, ſoft! what light thro' yonder window breaks?
It is the eaſt, and Juliet is the ſun!
[Juliet *appears above, at a window.*
Ariſe, fair ſun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already ſick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than ſhe.

* This probably was a name ſtupidly given to Cupid in the old ballad here referred to of King Cophetua and the beggar-maid.

Be

Be not her maid, ſince ſhe is envious:
Her veſtal livery is but ſick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; caſt it off——
She ſpeaks, yet ſhe ſays nothing; what of that?
Her eye diſcourſes;——I will anſwer it———
I am too bold, 'tis not to me ſhe ſpeaks.
Two of the faireſt ſtars of all the heav'n,
Having ſome buſineſs, do intreat her eyes
To twinkle in their ſpheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightneſs of her cheek would ſhame thoſe ſtars,
As day-light doth a lamp; her eyes in heav'n
Would through the airy region ſtream ſo bright,
That birds would ſing, and think it were not night.
See how ſhe leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She ſpeaks.
Oh, ſpeak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this ſight being o'er my head,
As is a winged meſſenger from heav'n,
Unto the white-upturned, wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he beſtrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And ſails upon the boſom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo—wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuſe thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but ſworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or ſhall I ſpeak at this?
[*Aſide.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy.
Thou art thyſelf, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face——nor any other part.
What's in a name? that which we call a roſe,
By any other name would ſmell as ſweet.
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title; Romeo, quit thy name;
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,

Take all myſelf.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but *love*, and I'll be new baptiz'd,
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that thus, beſcreen'd in night,
So ſtumbleſt on my counſel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am.
My name, dear ſaint, is hateful to myſelf,
Becauſe it is an enemy to thee.
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the ſound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair ſaint, if either thee diſlike.

Jul. How cam'ſt thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinſmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'erperch theſe walls,
For ſtony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinſmen are no ſtop to me.

Jul. If they do ſee thee, they will murther thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their ſwords; look thou but ſweet,
And I am proof againſt their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they ſaw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,
And but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whoſe direction found'ſt thou out this place?

Rom. By love, that firſt did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counſel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot, yet wert thou as far
As that vaſt ſhore waſh'd with the fartheſt ſea,
I would adventure for ſuch merchandiſe.

Jul. Thou know'ſt the maſk of night is on my face,
Elſe would a maiden-bluſh bepaint my cheek
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain, deny

What

What I have ſpoke——but farewel compliment!
Doſt thou love me? I know thou wilt ſay *Ay*;
And I will take thy word——yet if thou ſwear'ſt,
Thou may'ſt prove falſe; at lovers' perjuries,
They ſay, Jove laughs. Oh, gentle Romeo,
If thou doſt love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if you think I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverſe, and ſay thee *Nay*,
So thou wilt wooe: but, elſe, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'ſt think my 'haviour light.
But truſt me, Gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than thoſe that have more cunning to be ſtrange.
I ſhould have been more ſtrange, I muſt confeſs,
But that thou overheard'ſt, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's paſſion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath ſo diſcovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder bleſſed moon I vow,
That tips with ſilver all theſe fruit-tree tops———

Jul. O ſwear not by the moon, th' inconſtant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb;
Leſt that thy love prove likewiſe variable.

Rom. What ſhall I ſwear by?

Jul. Do not ſwear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, ſwear by thy gracious ſelf,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my true heart's love———

Jul. Well, do not ſwear——although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night.
It is too raſh, too unadvis'd, too ſudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth ceaſe to be,
Ere one can ſay it lightens——Sweet, good night.
This bud of love by ſummer's ripening breath
May prove a beauteous flower, when next we meet.
Good night, good night——as ſweet repoſe and reſt
Come to thy heart, as that within my breaſt!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me ſo unſatisfied?

Jul. What ſatisfaction canſt thou have to-night?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didſt requeſt it;
And yet I would it were to give again.
Rom. Would'ſt thou withdraw it? for what purpoſe, love?
Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I have.
My bounty is as boundleſs as the ſea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear ſome noiſe within; dear love, adieu!
[*Nurſe calls within.*
Anon, good nurſe.——Sweet Montague, be true:
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*
Rom. O bleſſed, bleſſed night! I am afraid,
Being in night, all this is but a dream;
Too flattering ſweet to be ſubſtantial.

Re enter Juliet *above.*

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpoſe marriage, ſend me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.
[*Within,* Madam.
I come, anon———but if thou mean'ſt not well,
I do beſeech thee——[*Within,* Madam.] By and by, I come———
To ceaſe thy ſuit, and leave me to my grief.
To-morrow will I ſend.
Rom. So thrive my ſoul,———
Jul. A thouſand times good night. [*Exit.*
Rom. A thouſand times the worſe to want thy light.
Love goes tow'rd love, as ſchoolboys from their books;
But love from love, tow'rds ſchool with heavy looks.

Enter Juliet *again.*

Jul. Hiſt! Romeo, hiſt! O for a falkner's voice,
To lure this taſſel gentle back again——
Bondage is hoarſe, and may not ſpeak aloud;
Elſe would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarſe than mine,
With

With repetition of my Romeo.

Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name;
How ſilver-ſweet ſound lovers' tongues by night,
Like ſofteſt muſic to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My ſweet!

Jul. At what o' clock to-morrow
Shall I ſend to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail, 'tis twenty years till then,——
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me ſtand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I ſhall forget, to have thee ſtill ſtand there;
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll ſtill ſtay to have thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almoſt morning. I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor priſoner in his twiſted gyves,
And with a ſilk-thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, ſo would I;
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cheriſhing.
Good night, good night. Parting is ſuch ſweet ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay good night till it be morrow. [*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breaſt!
'Would I were ſleep and peace, ſo ſweet to reſt!
Hence will I to my ghoſtly Friar's cloſe cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Changes to a monaſtery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence, *with a baſket.*

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn ſmiles on the frowning night,
Check'ring the eaſtern clouds with ſtreaks of light:
And darkneſs flecker'd, like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path, and Titan's burning wheels.
Now ere the ſun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,

I muſt fill up this oſier-cage of ours
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that's Nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb;
And from her womb children of divers kind
We ſucking on her natural boſom find:
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for ſome, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In plants, herbs, ſtones, and their true qualities.
Nor nought ſo vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth ſome ſpecial good doth give:
Nor aught ſo good, but, ſtrain'd from that fair uſe,
Revolts from true birth, ſtumbling on abuſe.
Virtue itſelf turns vice, being miſapplied;
And vice ſometime by action's dignified.
Within the infant rind of this ſmall flower
Poiſon hath reſidence, and medic'nal power:
For this being ſmelt, with that ſenſe cheers each part;
Being taſted, ſlays all ſenſes with the heart.
Two ſuch oppoſed kin incamp them ſtill
In man, as well as herbs, grace and rude will:
And where the worſer is predominant,
Full-ſoon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good morrow, father.

Fri. Benedicite!
What early tongue ſo ſweet ſaluteth me?
Young ſon, it argues a diſtemper'd head
So ſoon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodgeth, ſleep will never lie:
But where unbruiſed youth with unſtuft brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden ſleep doth reign.
Therefore thy earlineſs doth me aſſure,
Thou art uprous'd by ſome diſtemp'rature;
Or if not ſo, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That laſt is true, the ſweeter reſt was mine.

Fri. God pardon ſin! waſt thou with Roſaline?

Rom.

Rom. With Roſaline, my ghoſtly father? no.
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.
Fri. That's my good ſon: but where haſt thou been then?
Rom. I'll tell thee ere thou aſk it me again.
I have been feaſting with mine enemy;
Where, on a ſudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy phyſic lies;
I bear no hatred, bleſſed man, for, lo,
My interceſſion likewiſe ſteads my foe.
Fri. Be plain, good ſon, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confeſſion finds but riddling ſhrift.
Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is ſet
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet;
As mine on her's, ſo her's is ſet on mine;
And all combin'd, ſave what thou muſt combine
By holy marriage: when, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we paſs; but this I pray,
That thou conſent to marry us this day.
Fri. Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
Is Roſaline, whom thou didſt love ſo dear,
So ſoon forſaken? young mens' love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jeſu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath waſh'd thy ſallow cheeks for Roſaline?
How much ſalt water thrown away in waſte,
To ſeaſon love, that of it doth not taſte?
The ſun not yet thy ſighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears.
Lo, here upon thy cheek the ſtain doth ſit
Of an old tear, that is not waſh'd off yet.
If e'er thou waſt thyſelf, and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes were all for Roſaline.
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this ſentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no ſtrength in men.
Rom. Thou chid'dſt me oft for loving Roſaline.
Fri. For doating, not for loving, pupil mine.
Rom. And bad'ſt me bury love.
Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: ſhe whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow:
The other did not ſo.

Fri. Oh, ſhe knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not ſpell.
But come, young waverer, come, and go with me,
In one reſpect I'll thy aſſiſtant be!
For this alliance may ſo happy prove,
To turn your houſhold-rancour to pure love.

Rom. O let us hence, I ſtand on ſudden haſte.

Fri. Wiſely and ſlow; they ſtumble that run faſt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to the ſtreet.*

Enter Benvolio *and* Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devil ſhould this Romeo be? came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's, I ſpoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that ſame pale, hard-hearted wench, that Roſaline, torments him ſo, that he will ſure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinſman to old Capulet,
Hath ſent a letter to his father's houſe.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will anſwer it.

Mer. Any man that can write, may anſwer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will anſwer the letter's maſter, how he dares, being dar'd.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! ſtabb'd with a white wench's black eye, run through the ear with a love-ſong; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's but-ſhaft; and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats *? —— Oh, he's the courageous captain of compliments; he fights as you ſing prick-ſongs, keeps time, diſtance, and proportion; reſts his minum, one, two, and the third in your boſom; the very butcher of a ſilk button, a duelliſt, a duelliſt;

* *Tybalt*, the name given to the cat in the ſtory-book of *Reynold the fox.*

a gentleman of the very firſt houſe, of the firſt and ſecond cauſe; ah, the immortal paſſado, the punto reverſo, the, hay!———

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of ſuch antic, liſping, affected phantaſies, theſe new tuners of accents:——"Jeſu! a very "good blade!——a very tall man!——a very good "whore!——Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandſire! that we ſhould be thus afflicted with theſe ſtrange flies, theſe faſhion-mongers, theſe *pardonnez moy's*, who ſtand ſo much on the new form that they cannot ſit at eaſe on the old bench? O, their *bon's*, their *bon's!*

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhified? Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, ſhe had a better love to berime her: Dido a dowdy, Cleopatra a gypſy, Helen and Hero hildings and harlots: Thiſbe a grey eye or ſo: but now to the purpoſe. Signior Romeo, *bonjour!* there's a French ſalutation to your French ſlop. *

Rom. Good morrow to you both!

Enter

* ——— to your French ſlop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly laſt night.

Rom. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The ſlip, Sir, the ſlip: can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my buſineſs was great; and, in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtrain courteſy.

Mer. That's as much as to ſay, ſuch a caſe as your's conſtrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning, to curt'ſy.

Mer. Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

Rom. A moſt courteous expoſition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courteſy.

Rom. Pink for flower.———

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flower'd.

Mer. Sure wit——follow me this jeſt, now, till thou haſt worn out thy pump, that when the ſingle ſole of it is worn, the jeſt may remain, after the wearing, ſolely ſingular.

Rom.

Enter Nurſe, and Peter *her Man.*

Rom. Here's goodly gear: a ſail! a ſail!

Mer. Two, two, a ſhirt and a ſmock.

Nurſe. Peter,———

Pet. Anon.

Nurſe. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurſe. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurſe. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no leſs, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurſe. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. O ſingle-ſol'd jeſt,
Solely ſingular for the ſingleneſs!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio, my wit faints.

Rom. Switch and ſpurs,
Switch and ſpurs, or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-gooſe chace, I am done: for thou haſt more of the wild gooſe in one of thy wits, than I am ſure I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the gooſe?

Rom. Thou waſt never with me for any thing, when thou waſt not there for the gooſe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jeſt.

Rom. Nay, good gooſe, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter ſweeting,
It is a moſt ſharp ſauce.

Rom. And is it not well ſerv'd in to a ſweet gooſe?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel, that ſtretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom. I ſtretch it out for that word *broad*, which, added to the gooſe, proves thee far and wide a broad gooſe.

Mer. Why, is not this better than groning for love? Now thou art ſociable; now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art, as well as by nature; for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.

Mer. Thou deſireſt me to ſtop in my tale againſt the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldſt elſe have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it ſhort; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Good morrow, *&c.*

Rom.

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, himſelf to mar.

Nurſe. By my troth, it is well ſaid: for himſelf to mar, quotha? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo.

Rom. I can tell you: but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you ſought him: I am the youngeſt of that name, for fault of a worſe.

Nurſe. You ſay well.

Mer. Yea, is the worſt well?
Very well took, i' faith, wiſely, wiſely.

Nurſe. If you be he, Sir,
I deſire ſome confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to ſome ſupper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd. So ho! †——
Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, ancient lady;
Farewel, lady, lady, lady. [*Exeunt* Mercutio, Benvolio.

Nurſe. I pray you, Sir, what ſaucy merchant was this that was ſo full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurſe, that loves to hear himſelf talk; and will ſpeak more in a minute, than he will ſtand to in a month.

Nurſe. An' a ſpeak any thing againſt me, I'll take him down an' he were luſtier than he is, and twenty ſuch Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find thoſe that ſhall. Scurvy knave, I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his ſkains-mates. And thou muſt ſtand by too, and ſuffer every knave to uſe me at his pleaſure? [*To her man.*

Pet. I ſaw no man uſe you at his pleaſure: if I had, my weapon ſhould quickly have been out, I warrant you.

† ——— So ho! ———
Rom. What haſt thou found?
Mer. No hare, Sir, unleſs a hare, Sir, in a lenten pye, that is ſomething ſtale and hoar ere it be ſpent.
An old hare hoar, and an old hare hoar, is very good meat in Lent.
But a hare that is hoar, is too much for a ſcore, when it hoars ere it be ſpent.
Romeo, will you come, &c.

you. I dare draw as ſoon as another man, if I ſee occaſion in a good quarrel, and the law on my ſide.

Nurſe. Now, afore God, I am ſo vex'd, that every part about me quivers——Scurvy knave! Pray you, Sir, a word: and, as I told you, my young lady bid me inquire you out; what ſhe bid me ſay, I will keep to myſelf: but firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould lead her into a fool's paradiſe, as they ſay, it were a very groſs kind of behaviour, as they ſay, for the gentlewoman is young; and therefore, if you ſhould deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady and miſtreſs, I proteſt unto thee———

Nurſe. Good heart, and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, ſhe will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurſe? thou doſt not mark me.

Nurſe. I will tell her, Sir, that you do proteſt; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her deviſe ſome means to come to ſhrift this afternoon;
And there ſhe ſhall at Friar Lawrence' cell
Be ſhriv'd and married: here is for thy pains.

Nurſe. No, truly, Sir, not a penny.

Rom. Go to, I ſay, you ſhall.

Nurſe. This afternoon, Sir? well, ſhe ſhall be there.

Rom. And ſtay, good nurſe, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man ſhall be with thee,
And bring thee cords, made like a tackled ſtair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Muſt be my convoy in the ſecret night.
Farewel, be truſty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Nurſe. Now, God in heav'n bleſs thee! hark you, Sir.

Rom. What ſayeſt thou, my dear nurſe?

Nurſe. Is your man ſecret? did you ne'er hear ſay,
Two may keep counſel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true as ſteel.

Nurſe. Well, Sir, my miſtreſs is the ſweeteſt Lady; Lord, Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing——O,——there is a Nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but ſhe, good ſoul, had as lieve ſee a toad,

toad, a very toad, as ſee him. I anger her ſometimes, and tell her, that Paris is the properer man; but I'll warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhe looks as pale as any clout in the verſal world. Doth not Roſemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurſe, what of that? both with an *R*.

Nurſe. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. *R* is for thee? No: I know it begins with another letter; and ſhe hath the prettieſt ſententious of it, of you and roſemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady—— [*Exit* Rom.

Nurſe. Ay, a thouſand times. Peter.———

Pet. Anon?

Nurſe. Take my fan, and go before. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Changes to Capulet's houſe.*

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clock ſtruck nine when I did ſend the nurſe:
In half an hour ſhe promis'd to return.
Perchance ſhe cannot meet him——that's not ſo——
Oh, ſhe is lame: love's heralds ſhould be thoughts,
Which ten times faſter glide than the ſun-beams,
Driving back ſhadows over lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-ſwift Cupid wings.
Now is the ſun upon the highmoſt hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours——and yet ſhe is not come;
Had ſhe affections and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as ſwift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my ſweet love,
And his to me.

Enter Nurſe *with* Peter.

O God, ſhe comes. O honey nurſe, what news?
Haſt thou met with him? ſend thy man away.

Nurſe. Peter, ſtay at the gate. [*Exit* Peter.

Jul. Now, good ſweet Nurſe,———
O Lord, why look'ſt thou ſad?
Tho' news be ſad, yet tell them merrily:
If good, thou ſham'ſt the muſic of ſweet news,

By playing 't to me with ſo ſour a face
Nurſe. I am a weary, let me reſt a while;
Fy, how my bones ake, what a jaunt have I had?
Jul. I would thou hadſt my bones, and I thy news!
Nay, come, I pray thee, ſpeak——Good, good nurſe, ſpeak.
Nurſe. Jeſu! what haſte? Can you not ſtay a while?
Do you not ſee, that I am out of breath?
Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou haſt
To ſay to me, that thou art out of breath? [breath,
Th' excuſe that thou doſt make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou doſt excuſe.
Is thy news good or bad? anſwer to that;
Say either, and I'll ſtay the circumſtance.
Let me be ſatisfied, is't good or bad?
Nurſe. Well, you have made a ſimple choice; you know not how to chuſe a man: Romeo, no, not he; though his face be no better than another man's, yet his legs excel all mens; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, tho' they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are paſt compare. He is not the flower of courteſy *, but I warrant him, as gentle as a lamb——Go thy ways, wench, ſerve God——What, have you dined at home?
Jul. No, no——but all this did I know before:
What ſays he of our marriage? what of that?
Nurſe. Lord, how my head akes! what a head have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' th' other ſide——O my back, my back:
Beſhrew your heart, for ſending me about
To catch my death with jaunting up and down.
Jul. I' faith, I am ſorry that thou art ſo ill.
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet nurſe, tell me what ſays my love?
Nurſe. Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handſome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous——Where is your mother?
Jul. Where is my mother?——why, ſhe is within;
Where ſhould ſhe be? how oddly thou reply'ſt!
Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman:———
Where is your mother?———
Nurſe. O, God's Lady dear,
Are you ſo hot? marry, come up, I trow,

* *i. e.* no *fop*; this being one of their titles at that time.

Is this the poultis for my aking bones?
Henceforward do your meſſages yourſelf.
Jul. Here's ſuch a coil; come, what ſays Romeo?
Nurſe. Have you got leave to go to ſhrift to-day?
Jul. I have.
Nurſe. Then hie you hence to Friar Lawrence' cell,
There ſtays a huſband to make you a wife.
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in ſcarlet ſtraight at any news.
Hie you to church, I muſt another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Muſt climb a bird's neſt ſoon, when it is dark,
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you ſhall bear the burden ſoon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner, hie you to the cell.
Jul. Hie to high fortune;——honeſt nurſe, farewel.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Changes to the monaſtery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence *and* Romeo.

Fri. So ſmile the heav'ns upon this holy act,
That after-hours with ſorrow chide us not!
Rom. Amen, amen! but come what ſorrow can,
It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy,
That one ſhort minute gives me in her ſight.
Do thou but cloſe our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.
Fri. "Theſe violent delights have violent ends,
"And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
"Which, as they meet, conſume. The ſweeteſt honey
Is lothſome in its own deliciouſneſs,
And in the taſte confounds the appetite;
Therefore love mod'rately, long love doth ſo;
Too ſwift arrives as tardy as too ſlow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady. O, ſo light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlaſting flint;
'A lover may beſtride the goſſamour,
'That idles in the wanton ſummer-air,

'And yet not fall, ſo light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghoſtly confeſſor.

Fri. Romeo ſhall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, elſe are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah! Juliet, if the meaſure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy ſkill be more
To blazon it, then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air; and let rich muſic's tongue
Unfold th' imagin'd happineſs that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his ſubſtance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars, that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to ſuch exceſs,
I cannot ſum up one half of my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make ſhort work;
For, by your leaves, you ſhall not ſtay alone,
Till holy church incorp'rate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The ſtreet.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, *and Servants.*

Ben. I Pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad;
And if we meet, we ſhall not 'ſcape a brawl;
For now theſe hot days is the mad blood ſtirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of thoſe fellows, that when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his ſword upon the table, and ſays, God ſend me no need of thee! and by the operation of the ſecond cup, draws it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like ſuch a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as ſoon mov'd to be moody, and as ſoon moody to be mov'd.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. 'Nay, an' there were two ſuch, we ſhould have 'none ſhortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! 'why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair

'more

'more or a hair leſs in his beard, than thou haſt: thou 'wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no 'other reaſon, but becauſe thou haſt haſel eyes; what 'eye, but ſuch an eye, would ſpy out ſuch a quarrel? 'thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; 'and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, 'for quarrelling: thou haſt quarrel'd with a man for 'coughing in the ſtreet, becauſe he hath wakened thy 'dog that hath lain aſleep in the ſun. Didſt thou not 'fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet be-'fore Eaſter? with another, for tying his new ſhoes 'with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for 'quarrelling!

Ben. If I were ſo apt to quarrel as thou art, any man ſhould buy the fee-ſimple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-ſimple; O ſimple!

Enter Tybalt, *and others.*

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me cloſe, for I will ſpeak to them. Gentlemen, good-den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with ſomething, make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You ſhall find me apt enough to that, Sir, if you will give me occaſion.

Mer. Could you not take ſome occaſion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou conſort'ſt with Romeo———

Mer. Conſort! what doſt thou make us minſtrels! if thou make minſtrels of us, look to hear nothing but diſcords: here's my fiddleſtick; here's that ſhall make you dance. Zounds! conſort!

[*Laying his hand on his ſword.*

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto ſome private place,
Or reaſon coldly of your grievances,
Or elſe depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Mens' eyes were made to look, and let them gaze. I will not budge for no man's pleaſure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, Sir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll he hang'd, Sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go firſt to field, he'll be your follower;
Your Worſhip in that ſenſe may call him man.

Tyb. Romeo, the love I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this, thou art a villain.———

Rom. Tybalt, the reaſon that I have to love thee
Doth much excuſe the appertaining rage
To ſuch a greeting. Villain I am none;
Therefore farewel; I ſee thou know'ſt me not.

Tyb. Boy, this ſhall not excuſe the injuries
That thou haſt done me, therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do proteſt I never injur'd thee,
But love thee better than thou canſt deviſe,
Till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my love.
And ſo, good Capulet, (whoſe name I tender
As dearly as my own), be ſatisfied.

Mer. O calm, diſhonourable, vile ſubmiſſion!
Ah! la Stoccata carries it away.
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What would'ſt thou have with me?

Mer. Good King of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal; and as you ſhall uſe me hereafter, dry-beat the reſt of the eight. Will you pluck your ſword out of his pilche by the ears? Make haſte, leſt mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, Sir, your paſſado.

[Mercutio *and* Tybalt *fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio—beat down their weapons—
Gentlemen——for ſhame, forbear this outrage——
Tybalt——Mercutio——the Prince expreſsly hath
Forbidden bandying in Verona ſtreets.
Hold, Tybalt,——good Mercutio. [*Exit* Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt———
A plague of both the houſes! I am ſped:
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer.

Mer. Ay, ay, a ſcratch, a ſcratch; marry, 'tis enough. Where is my page? go, villain, fetch a ſurgeon.

Rom. Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not ſo deep as a well, nor ſo wide as a church-door, but 'tis enough, 'twill ſerve: aſk for me to-morrow, and you ſhall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world: a plague of both your houſes! What, a dog, a rat, a mouſe, a cat, to ſcratch a man to death? a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic? why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the beſt.

Mer. Help me into ſome houſe, Benvolio,
Or I ſhall faint; a plague o' both your houſes!
They have made worms-meat of me,
I have it, and ſoundly too. Plague o' your houſes!

[*Exeunt* Mercutio *and* Benvolio.

SCENE II.

Rom. This Gentleman, the Prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation ſtain'd
With Tybalt's ſlander; Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my couſin: O ſweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper ſoft'ned valour's ſteel.

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;
That gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did ſcorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days does depend;
This but begins the woe, others muſt end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive? in triumph? and Mercutio ſlain?
Away to heav'n, reſpective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'ſt me; for Mercutio's ſoul
Is but a little way above our heads,

Staying

Staying for thine to keep him company:
Or thou or I, or both, muſt go with him.
Tyb. Thou wretched boy, that didſt conſort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Rom. This ſhall determine that.
[*They fight*, Tybalt *falls*.
Ben. Romeo, away, begone:
The citizens are up, and Tybalt ſlain———
Stand not amaz'd; the Prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.
Rom. O! I am Fortune's fool.
Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay? [*Exit* Romeo.

SCENE III. *Enter Citizens.*

Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murtherer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lies that Tybalt.
Cit. Up, Sir, go with me:
I charge thee in the Prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, Montague, Capulet, *their wives*, &c.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O Noble Prince, I can diſcover all
Th' unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, ſlain by young Romeo,
That ſlew thy kinſman, brave Mercutio.
La. Cap. Tybalt my couſin! O my brother's child!—
Unhappy ſight! alas, the blood is ſpill'd
Of my dear kinſman———Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, ſhed blood of Montague.
Prince. Benvolio, who began this fray?
Ben. Tybalt here ſlain, whom Romeo's hand did ſlay:
Romeo, that ſpoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high diſpleaſure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly ſpleen
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace; but that he tilts
With piercing ſteel at bold Mercutio's breaſt;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial ſcorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends

It back to Tybalt, whoſe dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, ſwifter than his tongue,
His agil arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them ruſhes; underneath whoſe arm
An envious thruſt from Tybalt hit the life
Of ſtout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning: for ere I
Could draw to part them, was ſtout Tybalt ſlain;
And as he fell, did Romeo turn to fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinſman to the Montague.
Affection makes him falſe, he ſpeaks not true.
Some twenty of them fought in this black ſtrife,
And all thoſe twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for juſtice, which thou, Prince, muſt give;
Romeo ſlew Tybalt, Romeo muſt not live.

Prin. Romeo ſlew him, he ſlew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

La. Mont. Not Romeo, Prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but what the law ſhould end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an intereſt in your heats' proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with ſo ſtrong a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſs of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuſes,
Nor tears nor prayers ſhall purchaſe out abuſes;
Therefore uſe none; let Romeo hence in haſte,
Elſe, when he's found, that hour is his laſt.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murthers, pardoning thoſe that kill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to an apartment in Capulet's houſe.

Enter Juliet *alone.*

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed ſteeds,
Tow'rds

Tow'rds Phœbus' manſion; ſuch a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the weſt,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy cloſe curtain, love-performing Night,
That th' runaway's eyes may wink; and Romeo
Leap to theſe arms, untalk'd of and unſeen.
Lovers can ſee to do their am'rous rites
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
It beſt agrees with night. Come, civil Night,
Thou ſober-ſuited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to loſe a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of ſtainleſs maidenheads.
Hood my unmann'd blood baiting in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till ſtrange love, grown bold,
Thinks true love acted, ſimple modeſty.
Come, Night, come, Romeo! come, thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
Whiter than ſnow upon a raven's back:
Come, gentle Night; come, loving black-brow'd Night!
Give me my Romeo, and, when he ſhall die,
Take him and cut him out in little ſtars,
And he will make the face of heav'n ſo fine,
That all the world ſhall be in love with night,
And pay no worſhip to the gariſh ſun.
O, I have bought the manſion of a love,
But not poſſeſs'd it; and though I am ſold,
Not yet enjoy'd; ſo tedious is this day,
As is the night before ſome feſtival,
To an impatient child that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurſe!

Enter nurſe with cords.

And ſhe brings news; and every tongue that ſpeaks
But Romeo's name, ſpeaks heav'nly eloquence.
Now, nurſe, what news? what haſt thou there?
The cords that Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurſe. Ay, ay, the cords.

Jul. Ay me, what news?
Why doſt thou wring thy hands?

Nurſe. Ah welladay, he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, Lady, we are undone.———
Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.

Jul.

Jul. Can heaven be ſo envious?
Nurſe. Romeo can,
Though heav'n cannot. O Romeo! Romeo!
Who ever would have thought it, Romeo?
Jul. What devil art thou that doſt torment me thus?
This torture ſhould be roar'd in diſmal hell.
Hath Romeo ſlain himſelf? ſay thou but I;
And that bare vowel, *I*, ſhall poiſon more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.
Nurſe. I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes,
(God ſave the mark), here on his manly breaſt.
A piteous corſe, a bloody piteous corſe;
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood; I ſwooned at the ſight.
Jul. O break, my heart——poor bankrupt, break at once!
To priſon, eyes! ne'er look on liberty;
Vile earth to earth reſign, end motion here,
And thou and Romeo preſs one heavy bier!
Nurſe. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the beſt friend I had:
O courteous Tybalt, honeſt gentleman,
That ever I ſhould live to ſee thee dead!
Jul. What ſtorm is this that blows ſo contrary!
Is Romeo ſlaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-lov'd couſin, and my dearer Lord?
Then let the trumpet ſound the general doom,
For who is living, if thoſe two are gone?
Nurſe. Tybalt is dead, and Romeo baniſhed;
Romeo that kill'd him, he is baniſhed.
Jul. O God! did Romeo's hand ſhed Tybalt's blood?
Nurſe. It did, it did, alas, the day! it did.
Jul. O ſerpent-heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep ſo fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!
[Ravenous dove, feather'd raven! wolviſh ravening lamb!
Deſpiſed ſubſtance, of divineſt ſhow!
Juſt oppoſite to what thou juſtly ſeem'ſt,
A damned ſaint, an honourable villain!] *
O nature! what hadſt thou to do in hell,
When thou didſt bower the ſpirit of a fiend
In mortal paradiſe of ſuch ſweet fleſh?
Was ever book containing ſuch vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit ſhould dwell

* Theſe four lines in hooks ſeem to be the players' traſh.

In

In ſuch a gorgeous palace!

Nurſe. There's no truſt,
No faith, no honeſty, in men; all perjur'd;
All, all forſworn; all naught; and all diſſemblers.
Ah, where's my man! give me ſome *aqua vitæ*——
Theſe griefs, theſe woes, theſe ſorrows make me old!
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Bliſter'd be thy tongue,
For ſuch a wiſh! he was not born to ſhame;
Upon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit:
For 'tis a throne where Honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the univerſal earth.
O, what a beaſt was I to chide him ſo?

Nurſe. Will you ſpeak well of him that kill'd your couſin?

Jul. Shall I ſpeak ill of him that is my huſband?
Ah, poor my Lord, what tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,
When I, thy three hours wife, have mangled it!
But wherefore, villain, didſt thou kill my couſin?
That villain couſin would have kill'd my huſband.
Back, fooliſh tears, back to your native ſpring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, miſtaking, offer up to joy.
My huſband lives, that Tybalt would have ſlain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have kill'd my huſband;
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worſer than Tybalt's death,
That murther'd me; I would forget it fain.
But, oh! it preſſes to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to ſinners' minds;
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo baniſhed!
That *baniſhed*, that one word *baniſhed*,
Hath ſlain ten thouſand Tybalts: Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or if four woe delights in fellowſhip,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why follow'd not, when ſhe ſaid Tybalt's *dead*,
Thy *father* or thy *mother*, nay, or *both?*
But with a rearward following *Tybalt's* death,
Romeo is baniſhed——to ſpeak that word,
Is, father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All ſlain, all dead!——*Romeo is baniſhed!*

There

There is no end, no limit, meaſure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe ſound.
Where is my father, and my mother, nurſe?
Nurſe. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corſe.
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Jul. Waſh they his wounds with tears? mine ſhall be
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's baniſhment. [ſpent,
Take up thoſe cords;——poor ropes, you are beguil'd;
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd.
He made you for a high-way to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden widowed.
Come, cord; come, nurſe; I'll to my wedding-bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!
Nurſe. Hie to your chamber, I'll find Romeo
To comfort you. I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
I'll to him, he is hid at Lawrence' cell.
Jul. Oh find him, give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come, to take his laſt farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Changes to the monaſtery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence *and* Romeo.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man;
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.
Rom. Father, what news? what is the Prince's doom?
What ſorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear ſon with ſuch ſour company.
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.
Rom. What leſs than doom's-day is the Prince's doom?
Fri. A gentler judgment even'd * from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's baniſhment.
Rom. Ha, baniſhment! be merciful, ſay, death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death. Do not ſay, baniſhment.
Fri. Here from Verona art thou baniſhed.
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without Verona's walls,

* *i.e.* came equitably from his lips.

But purgatory, Tartar, hell itſelf.
Hence baniſhed, is baniſh'd from the world;
And world-exil'd, is death. That baniſhed
Is death miſtermed: calling death baniſhment,
Thou cut'ſt my head off with a golden ax,
And ſmil'ſt upon the ſtroke that murthers me.
Fri. O deadly ſin! O rude unthankfulneſs!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath ruſh'd aſide the law,
And turn'd that black word *death* to baniſhment.
This is dear mercy, and thou ſeeſt it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heav'n is here
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
A little mouſe, every unworthy thing,
Lives here in heaven, and may look on her;
But Romeo may not. More validity,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip lives
In carrion-flies, than Romeo; they may ſeize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And ſteal immortal bleſſings from her lips;
(Which even in pure and veſtal modeſty
Still bluſh, as thinking their own kiſſes ſin).
This may flies do, when I from this muſt fly;
(And ſay'ſt thou yet, that exile is not death?).
But Romeo may not;—he is baniſhed.
Hadſt thou no poiſon mix'd, no ſharp-ground knife,
No ſudden mean of death, tho' ne'er ſo mean,
But baniſhed to kill me? baniſhed?
O Friar, the damned uſe that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how haſt thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghoſtly confeſſor,
A ſin-abſolver, and my friend profeſs'd,
To mangle me with that word, *baniſhment!*
Fri. Fond madman, hear me ſpeak.———
Rom. O thou wilt ſpeak again of baniſhment.
Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adverſity's ſweet milk, philoſophy,
To comfort thee, tho' thou art baniſhed.
Rom. Yet, baniſhed? hang up philoſophy.
Unleſs philoſophy can make a Juliet,
Diſplant a town, reverſe a Prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more———

Fri.

Fri. O, then I ſee that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How ſhould they, when that wiſe men have no eyes?

Fri. Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.

Rom. Thou canſt not ſpeak of what thou doſt not feel.
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murthered,
Doating like me, and like me baniſhed;
Then might'ſt thou ſpeak, then might'ſt thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the meaſure of an unmade grave.
[*Throwing himſelf on the ground.*

Fri. Ariſe, one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyſelf.
[*Knock within.*

Rom. Not I, unleſs the breath of heart-ſick groans,
Miſt-like, infold me from the ſearch of eyes. [*Knock.*

Fri. Hark, how they knock!——(Who's there?)——
Romeo, ariſe.
Thou wilt be taken——(Stay a while)——ſtand up;
[*Knocks.*
Run to my ſtudy——(By and by)——God's will!
What wilfulneſs is this?——I come, I come. [*Knock.*
Who knocks ſo hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Nurſe. [*within.*] Let me come in, and you ſhall know my errand:
I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. O holy Friar, oh tell me, holy Friar,
Where is my Lady's Lord? where's Romeo?

Fri. There, on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurſe. O he is even in my miſtreſs' caſe,
Juſt in her caſe, O woful ſympathy!
Piteous predicament! even ſo lies ſhe,
Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
Stand up, ſtand up;——Stand, an' you be a man:
For Juliet's ſake, for her ſake, riſe and ſtand.
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deep an Oh!———

Rom. Nurſe!———

Nurſe. Ah Sir! ah Sir!——Death is the end of all.

Rom. Speak'ſt thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth not ſhe think me an old murtherer,
Now I have ſtain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood, remov'd but little from her own?
Where is ſhe? and how does ſhe? and what ſays
My conſeal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurſe. O, ſhe ſays nothing, Sir; but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed, and then ſtarts up:
And *Tybalt* cries, and then on Romeo calls,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murther her, as that name's curſed hand
Murther'd her kinſman.——Tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge! tell me, that I may ſack
The hateful manſion. [*Drawing his ſword.*

Fri. Hold thy deſperate hand.
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art.
Thy tears are womaniſh, thy wild acts denote
Th' unreaſonable fury of a beaſt.
Unſeemly woman in a ſeeming man!
An ill-beſeeming beaſt in ſeeming groth!
Thou haſt amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temper'd.
Haſt thou ſlain Tybalt? wilt thou ſlay thyſelf?
And ſlay thy lady, that in thy life lives,
By doing damned hate upon thyſelf?
Why rail'ſt thou on thy birth, the heav'n, and earth,
Since birth, and heav'n, and earth, all three ſo meet,
In thee atone; which thou at once would'ſt loſe?
Fie! fie! thou ſham'ſt thy ſhape, thy love, thy wit,
Which, like an uſurer, abound'ſt in all,
And uſeſt none in that true uſe indeed,
Which ſhould bedeck thy ſhape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble ſhape is but a form of wax,
Digreſſing from the valour of a man;
Thy dear love ſworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou haſt vow'd to cheriſh.
Thy wit, that ornament to ſhape and love,
Miſ-ſhapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a ſkill-leſs ſoldier's flaſk,
Is ſet on fire by thine own ignorance,

And

And thou diſmember'd with thine own defence.
What rouſe thee; man, thy Juliet is alive,
For whoſe dear ſake thou waſt but lately dead:
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou ſlew'ſt Tybalt; there thou'rt happy too.
The law that threat'ned death, became thy friend,
And turn'd it to exile; there art thou happy;
Happineſs courts thee in her beſt array;
A pack of bleſſings light upon thy back,
But, like a miſbehav'd and ſullen wench,
Thou pout'ſt upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for ſuch die miſerable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Aſcend her chamber, hence, and comfort her.
But look thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet;
For then thou canſt not paſs to Mantua:
Where thou ſhalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back!
With twenty hundred thouſand times more joy,
Than thou went'ſt forth in lamentation.
Go before, Nurſe; commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heavy ſorrow makes them apt unto.
Romeo is coming.

Nurſe. O Lord, I could have ſtaid here all night long,
To hear good counſel: oh, what learning is!
My Lord, I'll tell my Lady you will come.

Rom. Do ſo, and bid my ſweet prepare to chide.

Nurſe. Here, Sir, a ring ſhe bid me give you, Sir:
Hie you, make haſte, for it grows very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he ſhall ſignify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here.
Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewel, good night.

Rom. But that a joy, paſt joy, calls out on me,
It were a grief, ſo brief to part with thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Changes to Capulet's houſe.*

Enter Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, *and* Paris.

Cap. Things have fallen out, Sir, ſo unluckily,

That we have had no time to move our daughter.
Look you, ſhe lov'd her kinſman Tybalt dearly,
And ſo did I.——Well, we were born to die.——
'Tis very late, ſhe'll not come down to-night.
I promiſe you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. Theſe times of woe afford no time to wooe.
Madam, good night; commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow.
To-night ſhe's mew'd up to her heavineſs.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a ſeparate tender
Of my child's love. I think ſhe will be rul'd
In all reſpects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here with my ſon Paris' love,
And bid her, mark you me, on Wedneſday next,——
But, ſoft; what day is this?

Par. Monday, my Lord.

Cap. Monday? Ha! ha! well, Wedneſday is too ſoon,
On Thurſday let it be: o' Thurſday, tell her,
She ſhall be married to this Noble Earl.
Will you be ready? Do you like this haſte?
We'll keep no great a-do——a friend or two——
For, hark you, Tybalt being ſlain ſo late,
It may be thought we held him careleſsly,
Being our kinſman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have ſome half a dozen friends,
And there's an end. But what ſay you to Thurſday?

Par. My Lord, I would that Thurſday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone——on Thurſday be it then.
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed. [*To Lady* Cap.
Prepare her, wife, againſt this wedding-day.
Farewel, my Lord——Light to my chamber, hoa!
'Fore me, it is ſo very late, that we
May call it early by and by. Good night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Juliet's chamber looking to the garden.*

Enter Romeo *and* Juliet, *above, at a window; a ladder of ropes ſet.*

Jul. 'Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day.

'It

'It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
'That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
'Nightly ſhe ſings on yon pomgranate tree.
'Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
Rom. 'It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
'No nightingale. Look, love, what envious ſtreaks
'Do lace the ſevering clouds in yonder eaſt:
'Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
'Stands tiptoe on the miſty mountains' tops.
'I muſt be gone, and live; or ſtay, and die.
Jul. 'Yon light is not day-light, I know it well:
'It is ſome meteor that the ſun exhales,
'To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
'And light thee on thy way to Mantua;
'Then ſtay a while, thou ſhalt not go ſo ſoon.
Rom. 'Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
'I am content, if thou wilt have it ſo.
'I'll ſay, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
'Nor that is not the lark, whoſe notes do beat
'The vaulty heav'ns ſo high above our heads.
'I have more care to ſtay, than will to go.
'Come, death, and welcome: Juliet wills it ſo.
'How is't, my ſoul? let's talk, it is not day.'
Jul. It is, it is; hie hence, be gone, away:
It is the lark that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh diſcords, and unpleaſing ſharps.
Some ſay, the lark makes ſweet diviſion;
This doth not ſo: for ſhe divideth us.
Some ſay, the lark and lothed toad change eyes;
O, now I wot they have chang'd voices too *!
O now be gone, more light and light it grows.
Rom. More light and light?—More dark and dark our woes.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. Madam,———
Jul. Nurſe?
Nurſe. Your Lady-mother's coming to your chamber:

* Alluding to the notion of the vulgar; becauſe the lark, with a ſweet pipe, hath little ugly eyes; and the toad large and fine eyes, but a diſmal croaking voice.

The

The day is broke, be wary, look about. [*Exit Nurſe.*

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewel, farewel; one kiſs, and I'll deſcend.

[Romeo *deſcends.*

Jul. Art thou gone ſo? love! lord! ah huſband!
I muſt hear from thee ev'ry day in th' hour, [friend!
For in a minute there are many days.
O, by this count I ſhall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewel: I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O think'ſt thou we ſhall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all theſe woes ſhall ſerve
For ſweet diſcourſes, in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining ſoul.———
Methinks I ſee thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eye-ſight fails, or thou look'ſt pale.

Rom. And truſt me, love, in mine eye ſo do you:
Dry Sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu.

[*Exit* Romeo.

SCENE VIII.

Jul. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what doſt thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle, Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
But ſend him back.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Ho, daughter, are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my Lady-mother?
What unaccuſtom'd cauſe procures * her hither?

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your couſin's death?
What, wilt thou waſh him from his grave with tears?
An' if thou could'ſt, thou could'ſt not make him live;
Therefore have done. Some grief ſhews much of love;
But much of grief ſhews ſtill ſome want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for ſuch a feeling loſs.

* *procures*, for *brings*.

La. Cap.

La. Cap. So ſhall you feel the loſs, but not the friend
Which you do weep for.
Jul. Feeling ſo the loſs,
I cannot chuſe but ever weep the friend.
La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'ſt not ſo much for his death,
As that the villain lives which ſlaughter'd him.
Jul. What villain, Madam?
La. Cap. That ſame villain, Romeo.
Jul. Villain and he are many miles aſunder. [*Aſide.*
God pardon him! I do with all my heart:
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.
La. Cap. That is, becauſe the traitor lives.
Jul. I, Madam, from the reach of theſe my hands:—
'Would none but I might 'venge my couſin's death!
La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll ſend to one in Mantua,
Where that ſame baniſh'd runagate doth live,
Shall give him ſuch an unaccuſtom'd dram,
That he ſhall ſoon keep Tybalt company.
And then I hope thou wilt be ſatisfied.
Jul. Indeed I never ſhall be ſatisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him——dead——
Is my poor heart ſo for a kinſman vex'd?
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poiſon, I would temper it;
That Romeo ſhould, upon receipt thereof,
Soon ſleep in quiet.——O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd——and cannot come to him——
To wreak the love I bore my ſlaughter'd couſin,
Upon his body that hath ſlaughter'd him.
La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find ſuch a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.
Jul. And joy comes well in ſuch a needful time.
What are they, I beſeech your Ladyſhip?
La. Cap. Well, well, thou haſt a careful father, child:
One who, to put thee from thy heavineſs,
Hath ſorted out a ſudden day of joy,
That thou expect'ſt not, nor I look'd not for.
Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is this?
La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thurſday morn,
The gallant, young and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at St Peter's church,

Shall

Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by St Peter's church, and Peter too,
He ſhall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haſte, that I muſt wed
Ere he that muſt be huſband comes to wooe.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, Madam,
I will not marry yet: and when I do,
It ſhall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris.——Theſe are news indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father, tell him ſo yourſelf,
And ſee how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet, *and Nurſe.*

Cap. When the ſun ſets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the ſunſet of my brother's ſon
It rains downright.———
How now? a conduit, girl? what, ſtill in tears?
Evermore ſhow'ring? in one little body
Thou counterfeit'ſt a bark, a ſea, a wind;
For ſtill thy eyes, which I may call the ſea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this ſalt flood: the winds thy ſighs,
Which, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a ſudden calm, will overſet
Thy tempeſt-toſſed body———How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, Sir; but ſhe will none, ſhe gives you
I would the fool were married to her grave! [thanks:

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How, will ſhe none? doth ſhe not give us thanks?
Is ſhe not proud, doth ſhe not count her bleſs'd,
Unworthy as ſhe is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud you have, but thankful that you have.
Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankful even for hate that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now! Chop logic? what is
Proud! and I thank you! and I thank you not! [this?
And yet not proud!——Why, Miſtreſs Minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds;
But ſettle your fine joints 'gainſt Thurſday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church:

Or

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-ſickneſs carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!
La. Cap. Fie, fie, what, are you mad?
Jul. Good father, I beſeech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to ſpeak a word.
Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! diſobedient wretch!
I tell thee what, get thee to church o' Thurſday,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not anſwer me;
My fingers itch. Wife, we ſcarce thought us bleſs'd,
That God had ſent us but this only child;
But now I ſee this one is one too much,
And that we have a curſe in having her:
Out on her, hilding!———
Nurſe. God in heaven bleſs her!
You are to blame, my Lord, to rate her ſo.
Cap. And why, my Lady Wiſdom? hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, ſmatter with your goſſips, go.
Nurſe. I ſpeak no treaſon—O, god-ye-good-den—
May not one ſpeak?
Cap. Peace, peace, you mumbling fool;
Utter your gravity o'er a goſſip's bowl,
For here we need it not.
La. Cap. You are too hot.
Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad: day, night,
At home, abroad, alone, in company, [late, early,
Waking, or ſleeping, ſtill my care hath been
To have her match'd; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demeſnes, youthful, and nobly allied,
Stuff'd, as they ſay, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wiſh a man:
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To anſwer, I'll not wed,——I cannot love,——
I am too young,——I pray you pardon me———
But if you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graſe where you will, you ſhall not houſe with me;
Look to't, think on't, I do not uſe to jeſt.
Thurſday is near; lay hand on heart, adviſe:
If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend:

If

If you be not, hang, beg, ſtarve, die i' th' ſtreets;
For, by my ſoul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine ſhall ever do thee good.
Truſt to't, bethink you, I'll not be forſworn. [*Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity ſitting in the clouds,
That ſees into the bottom of my grief?
O, ſweet my mother, caſt me not away,
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not ſpeak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*

Jul. O God! O nurſe! how ſhall this be prevented?
My huſband is on earth; my faith in heav'n;
How ſhall that faith return again to earth,
Unleſs that huſband ſend it me from heav'n,
By leaving earth?——Comfort me, counſel me.
Alack, alack, that Heav'n ſhould practiſe ſtratagems
Upon ſo ſoft a ſubject as myſelf!
What ſay'ſt thou? haſt thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurſe——

Nurſe. 'Faith, here it is:
Romeo is baniſh'd; all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or if he do, it needs muſt be by ſtealth.
Then ſince the caſe ſo ſtands, as now it doth,
I think it beſt you married with the Count.
Oh, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a diſh-clout to him; an eagle, Madam,
Hath not ſo keen, ſo quick, ſo fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beſhrew my very heart,
I think you happy in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt; or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living hence, and you no uſe of him.

Jul. Speak'ſt thou from thy heart?

Nurſe. And from my ſoul too,
Or elſe beſhrew them both.

Jul. Amen.

Nurſe. What?

Jul. Well, thou haſt comforted me marvellous much.
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,

Having

Having diſpleas'd my father, to Lawrence' cell,
To make confeſſion, and to be abſolved.
Nurſe. Marry, I will; and this is wiſely done. [*Exit.*
Jul. Ancient Damnation! O moſt wicked fiend!
Is it more ſin to wiſh me thus forſworn,
Or to diſpraiſe my Lord with that ſame tongue
Which ſhe hath prais'd him with above compare,
So many thouſand times? Go, counſellor,———
Thou and my boſom henceforth ſhall be twain:
I'll to the Friar, to know his remedy;
If all elſe fail, myſelf have power to die. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The monaſtery.

Enter Friar Lawrence *and* Paris.

Fri. ON Thurſday, Sir! the time is very ſhort.
Par. My father Capulet will have it ſo,
And I am nothing ſlow to ſlack his haſte.
Fri. You ſay you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is this courſe, I like it not.
Par. Immoderately ſhe weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love,
For Venus ſmiles not in a houſe of tears.
Now, Sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That ſhe ſhould give her ſorrow ſo much ſway;
And, in his wiſdom, haſtes our marriage,
To ſtop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herſelf alone,
May be put from her by ſociety.
Now, do you know the reaſon of this haſte?
Fri. I would I knew not why it ſhould be ſlow'd.
[*Aſide.*
Look, Sir, here comes the lady tow'rds my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Welcome, my love, my lady, and my wife!
Jul. That may be, Sir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be, muſt be, love, on Thurſday next.
Jul. What muſt be, ſhall be.
Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confeſſion to this father?
Jul. To anſwer that, were to confeſs to you.
Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.
Jul. I will confeſs to you that I love him.
Par. So will ye, I am ſure, that you love me.
Jul. If I do ſo, it will be of more price,
Being ſpoke behind your back, than to your face.
Par. Poor ſoul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.
Jul. The tears have got ſmall victory by that:
For it was bad enough before their ſpight.
Par. Thou wrong'ſt it more than tears, with that report.
Jul. That is no ſlander, Sir, which is but truth;
And what I ſpeak, I ſpeak it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou haſt ſlander'd it.
Jul. It may be ſo, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leiſure, holy father, now;
Or ſhall I come to you at evening-maſs?
Fri. My leiſure ſerves me, penſive daughter, now.
My Lord, I muſt intreat the time alone.
Par. God ſhield I ſhould diſturb devotion.
Juliet, on Thurſday early will I rouſe you:
Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiſs. [*Exit* Paris.
Jul. Go, ſhut the door; and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weep with me, paſt hope, paſt cure, paſt help.
Fri. O Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It ſtrains me paſt the compaſs of my wits.
I hear you muſt, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thurſday next be married to this Count.
Jul. Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'ſt of this,
Unleſs thou tell me how I may prevent it.
If in thy wiſdom thou canſt give no help,
Do thou but call my reſolution wiſe,
And with this knife I'll help it preſently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's; thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo ſeal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this ſhall ſlay them both.
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me ſome preſent counſel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife

Shall

Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that
Which the commiſſion of thy years and art
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring.
Be not ſo long to ſpeak; I long to die,
If what thou ſpeak'ſt ſpeak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter, I do 'ſpy a kind of hope,
Which craves as deſperate an execution,
As that is deſp'rate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou haſt the ſtrength or will to ſlay thyſelf,
Then it is likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this ſhame,
That cops with death himſelf, to 'ſcape from it:
And if thou dar'ſt, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or chain me to ſome ſteepy mountain's top,
Where roaring bears and ſavage lions roam;
Or ſhut me nightly in a charnel houſe,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead mens' rattling bones,
With reeky ſhanks, and yellow chapleſs ſculls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his ſhroud;
(Things, that to hear them nam'd, have made me trem-
And I will do it without fear or doubt, [ble);
To live an unſtain'd wife to my ſweet love.

Fri. Hold, then, go home, be merry, give conſent
To marry Paris; Wedneſday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night, look that thou lie alone,
(Let not thy nurſe lie with thee in thy chamber):
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this diſtilled liquor drink thou off;
When preſently through all thy veins ſhall run
A cold and drowſy humour, which ſhall ſeize
Each vital ſpirit; for no pulſe ſhall keep
His nat'ral progreſs, but ſurceaſe to beat.
No warmth, no breath, ſhall teſtify thou liveſt;
The roſes in thy lips and cheeks ſhall fade
To paly aſhes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like Death, when he ſhuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of ſupple government,
Shall ſtiff, and ſtark, and cold appear like death:

And in this borrowed likeneſs of ſhrunk death
Thou ſhalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleaſant ſleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouſe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy beſt robes uncover'd on the bier,
Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave:
Thou ſhalt be borne to that ſame ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, againſt thou ſhalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
And hither ſhall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua;
And this ſhall free thee from this preſent ſhame,
If no unconſtant toy, nor womaniſh fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, oh give me, tell me not of fear.
[*Taking the phial.*

Fri. Hold, get you gone, be ſtrong and proſperous
In this reſolve; I'll ſend a friar with ſpeed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy Lord.

Jul. Love, give me ſtrength, and ſtrength ſhall help afford.
Farewel, dear father!——— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to Capulet's houſe.*

Enter Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, *Nurſe, and two or three Servants.*

Cap. So many gueſts invite, as here are writ;
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks. *
We ſhall be much unfurniſh'd for this time:
What, is my daughter gone to Friar Lawrence?

* ——— twenty cunning cooks.

Ser. You ſhall have none ill, Sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canſt thou try them ſo?

Ser. Marry, Sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone.
We ſhall be much, &c.

Nurſe.

Nurſe. Ay, forſooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do ſome good on her:
A peeviſh ſelf-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurſe. See where ſhe comes from ſhrift with merry look.

Cap. How now, my head-ſtrong? where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the ſin
Of diſobedient oppoſition
To you and your beheſts; and am injoin'd
By holy Lawrence to fall proſtrate here,
And beg your pardon. Pardon, I beſeech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the County, go tell him of this;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful Lord at Lawrence' cell,
And gave him what becoming love I might,
Not ſtepping o'er the bounds of modeſty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well, ſtand up;
This is as't ſhould be; let me ſee the County:
Ay, marry, go, I ſay, and fetch him hither.
Now, afore God, this reverend holy Friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurſe, will you go with me into my cloſet,
To help me ſort ſuch needful ornaments
As you think fit to furniſh me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thurſday, there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurſe, go with her; we'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt* Juliet *and Nurſe.*

La. Cap. We ſhall be ſhort in our proviſion;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tuſh, I will ſtir about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her,
I'll not to bed to-night, let me alone:
I'll play the houſewife for this once.——What, ho!
They are all forth; well, I will walk myſelf
To County Paris, to prepare him up
Againſt to-morrow. My heart's wondrous light,

Since this ſame wayward girl is ſo reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt* Capulet *and Lady* Capulet.

SCENE III. *Changes to Juliet's chamber.*

Enter Juliet *and Nurſe.*

Jul. Ay, thoſe attires are beſt; but, gentle nurſe,
I pray thee leave me to myſelf to-night:
For I have need of many oriſons
To move the heav'ns to ſmile upon my ſtate,
Which, well thou know'ſt, is croſs and full of ſin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you buſy, do you need my help?

Jul. No, Madam, we have cull'd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoveful for our ſtate to-morrow:
So pleaſe you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurſe this night ſit up with you;
For I am ſure you have your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſs.

La. Cap. Good night,
Get thee to bed and reſt, for thou haſt need. [*Exeunt.*

Jul. 'Farewel——God knows when we ſhall meet again!
'I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
'That almoſt freezes up the heat of life.
'I'll call them back again to comfort me.
'Nurſe——what ſhould ſhe do here?
'My diſmal ſcene I needs muſt act alone:
'Come, phial—What if this mixture do not work at all?
'Shall I of force be marry'd to the Count?
'No, no, this ſhall forbid it; lie thou there——
[*Pointing to a dagger.*
'What if it be a poiſon which the Friar
'Subtly hath miniſtred, to have me dead,
'Leſt in this marriage he ſhould be diſhonour'd,
'Becauſe he married me before to Romeo?
'I fear it is; and yet methinks it ſhould not,
'For he hath ſtill been tried a holy man——
'How, if, when I am laid into the tomb,
'I wake before the time that Romeo
'Comes to redeem me? there's a fearful point!

'Shall

'Shall I not then be ſtifled in the vault,
'To whoſe foul mouth no healthſome air breathes in,
'And there be ſtrangled ere my Romeo comes?
'Or, if I live, is it not very like,
'The horrible conceit of death and night,
'Together with the terror of the place,
'(As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
'Where, for theſe many hundred years, the bones
'Of all my buried anceſtors are pack'd;
'Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
'Lies feſt'ring in his ſhroud; where, as they ſay,
'At ſome hours in the night ſpirits reſort——)
'Alas, alas! is it not like that I
'So early waking, what with lothſome ſmells,
'And ſhrieks, like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
'That living mortals, hearing them, run mad.——
'Or, if I wake, ſhall I not be diſtraught,
'(Invironed with all theſe hideous fears),
'And madly play with my forefathers' joints,
'And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his ſhroud?
'And in this rage, with ſome great kinſman's bone,
'As with a club, daſh out my deſp'rate brains?
'O look! methinks I ſee my couſin's ghoſt
'Seeking out Romeo, that did ſpit his body
'Upon a rapier's point.——Stay, Tybalt, ſtay!
'Romeo, I come! this I do drink to thee.

[*She throws herſelf on the bed.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to Capulet's hall.*

Enter Lady Capulet *and Nurſe.*

La. Cap. Hold, take theſe keys, and fetch more ſpices, nurſe.

Nurſe. They call for dates and quinces in the paſtry.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, ſtir, ſtir, ſtir; the ſecond cock hath crow'd,
The curfeu-bell hath rung, 'tis three o' clock:
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica.
Spare not for coſt.

Nurſe. Go, go, you cot-quean, go;
Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be ſick to-morrow,

For

For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit: what! I have watch'd ere now
All night for a leſs cauſe, and ne'er been ſick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouſe-hunt in your time;
But I will watch you, from ſuch watching, now.

[*Exeunt Lady* Capulet *and Nurſe.*

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood———
Now, fellow, what's there?

Enter three or four with ſpits, and logs, and baſkets.

Ser. Things for the cook, Sir, but I know not what.

Cap. Make haſte, make haſte; ſirrah, fetch drier logs;
Call Peter, he will ſhew thee where they are.

Ser. I have a head, Sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter.

Cap. 'Maſs, and well ſaid, a merry whoreſon, ha!
Thou ſhalt be logger-head.——Good faith 'tis day.

[*Play muſic.*

The County will be here with muſic ſtraight,
For ſo he ſaid he would. I hear him near.
Nurſe,——wife,——what, ho! what, nurſe, I ſay?

Enter Nurſe.

Go, waken Juliet, go and trim her up,
I'll go and chat with Paris: hie, make haſte,
Make haſte, the bridegroom he is come already;
Make haſte, I ſay. [*Exeunt* Capulet *and Nurſe, ſeverally.*

SCENE V.

Changes to Juliet's chamber, Juliet on a bed.

Re-enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. Miſtreſs,——what, miſtreſs! Juliet——Faſt, I warrant her,
Why, lamb——why, lady——Fie, you ſlug-a-bed——
Why, love, I ſay——Madam, ſweet-heart——why, bride——
What, not a word! you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The County Paris hath ſet up his reſt,

That

That you ſhall reſt but little——God forgive me——
Marry, and amen!———How ſound is ſhe aſleep?
I muſt needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
Ay, let the County take you in your bed———
He'll fright you up, i'faith. Will it not be?
What! dreſs'd, and in your cloaths——and down again?
I muſt needs wake you: Lady, Lady, Lady———
Alas! alas! help! help! my Lady's dead.
O well-a-day that ever I was born!
Some *aqua vitæ*, ho! my Lord, my Lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noiſe is here?
Nurſe. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. What's the matter?
Nurſe. Look,———oh heavy day!
La. Cap. Oh me, oh me, my child, my only life!
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee;
Help, help! call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For ſhame, bring Juliet forth; her Lord is come.
Nurſe. She's dead, deceas'd, ſhe's dead: alack the day!
Cap. Ha! let me ſee her——Out, alas! ſhe's cold;
Her blood is ſettled, and her joints are ſtiff:
Life and theſe lips have long been ſeparated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely froſt
Upon the ſweeteſt flow'r of all the field.
Accurſed time! unfortunate old man!
Nurſe. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. O woful time!
Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me ſpeak.

Enter Friar Lawrence, *and* Paris, *with muſicians.*

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.
O ſon, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath death lain with thy wife: ſee, there ſhe lies,
Flower as ſhe was, deflower'd now by him:
Death is my ſon-in-law.———

Par.

Par. Have I thought long to ſee this morning's face,
And doth it give me ſuch a ſight as this!
La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Moſt miſerable hour that Time e'er ſaw
In laſting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and ſolace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my ſight.
Nurſe. O woe! oh woful, woful, woful day!
Moſt lamentable day! moſt woful day!
That ever, ever, I did yet behold.
Oh day! oh day! oh day! oh hateful day!
Never was ſeen ſo black a day as this:
Oh woful day, oh woful day!
Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, ſpighted, ſlain,
Moſt deteſtable Death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown:———
O love, O life, not life, but love in death!———
Cap. Deſpis'd, diſtreſſed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd,
Uncomfortable time! why cam'ſt thou now
To murther, murther our ſolemnity?
O child! O child! My ſoul, and not my child!
Dead art thou! dead; alack! my child is dead;
And with my child, my joys are buried.
Fri. Peace, ho, for ſhame! confuſion's cure lives not
In theſe confuſions; heaven and yourſelf
Had part in this fair maid; now heav'n hath all;
And all the better is it for the maid.
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heav'n keeps his part in eternal life.
The moſt you ſought, was her promotion;
For 'twas your heav'n, ſhe ſhould be advanc'd:
And weep you now, ſeeing ſhe is advanc'd
Above the clouds, as high as heav'n itſelf?
Oh, in this love you love your child ſo ill,
That you run mad, ſeeing that ſhe is well.
She's not well married that lives married long;
But ſhe's beſt married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and ſtick your roſemary
On this fair corſe; and, as the cuſtom is,
And in her beſt array, bear her to church.
For tho' ſome nature bids us all lament,

Yet

Yet nature's tears are reaſon's merriment.

Cap. All things that we ordained feſtival,
Turn from their office to black funeral;
Our inſtruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding-chear to a ſad funeral feaſt;
Our ſolemn hymns to ſullen dirges change,
Our bridal-flow'rs ſerve for a buried corſe;
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in, and, Madam, go with him;
And go, Sir Paris; every one prepare
To follow this fair corſe unto her grave.
The heav'ns do lowr upon you for ſome ill;
Move them no more, by croſſing their high will.

[*Exeunt* Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, Paris, *and Friar.*

SCENE VI. *Manent Muſicians and Nurſe.*

Muſ. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

Nurſe. Honeſt good fellows: ah, put up, put up;
For well you know this is a pitiful caſe. [*Exit Nurſe.*

Muſ. Ay, by my troth, the caſe may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Muſicians, oh muſicians, *heart's eaſe, heart's eaſe:* Oh, an' you will have me live, play *heart's eaſe.*

Muſ. Why *heart's eaſe?*

Pet. O muſicians, becauſe my heart itſelf plays, *My heart itſelf is full of woe.* O, play me ſome merry dump to comfort me!

Muſ. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Muſ. No.

Pet. I will then give it you ſoundly.

Muſ. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith, but the gleek: I will give you the minſtrel.

Muſ. Then will I give you the ſerving creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the ſerving creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets. I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you, do you note me?

Muſ. And you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 *Muſ.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit: I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger:—— anſwer me like men:

When griping grief the heart doth wound,
Then muſic with her ſilver ſound———

Why, *ſilver ſound?* why, *muſic with her ſilver ſound?* What ſay you, Simon Catling?

Muſ. Marry, Sir, becauſe ſilver hath a ſweet ſound.

Pet. Pretty! what ſay you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 *Muſ.* I ſay, *ſilver ſound*, becauſe muſicians ſound for ſilver.

Pet. Pretty too! what ſay you, Samuel Soundboard?

3 *Muſ.* 'Faith, I know not what to ſay.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy, you are the *ſinger*, I will *ſay* for you. It is muſic with her ſilver ſound, becauſe ſuch fellows as you have no gold for ſounding.

Then muſic with her ſilver ſound
Doth lend redreſs. [*Exit ſinging.*

Muſ. What a peſtilent knave is this ſame?

2 *Muſ.* Hang him, Jack; come, we'll in here, tarry for the mourners, and ſtay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Mantua.

Enter Romeo.

IF I may truſt the flattering ruth of ſleep,
My dreams preſage ſome joyful news at hand:
My boſom's Lord ſits lightly on his throne,
And, all this day, an unaccuſtom'd ſpirit
Lifts me above the ground with chearful thoughts.
I dream'd, my Lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think),
And breath'd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an Emperor.
Ah me! how ſweet is love itſelf poſſeſs'd,
When but love's ſhadows are ſo rich in joy?

Enter Balthaſar.

News from Verona——How now, Balthaſar?

Doſt

Doſt thou not bring me letters from the Friar?
How doth my Lady? is my father well?
How doth my Juliet? that I aſk again;
For nothing can be ill, if ſhe be well.

Balth. Then ſhe is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body ſleeps in Capulet's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I ſaw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And preſently took poſt to tell it you.
O pardon me for bringing theſe ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, Sir.

Rom. Is it even ſo? then I defy you, ſtars!
Thou know'ſt my lodging, get me ink and paper,
And hire poſt-horſes. I will hence to-night.

Balth. Pardon me, Sir, I dare not leave you thus.
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some miſadventure.

Rom. Tuſh, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Haſt thou no letters to me from the Friar?

Balth. No, my good Lord.

Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire thoſe horſes; I'll be with thee ſtrait.
[*Exit* Balthaſar.
Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night;
Let's ſee for means——O Miſchief! thou art ſwift
To enter in the thought of deſperate men!
'I do remember an apothecary,
'And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
'In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
'Culling of ſimples; meagre were his looks;
'Sharp Miſery had worn him to the bones:
'And in his needy ſhop a tortoiſe hung,
'An alligator ſtuff'd, and other ſkins
'Of ill-ſhap'd fiſhes; and about his ſhelves
'A beggarly account of empty boxes;
'Green earthen pots, bladders, and muſty ſeeds,
'Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roſes
'Were thinly ſcatter'd to make up a ſhow.
Noting this penury, to myſelf I ſaid,
An' if a man did need a poiſon now,
Whoſe ſale is preſent death in Mantua,

Here lives a caitiff wretch would ſell it him.
Oh, this ſame thought did but fore-run my need,
And this ſame needy man muſt ſell it me.
As I remember, this ſhould be the houſe.
Being holiday, the beggar's ſhop is ſhut.
What, ho! Apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls ſo loud?

Rom. Come hither, man; I ſee that thou art poor:
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poiſon, ſuch ſoon-ſpeeding geer,
As will diſperſe itſelf thro' all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be diſcharg'd of breath,
As violently as haſty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. 'Art thou ſo bare and full of wretchedneſs,
'And fear'ſt to die? Famine is in thy cheeks;
'Need and Oppreſſion ſtare within thine eyes,
'Contempt and Beggary hang upon thy back.
'The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
'The world affords no law to make thee rich,
'Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, conſents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and if you had the ſtrength
Of twenty men, it would diſpatch you ſtraight.

Rom. There is thy gold, worſe poiſon to mens' ſouls,
Doing more murthers in this lothſome world,
Than theſe poor compounds that thou may'ſt not ſell.
I ſell thee poiſon, thou haſt ſold me none.———
Farewel, buy food, and get thee into fleſh.
Come, cordial, and not poiſon; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there muſt I uſe thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to the monaſtery at Verona.*

Enter Friar John.

John. Holy Franciſcan Friar! brother! ho!

Enter

Enter Friar Lawrence *to him.*

Law. This ſame ſhould be the voice of Friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua; what ſays Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.
John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to aſſociate me,
Here in this city viſiting the ſick;
And finding him, the ſearchers of the town,
Suſpecting that we both were in a houſe
Where the infectious peſtilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my ſpeed to Mantua there was ſtaid.
Law. Who bore my letter then to Romeo?
John. I could not ſend it; here it is again;
Nor get a meſſenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.
Law. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice *, but full of charge,
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence,
Get me an iron crow, and bring it ſtraight
Unto my cell.
John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*
Law. Now muſt I to the monument alone;
Within theſe three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will beſhrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of theſe accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come.
Poor living corſe, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Changes to a church-yard: in it a monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter Paris, *and his Page, with a light.*

Par. Give me thy torch, boy; hence and ſtand aloof.
Yet put it out, for I would not be ſeen.
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Laying thy ear cloſe to the hollow ground;

* *nice*, for *of trifling import.*

So ſhall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being looſe, unfirm, with digging up of graves),
But thou ſhalt hear it: whiſtle then to me,
As ſignal that thou hear'ſt ſomething approach.
Give me thoſe flow'rs. Do as I bid thee; go.

Page. I am almoſt afraid to ſtand alone
Here in the church-yard, yet I will adventure. [*Exit.*

Par. Sweet flow'r! with flow'rs thy bridal bed I ſtrew. [*Strewing flowers.*
Fair Juliet, that with angels doſt remain,
Accept this lateſt favour at my hand;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With fun'ral obſequies adorn thy tomb.
[*The boy whiſtles.*
—The boy gives warning, ſomething doth approach;—
What curſed foot wanders this way to night,
To croſs my obſequies, and true love's rites?
What! with a torch? muffle me, night, a while.

SCENE IV.

Enter Romeo *and* Balthaſar *with a light.*

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter, early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my Lord and father.
Give me the light; upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'ſt or ſeeſt, ſtand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my courſe.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I muſt uſe
In dear employment; therefore hence, be gone.
But if thou, jealous, doſt return to pry
In what I further ſhall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And ſtrew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs;
The time and my intents are ſavage, wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tygers, or the roaring ſea.

Balth. I will be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

Rom.

Rom. So ſhalt thou ſhew me friendſhip.——Take thou that;
Live and be proſp'rous, and farewel, good fellow.
Balth. For all this ſame, I'll hide me hereabout;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Exit* Balth.
Rom. Thou maw deteſtable, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the deareſt morſel of the earth,
Thus I inforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*Breaking open the monument,*
And in deſpight I'll cram thee with more food.
Par. This is that baniſh'd haughty Montague,
That murther'd my love's couſin; (with which grief,
It is ſuppoſed, the fair creature dy'd);
And here is come to do ſome villanous ſhame
To the dead bodies. I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague.
Can vengeance be purſu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee;
Obey, and go with me, for thou muſt die.
Rom. I muſt, indeed, and therefore came I hither.——
Good gentle youth, tempt not a deſp'rate man;
Fly hence and leave me: think upon thoſe gone,
Let them affright thee. I beſeech thee, youth,
Pull not another ſin upon my head,
By urging me to fury. Oh be gone!
By heav'n, I love thee better than myſelf;
For I come hither arm'd againſt myſelf.
Stay not, begone; live, and hereafter ſay,
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.
Par. I do defy thy commiſeration,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.
Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy.
[*They fight,* Paris *falls.*
Page. Oh Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.
Par. Oh, I am ſlain; if thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*
Rom. In faith, I will: let me peruſe this face——
Mercutio's kinſman! Noble County Paris!
What ſaid my man, when my betoſſed ſoul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me, Paris ſhould have married Juliet.

Said he not ſo? or did I dream it ſo?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was ſo? Oh give me thy hand,
One writ with me in ſour Misfortune's book,
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.
A grave? O no; a lanthorn, ſlaughter'd youth;
For here lies Juliet; and her beauty makes
This vault a feaſting preſence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
[*Laying* Paris *in the monument.*
How oft, when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry? which their keepers call
A lightning before death.——O, how may I
Call this a lightning!——O my love, my wife!
Death, that hath ſuck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's enſign yet
Is crimſon in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And Death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, ly'ſt thou there in thy bloody ſheet?
Oh, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To ſunder his that was thy enemy?
Forgive me, couſin.——Ah dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet ſo fair? ſhall I believe
That unſubſtantial Death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monſter keeps
Thee here in dark, to be his paramour!
For fear of that, I ſtill will ſtay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain,
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; oh here
Will I ſet up my everlaſting reſt;
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtars
From this world-weary'd fleſh. Eyes, look your laſt!
Arms, take your laſt embrace! and lips, oh you
The doors of breath, ſeal with a righteous kiſs
A dateleſs bargain to ingroſſing death!
Come, bitter conduct! come, unſav'ry guide!
Thou deſp'rate pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing rocks my ſea-ſick, weary bark.

Here's

Here's to my love! oh, true apothecary!
[*Drinks the poiſon.*
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiſs I die. [*Dies.*

Enter Friar Lawrence *with lanthorn, crow, and ſpade.*

Fri. St Francis be my ſpeed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet ſtumbled at graves? Who's there?

Enter Balthaſar.

Balth. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.
Fri. Bliſs be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeleſs ſculls? as I diſcern,
It burneth in the Capulets monument.
Balth. It doth ſo, holy Sir,
And there's my maſter, one you dearly love.
Fri. Who is it?
Balth. Romeo.
Fri. How long hath he been there?
Balth. Full half an hour.
Fri. Go with me to the vault.
Balth. I dare not, Sir.
My maſter knows not but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did ſtay to look on his intents.
Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone; fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear ſome ill unlucky thing.
Balth. As I did ſleep under this yew-tree here,
I dream'd my maſter and another fought,
And that my maſter ſlew him.
Fri. Romeo!
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which ſtains
The ſtony entrance of this ſepulchre?
What mean theſe maſterleſs and goary ſwords,
To lie diſcolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo! oh pale! Who elſe? what! Paris too?
And ſteep'd in blood? ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance?
The lady ſtirs.
Jul. [*awaking.*] Oh comfortable Friar, where is my Lord?
I do remember well where I ſhould be;
And

And there I am; but where is Romeo?

Fri. I hear ſome noiſe! Lady, come from that neſt
Of death, contagion, and unnatural ſleep;
A greater power than we can contradict,
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away;
Thy huſband in thy boſom there lies dead,
And Paris too.——Come, I'll diſpoſe of thee
Amongſt a ſiſterhood of holy nuns.
Stay not to queſtion, for the watch is coming.
Come, go, good Juliet; I dare no longer ſtay. [*Exit.*

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poiſon, I ſee, hath been his timeleſs end.
Oh churl, drink all, and leave no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiſs thy lips;
Haply ſome poiſon yet doth hang on them;
To make me die with a reſtorative.
Thy lips are warm.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead, boy, which way?

Jul. Yea, noiſe?
Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!
[*Finding a dagger.*
This is thy ſheath, there ruſt and let me die.
[*Kills herſelf.*

Boy. This is the place; there where the torch doth burn.

Watch. The ground is bloody. Search about the church-yard;
Go, ſome of you, whom e'er you find, attach.
[*Exeunt ſome of the Watch.*
Pitiful ſight! here lies the County ſlain,
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain theſe two days buried.
Go, tell the Prince, run to the Capulets,
Raiſe up the Montagues; ſome others, ſearch——
We ſee the ground whereon theſe woes do lie:
But the true ground of all theſe piteous woes
We cannot without circumſtance deſcry.

Enter ſome of the Watch, with Balthaſar.

2 *Watch.* Here's Romeo's man, we found him in the church-yard.

1 *Watch.*

1 *Watch.* Hold him in ſafety, till the Prince comes hither.

Enter another Watchman with Friar Lawrence.

3 *Watch.* Here is a Friar that trembles, ſighs, and weeps.
We took this mattock and this ſpade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard ſide.

1 *Watch.* A great ſuſpicion: ſtay the Friar too.

SCENE V. *Enter the Prince, and Attendants.*

Prince. What miſadventure is ſo early up,
That calls our perſon from our morning's reſt?

Enter Capulet *and Lady* Capulet.

Cap. What ſhould it be, that they ſo ſhriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the ſtreet cry, *Romeo*;
Some, *Juliet*; and ſome, *Paris*; and all run
With open out-cry tow'rd our monument.

Prince. What fear is this which ſtartles in your ears?

Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County Paris ſlain,
And Romeo dead, and Juliet (dead before)
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, ſeek, and know, how this foul murther comes.

Watch. Here is a Friar, and ſlaughter'd Romeo's man,
With inſtruments upon them, fit to open
Theſe dead mens' tombs.

Cap. Oh, heav'n! oh, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath miſta'en; for, lo! the ſheath
Lies empty on the back of Montague,
The point miſ-ſheathed in my daughter's boſom.

La. Cap. Oh me, this ſight of death is as a bell,
That warms my old age to a ſepulchre.

Enter Montague.

Prince. Come, Montague, for thou art early up,
To ſee thy ſon and heir now early down.

Mon. Alas, my Liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my ſon's exile hath ſtopt her breath:
What further woe conſpires againſt my age?

Prince.

Prince. Look, and thou ſhalt ſee.
Mon. Oh, thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To preſs before thy father to a grave?
Prince. Seal up the mouth of Outrage for a while,
Till we can clear theſe ambiguities,
And know their ſpring, their head, their true deſcent;
And then will I be General of your woes,
And lead you ev'n to death. Mean time forbear,
And let Miſchance be ſlave to Patience.
Bring forth the parties of Suſpicion.
Fri. I am the greateſt, able to do leaſt,
Yet moſt ſuſpected; as the time and place
Doth make againſt me, of this direful murther;
And here I ſtand both to impeach and purge
Myſelf condemned, and myſelf excus'd.
Prince. Then ſay at once what thou doſt know in this.
Fri. I will be brief, for my ſhort date of breath
Is not ſo long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was huſband to that Juliet;
And ſhe, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their ſtoln marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whoſe untimely death
Baniſh'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
You, to remove that ſiege of grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce
To County Paris. Then comes ſhe to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me deviſe ſome means
To rid her from this ſecond marriage;
Or, in my cell, there would ſhe kill herſelf.
Then gave I her (ſo tutor'd by my art)
A ſleeping potion, which ſo took effect
As I intended; for it wrought on her
The form of death. Mean time I writ to Romeo,
That he ſhould hither come, as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrowed grave;
Being the time the potion's force ſhould ceaſe.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was ſtaid by accident; and yeſternight
Return'd my letter back; then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her awaking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault:

Meaning

Meaning to keep her cloſely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could ſend to Romeo.
But when I came, (ſome minute ere the time
Of her awaking), here untimely lay
The Noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes, and I intreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heav'n with patience:
But then a noiſe did ſcare me from the tomb,
And ſhe, too deſp'rate, would not go with me:
But, as it ſeems, did violence on herſelf.
All this I know, and to the marriage
Her nurſe is privy; but if aught in this
Miſcarried by my fault, let my old life
Be ſacrific'd, ſome hour before the time,
Unto the rigour of ſevereſt law.

Prince. We ſtill have known thee for an holy man.
Where's Romeo's man? what can he ſay to this?

Balth. I brought my maſter news of Juliet's death,
And then in poſt he came from Mantua
To this ſame place, to this ſame monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threat'ned me with death going to the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.
Where is the County's page that rais'd the watch?
Sirrah, what made your maſter in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to ſtrew his Lady's grave,
And bid me ſtand aloof, and ſo I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,
And, by and by, my maſter drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the Friar's words,
Their courſe of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes, that he did buy a poiſon
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.
Where be theſe enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See what a ſcourge is laid upon your hate,
That Heav'n finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your diſcords too,
Have loſt a brace of kinſmen: all are puniſh'd!

Cap.

Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand,
This is my daughter's jointure; for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more,
For I will raiſe her ſtatue in pure gold;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There ſhall no figure at that rate be ſet,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich ſhall Romeo's by his Lady lie;
Poor ſacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A gloomy peace this morning with it brings,
The ſun for ſorrow will not ſhew his head;
Go hence to have more talk of theſe ſad things;
Some ſhall be pardon'd, and ſome puniſhed.
For never was a ſtory of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt omnes.*

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark *.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CLAUDIUS, *King of Denmark.*
Fortinbras, *Prince of Norway.*
Hamlet, *ſon to the former, and nephew to the preſent King.*
Polonius, *Lord Chamberlain.*
Horatio, *friend to Hamlet.*
Laertes, *ſon to Polonius.*
Voltimand, Cornelius, Roſincrantz, Guildenſtern, } *courtiers.*
Oſrick, *a fop.*
Marcellus, *an officer.*
Bernardo, Franciſco, } *two ſoldiers.*
Reynoldo, *ſervant to Polonius.*
Ghoſt of Hamlet's father.
Gertrude, *Queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.*
Ophelia, *daughter to Polonius, beloved by Hamlet.*
Ladies attending on the Queen.
Players, Grave-makers, Sailors, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Elſinoor.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A platform before the palace.

Enter Bernardo *and* Franciſco, *two centinels.*

Ber. WHO's there?

Fran. Nay, anſwer me: ſtand, and unfold yourſelf.

Ber. Long live the King!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come moſt carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now ſtruck twelve; get thee to bed, Franciſco.

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am ſick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

* The ſtory is taken from Saxo Grammaticus's Daniſh hiſtory.

Fran. Not a mouſe ſtirring.
Ber. Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals * of my watch, bid them make haſte.

Enter Horatio *and* Marcellus.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand, ho! who is there?
Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And liege-men to the Dane.
Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. Oh, farewel, honeſt ſoldier; who hath reliev'd you?
Fran. Bernardo has my place: give you good night.
[*Exit* Franciſco.
Mar. Holla! Bernardo,———
Ber. Say, what, is Horatio there?
Hor. A piece of him. [*Giving his hand.*
Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.
Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to night?
Ber. I have ſeen nothing.
Mar. Horatio ſays, 'tis but our phantaſy;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded ſight, twice ſeen of us;
Therefore I have intreated him along
With us, to watch the minutes of this night;
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and ſpeak to it.
Hor. Tuſh! tuſh! 'twill not appear.
Ber. Sit down a while,
And let us once again aſſail your ears,
That are ſo fortified againſt our ſtory,
What we have two nights ſeen.
Hor. Well, ſit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo ſpeak of this.
Ber. Laſt night of all,
When yon ſame ſtar that's weſtward from the pole,
Had made his courſe t'illume that part of heav'n
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myſelf,
The bell then beating one,———
Mar. Peace, break thee off.

* *rivals*, for *partners*.

Enter

Enter the Ghoſt.

Look where it comes again.

Ber. In the ſame figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a ſcholar, ſpeak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the King? mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Moſt like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Ber. It would be ſpoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou that uſurp'ſt this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the Majeſty of buried Denmark
Did ſometime march? By Heav'n, I charge thee ſpeak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it ſtalks away.

Hor. Stay; ſpeak; I charge thee, ſpeak. [*Exit Ghoſt.*

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not anſwer.

Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble and look pale.
Is not this ſomething more than phantaſy?
What think you of it?

Hor. Before my God I might not this believe,
Without the ſenſible and try'd avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thyſelf.
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he th' ambitious Norway combated:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He ſmote the ſleaded Polack on the ice.
'Tis ſtrange———

Mar. Thus twice before, and juſt at this dead hour,
With martial ſtalk, he hath gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;
But, in the groſs and ſcope of my opinion,
This bodes ſome ſtrange eruption to our ſtate.

Mar. Good now ſit down, and tell me he that knows,
Why this ſame ſtrict and moſt obſervant watch
So nightly toils the ſubjects of the land?
And why ſuch daily caſt of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war?
Why ſuch impreſs of ſhipwrights, whoſe ſore taſk
Does not divide the Sunday from the week?

What might be toward, that this ſweaty haſte
Doth make the night joint labourer with the day?
Who is't that can inform me?
Hor. That can I;
At leaſt, the whiſper goes ſo. Our laſt King,
Whoſe image but even now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
(Thereto prick'd on by a moſt emulate pride),
Dar'd to the fight: in which our valiant Hamlet
(For ſo this ſide of our known world eſteem'd him)
Did ſlay this Fortinbras; who, by ſeal'd compact,
Well ratified by law of heraldry,
Did forfeit (with his life) all thoſe his lands
Which he ſtood ſeiz'd of, to the conqueror:
Againſt the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our King; which had return
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquiſher; as by the ſame comart,
And carriage of the articles deſign'd,
His fell to Hamlet. Now young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved * mettle hot and full,
Hath in the ſkirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up a liſt of landleſs reſolutes,
For food and diet, to ſome enterpriſe
That hath a ſtomach in't: which is no other,
As it doth well appear unto our ſtate,
But to recover of us by ſtrong hand,
And terms compulſatory thoſe foreſaid lands
So by his father loſt. And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The ſource of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this poſt-haſte and romage in the land.
Ber. I think it be no other, but even ſo.
Well may it ſort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch ſo like the King,
That was, and is the queſtion of theſe wars.
Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
" In the moſt high and palmy † ſtate of Rome,
" A little ere the mightieſt Julius fell,
" The graves ſtood tenantleſs; the ſheeted dead
Did ſqueak and gibber in the Roman ſtreets;

* *unimproved*, for *unrefined*.
† *palmy*, for *victorious*.

" Stars

" Stars ſhone with trains of fire, dews of blood fell;
" Diſaſters veil'd the ſun; and the moiſt ſtar,
" Upon whoſe influence Neptune's empire ſtands,
" Was ſick almoſt to dooms-day with eclipſe.
And even the like precurſe of fierce * events,
As harbingers preceeding ſtill the fates,
And prologue to the omen † coming on,
Have heav'n and earth together demonſtrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.

Enter Ghoſt again.

But ſoft, behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll croſs it, though it blaſt me. Stay illuſion!
[*Spreading his arms.*
If thou haſt any ſound, or uſe of voice,
Speak to me.
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do eaſe, and grace to me;
Speak to me.
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
Oh ſpeak!———
Or, if thou haſt uphoorded, in thy life
Extorted ‡ treaſure, in the womb of earth, [*Cock crows.*
For which, they ſay, you ſpirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it. Stay, and ſpeak—Stop it, Marcellus.—
Mar. Shall I ſtrike at it with my partiſan?
Hor. Do, if it will not ſtand.
Ber. 'Tis here———
Hor. 'Tis here———
Mar. 'Tis gone. [*Exit Ghoſt.*
We do it wrong, being ſo majeſtical,
To offer it the ſhew of violence;
For it is as the air, invulnerable;
And our vain blows, malicious mockery.
Ber. It was about to ſpeak when the cock crew.
Hor. " And then it ſtarted like a guilty thing
" Upon a fearful ſummons. I have heard,
" The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,

* *fierce*, for *terrible*.
† *omen*, for *fate*.
‡ *i. e.* unjuſtly extorted from thy ſubjects.

" Doth with his lofty and ſhrill-ſounding throat
" Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
" Whether in ſea or fire, in earth or air,
" Th' extravagant * and erring ſpirit hies
" To his confine: and of the truth herein
This preſent object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
" Some ſay, that ever 'gainſt that ſeaſon comes
" Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
" The bird of dawning ſingeth all night long:
" And then they ſay no ſpirit walks abroad;
" The nights are wholſome, then no planets ſtrike,
" No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm;
" So hallow'd and ſo gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
" But look, the morn, in ruſſet mantle clad,
" Walks o'er the dew of yon high eaſtward hill;
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have ſeen to-night
Unto young Hamlet. For, upon my life,
This ſpirit, dumb to us, will ſpeak to him.
Do you conſent, we ſhall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we ſhall find him moſt conveniently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to the palace.*

Enter Claudius *King of Denmark,* Gertrude *the Queen,* Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, *Lords and Attendants.*

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it fitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet ſo far hath Diſcretion fought with Nature,
That we with wiſeſt ſorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourſelves.
Therefore our ſometime ſiſter, now our Queen,
Th' imperial jointreſs of this warlike ſtate,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,

* *i. e.* got out of its bounds.

With

With one auſpicious, and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal ſcale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife.——Nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wiſdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along: (for all, our thanks).
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak ſuppoſal of our worth;
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our ſtate to be disjoint, and out of frame;
Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to peſter us with meſſage,
Importing the ſurrender of thoſe lands
Loſt by his father, by all bands of law,
To our moſt valiant brother.——So much for him.——
Now for ourſelf, and for this time of meeting:
Thus much the buſineſs is. We have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,
(Who, impotent and bed-rid, ſcarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpoſe), to ſuppreſs
His further gate herein; in that the levies,
The liſts, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his ſubjects: and we here diſpatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no further perſonal power
To buſineſs with the King, more than the ſcope
Which theſe dilated articles allow.
Farewel, and let your haſte commend your duty.

Vol. In that, and all things, will we ſhew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewel.

[*Exeunt* Voltimand *and* Cornelius.

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of ſome ſuit. What is't, Laertes?
You cannot ſpeak of reaſon to the Dane,
And loſe your voice. What would'ſt thou beg, Laertes,
That ſhall not be my offer, not thy aſking?
The blood is not more native to the heart,
The hand more inſtrumental to the mouth,
Than to the throne of Denmark is thy father.
What would'ſt thou have, Laertes?

Laer. My dread Lord,

Your

Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence, though willingly, I came to Denmark
To ſhew my duty in your coronation;
Yet now I muſt confeſs, that duty done,
My thoughts and wiſhes bend again tow'rd France:
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? what ſays Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my Lord, by labourſome petition,
Wrung from me my ſlow leave; and, at the laſt,
Upon his will I ſeal'd my hard conſent.
I do beſeech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes, time be thine;
And thy beſt graces ſpend it at thy will.
But now, my couſin Hamlet.——Kind my ſon——

Ham. A little more than kin, and leſs than kind *.

[*Aſide.*

King. How is it that the clouds ſtill hang on you?

Ham. Not ſo, my Lord, I am too much i' th' ſun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, caſt thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids,
Seek for thy noble father in the duſt;
Thou know'ſt 'tis common; all that live, muſt die;
Paſſing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why ſeems it ſo particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, Madam? nay, it is; I know not *ſeems*:
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor cuſtomary ſuits of ſolemn black,
Nor windy ſuſpiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the viſage,
Together with all forms, moods, ſhews of grief,
That can denote me truly. Theſe indeed *ſeem*,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within which paſſeth ſhew:
Theſe but the trappings and the ſuits of woe.

* It is not unreaſonable to ſuppoſe, that this was a proverbial expreſſion, known in former times for a relation ſo blended and confuſed, that it was hard to define it.

King.

King. 'Tis ſweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give theſe mourning duties to your father:
" But you muſt know, your father loſt a father;
" That father, his; and the ſurviver bound
" In filial obligation, for ſome term,
" To do obſequious ſorrow. But to perſevere
" In obſtinate condolement *, is a courſe
" Of impious ſtubbornneſs, unmanly grief.
" It ſhews a will moſt incorrect † to heav'n,
" A heart unfortify'd, a mind impatient,
" An underſtanding ſimple, and unſchool'd:
" For what we know muſt be, and is as common
" As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſenſe,
" Why ſhould we, in our peeviſh oppoſition,
" Take it to heart? fie! 'tis a fault to heav'n,
" A fault againſt the dead, a fault to nature,
" To reaſon ‡ moſt abſurd; whoſe common theme
" Is death of fathers, and who ſtill hath cry'd,
" From the firſt corſe, till he that died to-day,
" This muſt be ſo. We pray you throw to earth ‖
This unprevailing ** woe, and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the moſt immediate to our throne;
And with no leſs nobility †† of love,
Than that which deareſt father bears his ſon,
Do I impart ‡‡ tow'rd you. For your intent
In going back to ſchool to Wittenberg,
It is moſt retrograde to our deſire:
And we beſeech you, bend you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefeſt courtier, couſin, and our ſon.

Queen. Let not thy mother loſe her prayers, Hamlet:
I pr'ythee ſtay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt obey you, Madam.

* *condolement*, for *ſorrow*; becauſe *ſorrow* is uſed to be *condoled*.
† *incorrect*, for *untutor'd*.
‡ *reaſon*, for *experience*.
‖ *i. e.* into the grave with your father.
** *unprevailing*, for *unavailing*.
†† *nobility*, for *magnitude*.
‡‡ *impart*, for *profeſs*.

King.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply;
Be as ourſelf in Denmark. Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits ſmiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds ſhall tell;
And the King's rowſe the heav'n ſhall bruit again,
Reſpeaking earthly thunder. Come, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Manet* Hamlet.

Ham. "Oh that this too-too-ſolid fleſh would melt,
" Thaw, and reſolve itſelf into a dew!
" Or that the Everlaſting had not fix'd
" His cannon 'gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter! Oh God! oh God!
" How weary, ſtale, flat, and unprofitable,
" Seem to me all the uſes of this world!
" Fie on't! oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
" That grows to ſeed; things rank, and groſs in nature,
" Poſſeſs it merely. That it ſhould come to this!
" But two months dead! nay, not ſo much; not two;—
" So excellent a King, that was, to this,
" Hyperion to a ſatyr: ſo loving to my mother,
" That he permitted not the winds of heav'n
" Viſit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth!
" Muſt I remember—why, ſhe would hang on him,
" As if increaſe of appetite had grown
" By what it fed on; yet, within a month,———
" Let me not think—Frailty, thy name is *Woman!*
" A little month! or ere thoſe ſhoes were old,
" With which ſhe follow'd my poor father's body,
" Like Niobe, all tears—Why, ſhe, ev'n ſhe—
" (O heav'n! a beaſt that wants diſcourſe of reaſon,
" Would have mourn'd longer—) married with mine uncle,
" My father's brother; but no more like my father,
" Than I to Hercules. Within a month!———
" Ere yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous tears
" Had left the fluſhing in her gauled eyes,
" She married.—Oh, moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt
With ſuch dexterity * to inceſtuous ſheets!

* *dexterity*, for *quickneſs* ſimply.

It

It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But break, my heart, for I muſt hold my tongue.

SCENE IV.

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, *and* Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your Lordſhip!
Ham. I am glad to ſee you well;
Horatio,——or I do forget myſelf.
Hor. The ſame, my Lord, and your poor ſervant ever.
Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?
Marcellus!
Mar. My good Lord———
Ham. I am very glad to ſee you; good morning, Sir.
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?
Hor. A truant diſpoſition, good my Lord.
Ham. I would not hear your enemy ſay ſo;
Nor ſhall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truſter of your own report
Againſt yourſelf. I know you are no truant;
But what is your affair in Elſinoor?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
Hor. My Lord, I came to ſee your father's funeral.
Ham. I pr'ythee, do not mock me, fellow-ſtudent;
I think it was to ſee my mother's wedding.
Hor. Indeed, my Lord, it follow'd hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio; the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furniſh forth the marriage-tables.
'Would I had met my deareſt foe in heav'n,
Or ever I had ſeen that day, Horatio!
My father——methinks I ſee my father.
Hor. Oh where, my Lord?
Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.
Hor. I ſaw him once, he was a goodly King.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I ſhall not look upon his like again.
Hor. My Lord, I think I ſaw him yeſternight.
Ham. Saw! who?———
Hor. My Lord, the King your father.
Ham. The King my father!

Hor.

Hor. Seaſon * your admiration but a while,
With an attentive ear; till I deliver,
Upon the witneſs of theſe gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For heaven's love, let me hear.
Hor. Two nights together had theſe gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waſte and middle of the night,
Been thus encountred: A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, cap-à-pe,
Appears before them, and with ſolemn march
Goes ſlow and ſtately by them; thrice he walk'd,
By their oppreſs'd and fear-ſurpriſed eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilſt they (diſtill'd
Almoſt to jelly with th' effect of fear)
Stand dumb, and ſpeak not to him. This to me
In dreadful ſecrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father:
Theſe hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Hor. My Lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.
Ham. Did you not ſpeak to it?
Hor. My Lord, I did;
But anſwer made it none. Yet once methought
It lifted up its head, and did addreſs
Itſelf to motion, like as it would ſpeak:
But even then the morning-cock crew loud;
And at the ſound it ſhrunk in haſte away,
And vaniſh'd from our ſight.
Ham. 'Tis very ſtrange.
Hor. As I do live, my honour'd Lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed, indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?
Both. We do, my Lord.
Ham. Arm'd, ſay you?
Both. Arm'd, my Lord.

* *ſeaſon*, for *moderate*.

Ham.

Ham. From top to toe?
Both. My Lord, from head to foot.
Ham. Then ſaw you not his face?
Hor. Oh, yes, my Lord; he wore his beaver up.
Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?
Hor. A count'nance more in ſorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?
Hor. Moſt conſtantly.
Ham. I would I had been there!
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like. Staid it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haſte might tell a hundred.
Both. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I ſaw't.
Ham. His beard was griſſl'd? no.
Hor. It was, as I have ſeen it in his life,
A ſable ſilver'd.
Ham. I'll watch to-night; perchance 'twill walk again.
Hor. I warrant you, it will.
Ham. If it aſſume my noble father's perſon,
I'll ſpeak to it, tho' hell itſelf ſhould gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this ſight,
Let it be ten'ble in your ſilence ſtill:
And whatſoever ſhall befal to-night,
Give it an underſtanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: ſo fare ye well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll viſit you.
All. Our duty to your Honour. [*Exeunt.*
Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewel.
My father's ſpirit in arms! all is not well.
I doubt ſome foul play: 'would the night were come!
Till then ſit ſtill, my ſoul: foul deeds will riſe
(Tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them) to mens' eyes.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Changes to an apartment in Polonius's houſe.

Enter Laertes *and* Ophelia.

Laer. My neceſſaries are imbark'd, farewel;
And, ſiſter, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is aſſiſtant, do not ſleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
" Hold it a faſhion and a toy in blood;
" A violet in the youth of primy nature;
" Forward, not permanent; tho' ſweet, not laſting;
" The perfume, and ſuppliance of a minute;
No more———

Oph. No more but ſo?

Laer. Think it no more:
For nature creſcent does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward ſervice of the mind and ſoul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now;
And now no ſoil of cautel doth beſmerch
The virtue of his will: but you muſt fear,
His greatneſs weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himſelf is ſubject to his birth.
He may not, as unvalued perſons do,
Carve for himſelf; for on his choice depends
The ſafety and the health of the whole ſtate:
And therefore muſt his choice be circumſcrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding * of that body
Whereof he's head. Then, if he ſays he loves you,
It fits your wiſdom ſo far to believe † it,
As he in his peculiar act and place
May give his ſaying deed; which is no further,
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loſs your honour may ſuſtain,
If with too credent ear you liſt his ſongs;
Or loſe your heart; or your chaſte treaſure open
To his unmaſter'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia; fear it, my dear ſiſter;

* *yielding*, for *conſent* ſimply.
† *to believe*, for *to act conformably to.*

And

And keep within the rear of your affection,
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire.
" The charieſt maid is prodigal enough,
" If ſhe unmaſk her beauty to the moon.
" Virtue itſelf 'ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes;
" The canker galls the infants of the ſpring,
" Too oft before their buttons be diſclos'd;
" And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
" Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.
Be wary then, beſt ſafety lies in fear;
Youth to itſelf rebels, though none elſe near.
Oph. I ſhall th' effects * of this good leſſon keep,
As watchman to my heart, " But, good my brother,
" Do not, as ſome ungracious paſtors do,
" Shew me the ſteep and thorny way to heav'n;
" Whilſt, he a puſt and reckleſs libertine,
" Himſelf the primroſe path of dalliance treads,
" And recks not his own reed †.
Laert. Oh, fear me not.

SCENE VI. *Enter* Polonius.

I ſtay too long;——but here my father comes.
A double bleſſing is a double grace;
Occaſion ſmiles upon a ſecond leave.
Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard for ſhame;
The wind ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſail,
And you are ſtaid for. There, my bleſſing with you;
[*Laying his hand on* Laertes's *head.*
And theſe few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. ' Give thy thoughts no tongue,
' Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
' Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
' The friends thou haſt, and their adoption try'd,
' Grapple them to thy ſoul with hooks of ſteel.
' But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
' Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
' Of entrance to a quarrel: but being in,
' Bear't that the oppoſed may beware of thee.
' Give ev'ry man thine ear; but few thy voice.
' Take each man's cenſure; but reſerve thy judgment.

* *effects*, for *ſubſtance.*
† *i. e.* heeds not his own leſſons.

Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy,
But not expreſs'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the beſt rank and ſtation
Are moſt ſelect * and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loſes both itſelf and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of huſbandry.
This above all; to thine own ſelf be true;
And it muſt follow, as the light the day,
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man.
Farewel; my bleſſing ſeaſon † this in thee!

Laert. Moſt humbly do I take my leave, my Lord.

Pol. The time inveſts you; go, your ſervants tend.

Laer. Farewel, Ophelia, and remember well
What I have ſaid.

Oph. 'Tis in my mem'ry lock'd,
And you yourſelf ſhall keep the key of it.

Laert. Farewel. [*Exit* Laer.

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath ſaid to you?

Oph. So pleaſe you, ſomething touching the Lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought?
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourſelf
Have of your audience been moſt free and bounteous.
If it be ſo, (as ſo 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution), I muſt tell you,
You do not underſtand yourſelf ſo clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my Lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection! puh! you ſpeak like a green girl,
Unſifted ‡ in ſuch perilous circumſtance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my Lord, what I ſhould think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you; think yourſelf a baby;
That you have ta'en his tenders for true pay,

* *ſelect*, for *elegant*.
† *ſeaſon*, for *infuſe*.
‡ *unſifted*, for *untried*.

Which

Which are not ſterling. Tender yourſelf more dearly;
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phraſe,
Wringing it thus) you'll tender me a fool.
Oph. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable faſhion.
Pol. Ay, faſhion you may call't: go to, go to.
Oph. And hath giv'n count'nance to his ſpeech, my Lord,
With almoſt all the holy vows of heaven.
Pol. Ay, ſpringes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the ſoul
Lends the tongue vows. Theſe blazes, oh my daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Ev'n in the promiſe as it is a-making,
You muſt not take for fire. From this time,
Be ſomewhat ſcanter of your maiden-preſence,
Set your intraitments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
Believe ſo much in him, that he is young;
And with a larger tether he may walk,
Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,
Not of that dye which their inveſtments ſhew,
But mere implorers of unholy ſuits,
Breathing like ſanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you ſo ſlander any moment's leiſure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you, come your way.
Oph. I ſhall obey, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to the platform before the palace.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, *and* Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites ſhrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is ſtruck.
Hor. I heard it not: it then draws near the ſeaſon,

Wherein the ſpirit held his wont to walk.

[*Noiſe of warlike muſic within.*

What does this mean, my Lord?

Ham. The King doth wake to-night, and takes his rouſe,
Keeps waſſel, and the ſwagg'ring up-ſpring reels;
And as he drains his draughts of Rheniſh down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a cuſtom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't.
But, to my mind, though I am native here,
And to the manner born, it is a cuſtom
More honour'd in the breach, than the obſervance. *

Enter Ghoſt.

Hor. Look, my Lord, it comes!

Ham. "Angels and miniſters of grace defend us!
"Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
"Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blaſts from hell,
"Be thy advent wicked or charitable,

* ——— than the obſervance.
This heavy-headed revel eaſt and weſt,
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations;
They clepe us drunkards, and with ſwiniſh phraſe
Soil our addition: and, indeed, it takes
From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for ſome vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot chuſe his origin),
By the o'ergrowth of ſome complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reaſon;
Or by ſome habit, that too much o'erleavens
The form of plauſive manners; that theſe men
Carrying, I ſay, the ſtamp of one defect,
(Being nature's livery, or fortune's ſcar),
Their virtues elſe, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general cenſure take corruption
From that particular fault. The dram of baſe
Doth all the noble ſubſtance of worth out,
To his own ſcandal.
Enter, &c.

"Thou

" Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable * ſhape,
" That I will ſpeak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
" King, father, Royal Dane: oh! anſwer me;
" Let me not burſt in ignorance; but tell,
" Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearſed in earth,
" Have burſt their cearments? why the ſepulchre,
" Wherein we ſaw thee quietly inurn'd,
" Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
" To caſt thee up again? What may this mean?
" That thou, dead corſe, again, in compleat ſteel,
" Reviſit'ſt thus the glimpſes of the moon,
" Making night hideous, and us fools of nature
" So horribly to ſhake our diſpoſition †
" With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſouls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what ſhould we do?
[*Ghoſt beckons* Hamlet.

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground.
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means. [*Holding* Hamlet.

Ham. It will not ſpeak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my Lord.

Ham. Why, what ſhould be the fear?
I do not ſet my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my ſoul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itſelf?
It waves me forth again.———I'll follow it———

Hor. " What if it tempt you tow'rd the flood, my Lord?
" Or to the dreadful ſummit of the cliff,
" That beetles o'er his baſe into the ſea;
" And there aſſume ſome other horrible form,
" Which might deprave your ſov'reignty of reaſon,
" And draw you into madneſs? think of it.
" The very place puts toys ‡ of deſperation,
" Without more motive, into ev'ry brain,
" That looks ſo many fathoms to the ſea;

* By *queſtionable* is meant, *inviting queſtion, provoking queſtion.*
† *diſpoſition*, for *frame.*
‡ *toys*, for *whims.*

" And

" And hears it roar beneath.
Ham. It waves me ſtill: go on, I'll follow thee.——
Mar. You ſhall not go, my Lord.
Ham. Hold off your hands.
Mar. Be rul'd, you ſhall not go.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.
Still am I call'd: unhand me, Gentlemen——
[*Breaking from them.*
By heaven, I'll make a ghoſt of him that lets me——
I ſay, away——go on——I'll follow thee——
[*Exeunt Ghoſt and* Hamlet.
Hor. He waxes deſp'rate with imagination.
Mar. Let's follow, 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hor. Have after.——To what iſſue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the ſtate of Denmark.
Hor. Heav'n will direct it.
Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to a more remote part of the platform.

Re-enter Ghoſt and Hamlet.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? ſpeak; I'll go no further.
Ghoſt. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Ghoſt. My hour is almoſt come,
When I to ſulphurous and tormenting flames
Muſt render up myſelf.
Ham. Alas, poor Ghoſt!
Ghoſt. Pity me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall unfold.
Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.
Ghoſt. So art thou to revenge, when thou ſhalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghoſt. I am thy father's ſpirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day, confin'd too * faſt in fires;

* *i.e.* very cloſely confined. The particle *too* is uſed frequently for the ſuperlative *moſt*, or *very*.

Till

Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my priſon-houſe,
I could a tale unfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow up thy ſoul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like ſtars, ſtart from their ſpheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to ſtand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon muſt not be
To ears of fleſh and blood; liſt, liſt, oh liſt!
If thou didſt ever thy dear father love———

Ham. O heav'n!

Ghoſt. Revenge his foul and moſt unnatural murther.

Ham. Murther?

Ghoſt. Murther moſt foul, as in the beſt it is;
But this moſt foul, ſtrange, and unnatural.

Ham. "Haſte me to know it, that I, with wings as
" As meditation or the thoughts of love, [ſwift
" May ſweep to my revenge.

Ghoſt. I find thee apt;
" And duller ſhouldſt thou be, than the fat weed
" That roots itſelf in eaſe on Lethe's wharf,
Wouldſt thou not ſtir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out, that, ſleeping in my orchard,
A ſerpent ſtung me. So, the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged proceſs of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The ſerpent that did ſting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. Oh, my prophetic ſoul! my uncle?

Ghoſt. Ay, that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt,
With witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to ſeduce!), won to his ſhameful luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming-virtuous Queen.
Oh Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
From me, whoſe love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand ev'n with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whoſe natural gifts were poor
To thoſe of mine!

But Virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though Lewdneſs court it in a ſhape of heav'n;
So Luſt, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will ſate itſelf in a celeſtial bed,
And prey on garbage———
But, ſoft! methinks I ſcent the morning-air———
Brief let me be: Sleeping within mine orchard,
My cuſtom always of the afternoon,
Upon my ſecure hour thy uncle ſtole
With juice of curſed hebenon in a phial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous diſtilment; whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with blood of man,
That ſwift as quick-ſilver it courſes through
The nat'ral gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a ſudden vigour, it doth poſſet
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholſome blood: ſo did it mine,
And a moſt inſtant tetter bark'd about,
Moſt lazar-like, with vile and lothſome cruſt
All my ſmooth body.———
Thus was I, ſleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of Queen, at once diſpatch'd *;
Cut off even in the bloſſoms of my ſin,
Unhouſel'd †, unanointed ‡, unanel'd ‖:
No reck'ning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
Oh horrible! oh horrible! moſt horrible!
If thou haſt nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned inceſt.
But howſoever thou purſu'ſt this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy ſoul contrive
Againſt thy mother aught; leave her to heav'n,
And to thoſe thorns that in her boſom lodge,
To prick and ſting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm ſhews the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual ** fire.

* *diſpatch'd*, for *bereft*.
† *i. e.* without the ſacrament being taken.
‡ *i. e.* without extreme unction.
‖ *i. e.* no knell rung.
** *i. e.* ſhining without heat.

Adieu,

Adieu, adieu, adieu: remember me. [*Exit.*

Ham. Oh, all you hoſt of heav'n! oh earth! what
And ſhall I couple hell? oh fie! hold my heart! [elſe?
And you, my ſinews, grow not inſtant old;
But bear me ſtiffly up. Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghoſt, while memory holds a ſeat
In this diſtracted globe; " remember thee!
" Yea, from the table of my memory
" I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
" All ſaws of books, all forms, all preſſures paſt,
" That youth and obſervation copied there;
" And thy commandment all alone ſhall live
" Within the book and volume of my brain,
" Unmix'd with baſer matter. Yes, by heav'n;
Oh moſt pernicious woman!
Oh villain, villain, ſmiling damned villain!
My tables,——meet it is I ſet it down,
That one may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a villain;
At leaſt, I'm ſure it may be ſo in Denmark. [*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are; now to my word;
It is; Adieu, adieu, remember me:
I've ſworn it———

SCENE IX. *Enter* Horatio *and* Marcellus.

Hor. My Lord, my Lord,———
Mar. Lord Hamlet,———
Hor. Heav'n ſecure him!
Mar. So be it.
Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord!
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come, bird, come *.
Mar. How is't, my Noble Lord?
Hor. What news, my Lord?
Ham. Oh, wonderful!
Hor. Good my Lord, tell it.
Ham. No, you'll reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my Lord, by heav'n.
Mar. Nor I, my Lord.
Ham. How ſay you then, would heart of man once think it?
But you'll be ſecret———
Both. Ay, by heav'n, my Lord.

* This is the call which falconers uſe to their hawk in the air when they would have him come down to them.

Ham.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark,
But he's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no ghoſt, my Lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right, you are i' th' right;
And ſo without more circumſtance at all,
I hold it fit that we ſhake hands, and part;
You, as your buſineſs and deſires ſhall point you;
(For every man has buſineſs and deſire,
Such as it is); and, for my own poor part,
I will go pray.
Hor. Theſe are but wild and whurling words, my Lord.
Ham. I'm ſorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, heartily.
Hor. There's no offence, my Lord.
Ham. Yes, by St Patrick, but there is, my Lord,
And much offence too. Touching this viſion here——
It is an honeſt ghoſt, that let me tell you:
For your deſire to know what is between us,
O'er-maſter it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, ſcholars, and ſoldiers,
Give me one poor requeſt.
Hor. What is't, my Lord?
Ham. Never make known what you have ſeen to-night.
Both. My Lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but ſwear't.
Hor. In faith, my Lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I, my Lord, in faith.
Ham. Upon my ſword.
Mar. We have ſworn, my Lord, already.
Ham. Indeed, upon my ſword, indeed.
Ghoſt. Swear. [*Ghoſt cries under the ſtage.*
Ham. Ah ha, boy, ſay'ſt thou ſo? art thou there, true-penny?
Come on, you hear this fellow in the cellaridge.
Conſent to ſwear.
Hor. Propoſe the oath, my Lord.
Ham. Never to ſpeak of this that you have ſeen,
Swear by my ſword.
Ghoſt. Swear.

Ham.

Ham. Hic & ubique? then we'll ſhift our ground.
Come hither, Gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my ſword.
Never to ſpeak of this which you have heard,
Swear by my ſword.
Ghoſt. Swear by his ſword.
Ham. Well ſaid, old mole, can'ſt work i' th' ground ſo faſt?
A worthy pioneer! Once more remove, good friends.
Hor. Oh day and night! but this is wondrous ſtrange.
Ham. And therefore as a ſtranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heav'n and earth, Horatio,
Than are dream'd of in your philoſophy. But come,
Here, as before, never, (ſo help you mercy!),
How ſtrange or odd ſoe'er I bear myſelf,
(As I, perchance, hereafter ſhall think meet
To put an antic diſpoſition on),
That you, at ſuch time ſeeing me, never ſhall,
With arms incumbred thus, or this head-ſhake,
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtful phraſe,
As, Well——we know;——or, We could, and if we would;——
Or, If we liſt to ſpeak;——or, There be, and if there might——
(Or ſuch ambiguous givings out), denote
That you know aught of me; this do ye ſwear,
So grace and mercy at your moſt need help you!
Swear.
Ghoſt. Swear.
Ham. Reſt, reſt, perturbed ſpirit. So, Gentlemen,
With all my love do I commend me to you;
And what ſo poor a man as Hamlet is
May do t' expreſs his love and friending to you,
God willing, ſhall not lack; let us go in together,
And ſtill your fingers on your lips, I pray:
The time is out of joint; oh, curſed ſpight!
That ever I was born to ſet it right.
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An apartment in Polonius's houſe.

Enter Polonius *and* Reynoldo.

Pol. GIve him this money, and theſe notes, Reynoldo.
Rey. I will, my Lord.
Pol. You ſhall do marvellous wiſely, good Reynoldo,
Before you viſit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.
Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Marry, well ſaid; very well ſaid. Look you, Sir,
Inquire me firſt what Danſkers are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence; and finding,
By this encompaſſment and drift of queſtion,
That they do know my ſon, come you more near;
Then your particular demands will touch it;
Take you as 'twere ſome diſtant knowledge of him,
As thus——I know his father and his friends,
And, in part, him——Do you mark this, Reynoldo?
Rey. Ay, very well, my Lord.
Pol. And in part him——but you may ſay——not well;
But if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted ſo and ſo——and there put on him
What forgeries you pleaſe; marry, none ſo rank,
As may diſhonour him; take heed of that;
But, Sir, ſuch wanton, wild, and uſual ſlips,
As are companions noted and moſt known
To youth and liberty.
Rey. As gaming, my Lord———
Pol. Ay, or drinking, [fencing *], ſwearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing——You may go ſo far.
Rey. My Lord, that would diſhonour him.
Pol. 'Faith, no, as you may ſeaſon it in the charge;
You muſt not put an utter ſcandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning; but breathe his faults ſo quaintly,
That they may ſeem the taints of liberty;
The flaſh and outbreak of a fiery mind,

* *fencing*, an interpolation.

A ſavageneſs * in unreclaimed blood
Of general aſſault.
Rey. But, my good Lord———
Pol. Wherefore ſhould you do this?
Rey. Ay, my Lord, I would know that.
Pol. Marry, Sir, here's my drift;
And I believe it is a fetch of wit.
You laying theſe ſlight ſullies on my ſon,
As 'twere a thing a little ſoil'd i' th' working,
Mark you, your party in converſe, he you would ſound,
Having ever ſeen, in the prenominate crimes,
The youth you breathe of, guilty, be aſſur'd,
He cloſes with you in this conſequence †;
Good Sir, or Sire, or Friend, or Gentleman,
(According to the phraſe or the addition
Of man and country).
Rey. Very good, my Lord.
Pol. And then, Sir, does he this;
He does——what was I about to ſay?
I was about to ſay ſomething——where did I leave?——
Rey. At, cloſes in the conſequence.
Pol. At, cloſes in the conſequence——Ay marry.
He cloſes thus:——I know the gentleman;
I ſaw him yeſterday, or t' other day,
Or then, with ſuch and ſuch; and, as you ſay,
There was he gaming, there o'ertook in's rowſe,
There falling out at tennis; or, perchance,
I ſaw him enter ſuch a houſe of ſale,
Videlicet, a brothel, or ſo forſooth.——See you now;
Your bait of falſehood takes this carp of truth;
And thus do we of wiſdom and of reach,
With windlaces, and with aſſays of bias,
By indirections find directions out:
So by my former lecture and advice
Shall you my ſon. You have me, have you not?
Rey. My Lord, I have.
Pol. God b' wi' you; fare you well.
Rey. Good my Lord———
Pol. Obſerve his inclination ev'n yourſelf.
Rey. I ſhall, my Lord.

* *ſavageneſs*, for *wildneſs*.
† *conſequence*, for *ſequel*.

Pol. And let him ply his muſic.
Rey. Well, my Lord. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Enter* Ophelia.

Pol. Farewel. How now, Ophelia, what's the matter?
Oph. Alas, my Lord, I have been ſo affrighted!
Pol. With what, in the name of heav'n?
Oph. My Lord, as I was ſewing in my cloſet,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his ſtockings looſe,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyred to his ancle;
Pale as his ſhirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look ſo piteous in purport,
As if he had been looſed out of hell,
To ſpeak of horrors; thus he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Oph. My Lord, I do not know:
But truly I do fear it.
Pol. What ſaid he?
Oph. He took me by the wriſt, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And with his other hand, thus o'er his brow,
He falls to ſuch peruſal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long time ſtaid he ſo;
At laſt, a little ſhaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a ſigh, ſo piteous and profound,
That it did ſeem to ſhatter all his bulk,
And end his being. Then he lets me go,
And, with his head over his ſhoulder turn'd,
He ſeem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And, to the laſt, bended their light on me.
Pol. Come, go with me, I will go ſeek the King.
This is the very ecſtaſy of love;
Whoſe violent property foregoes itſelf,
And leads the will to deſp'rate undertakings,
As oft as any paſſion under heav'n,
That does afflict our natures. I am ſorry;
What, have you giv'n him any hard words of late?
Oph. No, my good Lord; but, as you did command,

I did repel his letters, and deny'd
His acceſs to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.
I'm ſorry, that with better ſpeed and judgment
I had not noted him. I fear'd he trifled,
And meant to wreck thee; but beſhrew my jealouſy;
It ſeems it is as proper to our age
To caſt beyond ourſelves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lack diſcretion. Come; go we to the King.
This muſt be known; which, being kept cloſe, might
move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Changes to the palace.*

Enter King, Queen, Roſincrantz, Guildenſtern, *Lords, and other Attendants.*

King. Welcome, dear Roſincrantz and Guildenſtern!
Moreover that we much did long to ſee you,
The need we have to uſe you, did provoke
Our haſty ſending. Something you have heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; ſo I call it,
Since not th' exterior, nor the inward man
Reſembles that it was. What it ſhould be
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from th' underſtanding of himſelf,
I cannot dream of. I intreat you both,
That being of ſo young days brought up with him,
And ſince ſo neighbour'd to his youth and 'haviour,
That you vouchſafe your reſt here in our court
Some little time; ſo by your companies
To draw him on to pleaſures, and to gather,
So much as from occaſions you may glean,
If aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That open'd lies within our remedy.
Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And ſure I am, two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will pleaſe you
To ſhew us ſo much gentry * and good-will,
As to extend your time with us a while,

* *gentry*, for *complaiſance.*

For the ſupply and profit of our hope *,
Your viſitation ſhall receive ſuch thanks,
As fits a King's remembrance.

Roſ. Both your Majeſties
Might, by the ſov'reign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleaſures more into command
Than to intreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up ourſelves, in the full bent †,
To lay our ſervice freely at your feet.

King. Thanks, Roſincrantz and gentle Guildenſtern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenſtern and gentle Roſincrantz.
And I beſeech you, inſtantly to viſit
My too much changed ſon. Go ſome of ye,
And bring theſe gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heav'ns make our preſence and our practices
Pleaſant and helpful to him! [*Exeunt* Roſ. *and* Guil.

Queen. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th' ambaſſadors from Norway, my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou ſtill haſt been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my Lord? aſſure you, my good Liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my ſoul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I do think, (or elſe this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy ſo ſure
As I have us'd to do), that I have found
The very cauſe of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. Oh, ſpeak of that, that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give firſt admittance to th' ambaſſadors:
My news ſhall be the fruit to that great feaſt.

King. Thyſelf do grace to them, and bring them in.
[*Exit* Pol.
He tells me, my ſweet Queen, that he hath found
The head and ſource of all your ſon's diſtemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main,
His father's death, and our o'er-haſty marriage.

* *hope*, for *purpoſe*.
† *bent*, for *endeavour, application*.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Re-enter Polonius, *with* Voltimand, *and* Cornelius.

King. Well, we ſhall ſift him.——Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?
Volt. Moſt fair return of greetings and deſires.
Upon our firſt, he ſent out to ſuppreſs
His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainſt the Polack:
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was againſt your Highneſs: whereat griev'd,
That ſo his ſickneſs, age, and impotence
Was falſely borne in hand, ſends out arreſts
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give th' aſſay of arms againſt your Majeſty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thouſand crowns in annual fee;
And his commiſſion to employ thoſe ſoldiers,
So levied as before, againſt the Polack:
With an intreaty, herein further ſhewn,
That it might pleaſe you to give quiet paſs
Through your dominions for this enterpriſe,
On ſuch regards of ſafety and allowance,
As therein are ſet down.
King. It likes us well;
And at our more conſider'd time we'll read,
Anſwer, and think upon this buſineſs.
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour.
Go to your reſt; at night we'll feaſt together.
Moſt welcome home! [*Exit Ambaſſ.*
Pol. This buſineſs is well ended.
" My Liege, and Madam, to expoſtulate *
" What majeſty ſhould be, what duty is,
" Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
" Were nothing but to waſte night, day, and time.
" Therefore, ſince brevity's the ſoul of wit,
" And tediouſneſs the limbs and outward flouriſhes,

* to *expoſtulate*, for *to inquire* or *diſcuſs*.

" I

" I will be brief: your noble ſon is mad.
" Mad, call I it: for, to define true madneſs,
" What is't, but to be nothing elſe but mad?
" But let that go.———

Queen. More matter, with leſs art.

Pol. " Madam, I ſwear I uſe no art at all:———
" That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;
" And pity 'tis, 'tis true; a fooliſh figure;
" But farewel it; for I will uſe no art.
" Mad let us grant him then; and now remains
" That we find out the cauſe of this effect,
" Or rather ſay, the cauſe of this defect,
" For this effect, defective, comes by cauſe;
" Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.—— Perpend.———
" I have a daughter; have, whilſt ſhe is mine;
" Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
" Hath giv'n me this; now gather, and ſurmiſe.

He opens a letter, and reads.

To the celeſtial, and my ſoul's idol, the moſt beatified Ophelia.——That's an ill phraſe, a vile phraſe: *beatified* is a vile phraſe; but you ſhall hear——*Theſe to her excellent white boſom, theſe.*——

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good Madam, ſtay a while, I will be faithful.

Doubt thou the ſtars are fire, [Reading.
Doubt that the ſun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a lyar,
But never doubt I love.

Oh, dear Ophelia, I am ill at theſe numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee beſt, oh moſt beſt, believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, moſt dear Lady, whilſt this machine is to him, HAMLET.

This in obedience hath my daughter ſhewn me:
And, more above, hath his ſolicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath ſhe receiv'd his love?

Pol.

Pol. What do you think of me?
King. As of a man faithful and honourable.
Pol. I would fain prove ſo. But what might you think?
When I had ſeen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I muſt tell you that,
Before my daughter told me), what might you,
Or my dear Majeſty your Queen here, think?
If I had play'd the deſk or table-book,
Or giv'n my heart a working mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love with idle ſight;
" What might you think? No, I went round to work,
" And my young miſtreſs thus I did beſpeak;
" Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy ſphere,
" This muſt not be; and then I precepts gave her,
" That ſhe ſhould lock herſelf from his reſort,
" Admit no meſſengers, receive no tokens:
" Which done, ſee too the fruits of my advice;
" For, he repulſed, a ſhort tale to make,
" Fell to a ſadneſs, then into a faſt,
" Thence to a watching, thence into a weakneſs,
" Thence to a lightneſs; and, by this declenſion,
" Into the madneſs wherein now he raves,
" And all we wail for.
King. Do you think this?
Queen. It may be very likely.
Pol. " Hath there been ſuch a time, I'd fain know that,
" That I have poſitively ſaid, 'Tis ſo,
" When it prov'd otherwiſe?
King. Not that I know.
Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwiſe.
[*Pointing to his head and ſhoulder.*
" If circumſtances lead me, I will find
" Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
" Within the centre.
King. How may we try it further?
Pol. You know, ſometimes he walks for hours together,
Here in the lobby.
Queen. So he does indeed.
Pol. At ſuch a time I'll looſe my daughter to him;
Be you and I behind an arras then,
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reaſon fall'n thereon,

Let

Let me be no aſſiſtant for a ſtate,
But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

SCENE V. *Enter* Hamlet *reading.*

Queen. But look where, ſadly, the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beſeech you, both away.
I'll board him preſently. [*Exeunt King and Queen.*
Oh, give me leave.———How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God o' mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fiſhmonger.

Pol. Not I, my Lord?

Ham. Then I would you were ſo honeſt a man.

Pol. Honeſt, my Lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir; to be honeſt as this world goes, is to be one man pick'd out of ten thouſand.

Pol. That's very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the ſun breed maggots in a dead dog, Being a god, kiſſing carrion———
Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' th' ſun; conception is a bleſſing, but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to't.

Pol. "How ſay you by that? ſtill harping on my daughter!———

"Yet he knew me not at firſt; he ſaid I was a fiſhmonger.

"He is far gone; and, truly, in my youth, [*Aſide.*
"I ſuffer'd much extremity for love;
"Very near this.——I'll ſpeak to him again.
What do you read, my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Between whom?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders, Sir: for the ſatyrical ſlave * ſays here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces

* By the *ſatyrical ſlave* he means *Juvenal* in his tenth ſatyr.

are

are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plumtree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit; together with moſt weak hams. All which, Sir, though I moſt powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honeſty to have it thus ſet down; for yourſelf, Sir, ſhall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madneſs, yet there's method in't. Will you walk out of the air, my Lord?

Ham. Into my grave.———

Pol. Indeed that is out o' th' air:———

" How pregnant (ſometimes) his replies are?
" A happineſs that often madneſs hits on,
" Which ſanity and reaſon could not be
" So proſp'rouſly deliver'd of. I'll leave him,
And ſuddenly contrive the means of meeting
Between him and my daughter.
My Honourable Lord, I will moſt humbly
Take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, Sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my Lord.

Ham. Theſe tedious old fools!

Pol. You go to ſeek Lord Hamlet; there he is.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *Enter* Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern.

Roſ. God ſave you, Sir!

Guil. Mine honour'd Lord!

Roſ. My moſt dear Lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How doſt thou, Guildenſtern?
Oh, Roſincrantz, good lads! how do ye both?

Roſ. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy; on Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the ſoals of her ſhoe?

Roſ. Neither, my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waſte, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. 'Faith, in her privates we.

Ham.

Ham. In the ſecret parts of Fortune? oh, moſt true; ſhe is a ſtrumpet. What news?

Roſ. None, my Lord; but that the world's grown honeſt.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near; but your news is not true. Let me queſtion more in particular. What have you, my good friends, deſerved at the hands of Fortune, that ſhe ſends you to priſon hither?

Guil. Priſon, my Lord!

Ham. Denmark's a priſon.

Roſ. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one o' th' worſt.

Roſ. We think not ſo, my Lord.

Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it ſo. To me it is a priſon.

Roſ. Why, then your ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. Oh God, I could be bounded in a nut-ſhell, and count myſelf a King of infinite ſpace, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very ſubſtance of the ambitious is merely the ſhadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itſelf is but a ſhadow.

Roſ. Truly, and I hold ambition of ſo airy and light a quality, that it is but a ſhadow's ſhadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs and outſtretch'd heroes, the beggars' ſhadows. Shall we to th' court? for, by my fay, I cannot reaſon.

Both. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No ſuch matter. I will not ſort you with the reſt of my ſervants: for, to ſpeak to you like an honeſt man, I am moſt dreadfully attended; but, in the beaten way of friendſhip, what make you at Elſinoor?

Roſ. To viſit you, my Lord; no other occaſion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and ſure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear of a halfpenny. Were you not ſent for?

is

is it your own inclining? is it a free viſitation? Come, deal juſtly with me; come, come; nay, ſpeak.

Guild. What ſhould we ſay, my Lord?

Ham. Any thing, but to the purpoſe. You were ſent for; and there is a kind of confeſſion in your looks, which your modeſties have not craft enough to colour. I know the good King and Queen have ſent for you.

Roſ. To what end, my Lord?

Ham. That you muſt teach me; but let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowſhip, by the conſonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preſerved love, and by what more dear a better propoſer could charge you withal; be even and direct with me, whether you were ſent for or no?

Roſ. What ſay you? [*To* Guilden.

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you: if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My Lord, we were ſent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; ſo ſhall my anticipation prevent your diſcovery, and your ſecrecy to the King and Queen moult no feather. "I have of late, but "wherefore I know not, loſt all my mirth, forgone all "cuſtom of exerciſe; and indeed it goes ſo heavily with "my diſpoſition, that this goodly frame, the earth, "ſeems to me a ſteril promontory; this moſt excellent "canopy the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging "firmament, this majeſtical roof fretted with golden "fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul "and peſtilent congregation of vapours. What a piece "of work is a man! how noble in reaſon! how infi- "nite in faculties! in form and moving how expreſs "and admirable! in action how like an angel! in ap- "prehenſion how like a god! the beauty of the world, "the paragon of animals; and yet to me, what is this "quinteſſence of duſt? Man delights not me, nor wo- "man neither; though by your ſmiling you ſeem to "ſay ſo.

Roſ. My Lord, there was no ſuch ſtuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I ſaid man delights not me?

Roſ. To think, my Lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players ſhall receive from

you. We accoſted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you ſervice.

Ham. "He that plays the King, ſhall be welcome; "his Majeſty ſhall have tribute of me; the adventurous "knight ſhall uſe his foil and target; the lover ſhall "not ſigh *gratis*; the humorous man ſhall end his part "in peace; the clown ſhall make thoſe laugh whoſe "lungs are tickled o' th' fere; and the lady ſhall ſay "her mind freely, or the blank verſe ſhall halt for't. "What players are they?

Roſ. Even thoſe you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their reſidence both in reputation and profit was better, both ways.

Roſ. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the ſame eſtimation they did when I was in the city? are they ſo follow'd?

Roſ. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow ruſty?

Roſ. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, Sir, an aiery of children *, little eyaſes; that cry out on the top of queſtion, and are moſt tyrannically clapt for't. Theſe are now the faſhion, and ſo berattle the common ſtages, (ſo they call them), that many wearing rapiers are afraid of gooſe-quills, and dare ſcarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they eſcoted? will they purſue the quality no longer than they can ſing? will they not ſay afterwards, if they ſhould grow themſelves to common players, (as it is moſt like, if their means are no better), their writers do them wrong to make them exclaim againſt their own ſucceſſion?

Roſ. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both ſides; and the nation holds it no ſin, to tarre them on to controverſy. There was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unleſs the poet and the player went to cuffs in the queſtion.

Ham. Is't poſſible?

* Relating to the playhouſes then contending, the Bankſide, the Fortune, *&c.* played by the children of his Majeſty's chapel.

Guil.

Guil. Oh, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Roſ. Ay, that they do, my Lord, Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not ſtrange; for mine uncle is King of Denmark; and thoſe that would make mowes at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats apiece, for his picture in little. There is ſomething in this more than natural, if philoſophy could find it out. [*Flouriſh for the players.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elſinoor; your hands: come then, the appurtenance of welcome is faſhion and ceremony. Let me comply with you in this garbe, leſt my extent to the players (which, I tell you, muſt ſhew fairly outward) ſhould more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what, my dear Lord?

Ham. " I am but mad north, north-weſt: when the " wind is ſoutherly, I know a hawk from a handſaw.

SCENE VII. *Enter* Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, Gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you, Guildenſtern, and you too, at each ear a hearer; that great baby you ſee there, is not yet out of his ſwathling-clouts.

Roſ. Haply he's the ſecond time come to them; for they ſay, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will propheſy, he comes to tell me of the players. Mark it;———you ſay right, Sir; for on Monday morning 'twas ſo indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I have news to tell you.
When Roſcius was an actor in Rome———

Pol. The actors are come hither, my Lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze.———

Pol. Upon mine honour——

Ham. Then came each actor on his aſs———

Pol. " The beſt actors in the world, either for tra- " gedy, comedy, hiſtory, paſtoral, paſtoral-comical, " hiſtorical-paſtoral, ſcene undividable, or poem un-

" limited. Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus " too light. For the law of wit, and the liberty, theſe " are the only men.

Ham. Oh, Jephtha, judge of Iſrael, what a treaſure hadſt thou!

Pol What a treaſure had he, my Lord?

Ham. *Why, one fair daughter, and no more,*
The which he loved paſſing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th'right, old Jephtha?

Pol. If you call me Jephtha, my Lord, I have a daughter that I love paſſing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my Lord?

Ham. Why, as *by lot, God wot*——and then you know, *it came to paſs, as moſt like it was*; the firſt row of *the rubric* * will ſhew you more. For look where my abridgements come.

Enter four or five Players.

Y'are welcome, maſters, welcome all. I am glad to ſee thee well; welcome, good friends. Oh! old friend! thy face is valanc'd ſince I ſaw thee laſt: com'ſt thou to beard me in Denmark? What! my young lady and miſtreſs? b'erlady, your ladyſhip is nearer heaven than when I ſaw you laſt, by the altitude of a chioppine. Pray God your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not crack'd within the ring.——Maſters, you are all welcome; we'll e'en to't like friendly faulconers, fly at any thing we ſee; we'll have a ſpeech ſtraight. Come, give us a taſte of your quality; come, a paſſionate ſpeech.

1 *Play.* What ſpeech, my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee ſpeak me a ſpeech once; but it was never acted: or if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleas'd not the million, 'twas Caviar to the general; but it was (as I received it, and others, whoſe judgment in ſuch matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent play; well digeſted in the ſcenes, ſet

* It is *pons chanſons*, in the firſt folio edition. The old ballads ſung on bridges, and from thence called *pons chanſons*. Hamlet is here repeating ends of old ſongs. *The rubric* is equivalent; the titles of old ballads being written in red letters.

down

down with as much modeſty * as cunning. I remember one ſaid, there was no ſalt in the lines, to make the matter ſavoury; nor no matter in the phraſe, that might indite † the author of affectation; but call'd it an honeſt ‡ method. One ſpeech in it I chiefly lov'd; 'twas Æneas's tale to Dido; and thereabout of it eſpecially, where he ſpeaks of Priam's ſlaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line, let me ſee, let me ſee—— The rugged Pyrrhus, like th' Hyrcanian beaſt,—It is not ſo;——it begins with Pyrrhus.

The rugged Pyrrhus, he whoſe ſable arms,
Black as his purpoſe, did the night reſemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horſe;
Hath now his dread and black complexion ſmear'd
With heraldry more diſmal; head to foot,
Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, ſons,
Bak'd and impaſted with the parching fires,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To murthers vile. Roaſted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-ſized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the helliſh Pyrrhus
Old grandſire Priam ſeeks.

Pol. 'Fore God, my Lord, well ſpoken, with good accent, and good diſcretion.

1 *Play.* Anon he finds him,
Striking, too ſhort, at Greeks. His antique ſword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command; unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage ſtrikes wide;
But with the whif and wind of his fell ſword
Th'unnerved father falls. "Then ſenſeleſs Ilium,
"Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
"Stoops to his baſe; and with a hideous craſh
Takes priſoner Pyrrhus' ear. For lo, his ſword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of rev'rend Priam, ſeem'd i' th' air to ſtick;
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus ſtood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,

* *modeſty*, for *ſimplicity*.
† *indite*, for *convict*.
‡ *honeſt*, for *chaſte*.

Did nothing.
" But as we often ſee, againſt ſome ſtorm,
" A ſilence in the heav'ns, the rack ſtand ſtill,
" The bold winds ſpeechleſs, and the orb below
" As huſh as death; anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: ſo after Pyrrhus' pauſe,
A rouſed vengeance ſets him new a-work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars his armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With leſs remorſe than Pyrrhus' bleeding ſword
Now falls on Priam.———
Out, out, thou ſtrumpet Fortune! all you gods,
In general ſynod take away her power.
Break all the ſpokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heav'n,
As low as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It ſhall to th' barber's with your beard. Pr'ythee, ſay on; he's for a jigg, or a tale of bawdry, or he ſleeps. Say on, come to Hecuba.

1 *Play.* But who, oh! who had ſeen the mobled Queen———

Ham. The mobled Queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled Queen is good.

1 *Play.* Run bare-foot up and down, threat'ning the flames
With biſſon rheum; a clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem ſtood; and for a robe
About her lank, and all-o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket in th'alarm of fear caught up:
Who this had ſeen, with tongue in venom ſteep'd,
'Gainſt Fortune's ſtate would treaſon have pronounc'd.
But if the gods themſelves did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw Pyrrhus make malicious ſport
In mincing with his ſword her huſband's limbs;
The inſtant burſt of clamour that ſhe made,
(Unleſs things mortal move them not at all),
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heav'n,
And paſſion in the gods.

Pol. Look, whe'r he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes. Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, I'll have thee ſpeak out the reſt of this ſoon. Good my Lord, will you ſee the players well

well beſtow'd? Do ye hear, let them be well us'd; for they are the abſtract and brief chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you liv'd.

Pol. My Lord, I will uſe them according to their deſert.

Ham. God's bodikins, man, much better. Uſe every man after his deſert, and who ſhall 'ſcape whipping? uſe them after your own honour and dignity. The leſs they deſerve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, Sirs. [*Exit* Polonius.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow. Doſt thou hear me, old friend, can you play the murther of Gonzago?

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome dozen or ſixteen lines, which I would ſet down, and inſert in't? could ye not?

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and look you mock him not. My good friends, I'll leave you till night, you are welcome to Elſinoor.

Roſ. Good my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Manet* Hamlet.

Ham. Ay, ſo, God b' w' ye: now I am alone. Oh, what a rogue and peaſant ſlave am I?

" Is it not monſtrous, that this player here,
" But in a fiction, in a dream of paſſion,
" Could force his ſoul ſo to his own conceit,
" That, from her working, all his viſage wan'd;
" Tears in his eyes, diſtraction in his aſpect,
" A broken voice, and his whole function ſuiting,
" With forms, to his conceit? and all for nothing?
" For Hecuba?
" What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
" That he ſhould weep for her? What would he do,
" Had he the motive and the cue for paſſion,
" That I have? He would drown the ſtage with tears,
" And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid ſpeech;
" Make mad the guilty, and appal the free;

" Confound

" Confound the ign'rant, and amaze, indeed,
" The very faculty of eyes and ears.——Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled raſcal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant * of my cauſe,
And can ſay nothing,——no, not for a King,
Upon whoſe property and moſt dear life
A damn'd defeat † was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain, breaks my pate acroſs,
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face;
Tweaks me by th' noſe, gives me the lye i' th' throat,
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
Yet I ſhould take it——for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppreſſion bitter; or ere this
I ſhould have fatted all the region-kites
With this ſlave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorſeleſs, treacherous, lecherous, kindleſs villain!
Why, what an aſs am I? this is moſt brave,
That I, the ſon of a dear father murthered,
Prompted to my revenge by heav'n and hell,
Muſt, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-curſing like a very drab——
A ſcullion,——fy upon't! foh!——about, my brain!——
I've heard, that guilty creatures, at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the ſcene
Been ſtruck ſo to the ſoul, that preſently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions.
For murther, though it have no tongue, will ſpeak
With moſt miraculous organ. I'll have theſe players
Play ſomething like the murther of my father,
Before mine uncle. I'll obſerve his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,
I know my courſe. The ſpirit that I have ſeen,
May be the devil; and the devil hath power
T' aſſume a pleaſing ſhape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakneſs and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with ſuch ſpirits),
Abuſes me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative ‡ than this: the play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conſcience of the King. [*Exit.*

* *unpregnant*, for *having no due ſenſe of.*
† *defeat*, for *deſtruction.*
‡ *relative*, for *convictive.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

The palace.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincrantz, Guildenſtern, *and Lords.*

King. AND can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confuſion,
Grating ſo harſhly all his days of quiet,
With turbulent and dang'rous lunacy?

Roſ. He does confeſs, he feels himſelf diſtracted:
But from what cauſe, he will by no means ſpeak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be ſounded;
But with a crafty madneſs keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to ſome confeſſion
Of his true ſtate.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Roſ. Moſt like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.

Roſ. Moſt free of queſtion, but of our demands
Niggard in his reply.

Queen. Did you aſſay him to any paſtime?

Roſ. Madam, it ſo fell out, that certain players
We o'er-rode on the way; of theſe we told him:
And there did ſeem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the court;
And (as I think) they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis moſt true:
And he beſeech'd me to intreat your Majeſties
To hear and ſee the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it doth much content
To hear him ſo inclin'd. [me
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpoſe on to theſe delights.

Roſ. We ſhall, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
For we have cloſely ſent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia. Her father, and myſelf,
Will ſo beſtow ourſelves, that ſeeing, unſeen,

We

We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If't be th' affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he ſuffers for.

Queen. I ſhall obey you.
And for my part, Ophelia, I do wiſh,
That your good beauties be the happy cauſe
Of Hamlet's wildneſs: ſo ſhall I hope your virtues
May bring him to his wonted way again
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wiſh it may. [*Exit Queen.*

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here——Gracious, ſo pleaſe ye,
We will beſtow ourſelves——Read on this book:
That ſhew of ſuch an exerciſe may colour
Your lonelineſs. We're oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's viſage,
And pious action, we do ſugar o'er
The devil himſelf.

King. Oh, 'tis too true.
How ſmart a laſh that ſpeech doth give my conſcience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plaſt'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my moſt painted word. [*Aſide.*
Oh heavy burthen!

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my Lord.
[*Exeunt all but* Ophelia.

SCENE II. *Enter* Hamlet.

Ham. "To be, or not to be? that is the queſtion.—
"Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to ſuffer
"The ſlings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
"Or to take arms againſt aſſail of troubles,
"And by oppoſing end them?—To die,—to ſleep—
"No more; and by a ſleep, to ſay, we end
"The heart-ache, and the thouſand natural ſhocks
"That fleſh is heir to; 'tis a conſummation
"Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To die——to ſleep——
"To ſleep? perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub—
"For in that ſleep of death what dreams may come,
"When we have ſhuffled off this mortal coil,
"Muſt give us pauſe.——There's the reſpect *
"That makes calamity of ſo long life.

* *reſpect*, for *conſideration, motive.*

"For

" For who would bear the whips and ſcorns of th' time,
" Th' oppreſſor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
" The pang of deſpis'd love, the law's delay,
" The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
" That patient merit of th' unworthy takes;
" When he himſelf might his *Quietus* make
" With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
" To grone and ſweat under a weary life;
" But that the dread of ſomething after death
" (That undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourne
" No traveller returns) puzzles the will;
" And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have,
" Than fly to others that we know not of?
" Thus conſcience does make cowards of us all:
" And thus the native hue of reſolution
" Is ſicklied o'er with the pale caſt of thought;
" And enterpriſes of great pith and moment,
" With this regard their currents turn awry,
" And loſe the name of action——Soft you, now!
[*Seeing* Oph.

The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy oriſons
Be all my ſins remembred.

Oph. Good my Lord,
How does your Honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you, well;——

Oph. My Lord, I have remembrances of your's,
That I have longed long to re-deliver.
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd Lord, you know right well you did;
And with them words of ſo ſweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich: that perfume loſt,
Take theſe again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honeſt?

Oph. My Lord,———

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your Lordſhip?

Ham. That if you be honeſt and fair, you ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your beauty.

Oph.

Oph. Could beauty, my Lord, have better commerce than with honeſty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will ſooner transform honeſty from what it is, to a bawd, than the force of honeſty can tranſlate beauty into its likeneſs. This was ſometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof.——I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my Lord, you made me believe ſo.

Ham. You ſhould not have believed me. For virtue cannot ſo inoculate our old ſtock, but we ſhall reliſh of it. I lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceiv'd.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery. Why wouldſt thou be a breeder of ſinners? I am myſelf indifferent honeſt; but yet I could accuſe me of ſuch things, that it were better my mother had not born me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in name, imagination to give them ſhape, or time to act them in. What ſhould ſuch fellows as I do crawling between heav'n and earth? we are arrant knaves, believe none of us—Go thy ways to a nunnery——Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doors be ſhut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own houſe. Farewel.

Oph. Oh help him, you ſweet heav'ns!

Ham. If thou doſt marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry. Be thou as chaſte as ice, as pure as ſnow, thou ſhalt not eſcape calumny.——Get thee to a nunnery.——farewel——Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wiſe men know well enough, what monſters you make of them——To a nunnery, go——and quickly too: farewel.

Oph. Heav'nly powers, reſtore him!

Ham. I have heard of your painting too, well enough. God has given you one face, and you make yourſelves another. You jig, you amble, and you liſp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonneſs your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad. I ſay, we will have no more marriages. Thoſe that are married already, all but one, ſhall live; the

the reſt ſhall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.
[*Exit* Hamlet.

Oph. " Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
" The courtier's, ſcholar's, ſoldier's, eye, tongue, ſword!
" Th' expectancy and roſe of the fair ſtate,
" The glaſs of faſhion, and the mould of form,
" Th' obſerv'd of all obſervers, quite, quite down!
I am of ladies moſt deject and wretched,
That ſuck'd the honey of his muſic vows:
" Now ſee that noble and moſt ſovereign reaſon,
" Like ſweet bells jangled out of tune, and harſh;
" That unmatch'd form, and feature of blown youth,
" Blaſted with ecſtaſy. Oh, woe is me,
T' have ſeen what I have ſeen, ſee what I ſee!

SCENE III. *Enter King and* Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he ſpoke, tho' it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madneſs. Something's in his ſoul,
O'er which his melancholy ſits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch and the diſcloſe
Will be ſome danger, which, how to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus ſet it down. He ſhall with ſpeed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply the ſeas, and countries different,
With variable objects, ſhall expel
This ſomething-ſettled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains ſtill beating, puts him thus
From faſhion of himſelf. What think you on't?

Pol. It ſhall do well. But yet do I believe,
The origin and commencement of this grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, Ophelia?——
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet ſaid,
We heard it all.——My Lord, do as you pleaſe;
[*Exit* Ophelia.
But if you hold it fit, after the play
Let his Queen-mother all alone intreat him
To ſhew his griefs; let her be round with him:
And I'll be plac'd, ſo pleaſe you, in the ear
Of all their conf'rence. If ſhe find him not,
To England ſend him; or confine him, where
Your wiſdom beſt ſhall think.

King. It ſhall be ſo:
Madneſs in great ones muſt not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, *and two or three of the Players.*

Ham. "Speak the ſpeech, I pray you, as I pro-
" nounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But
" if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as
" lieve the town-crier had ſpoke my lines. And do
" not ſaw the air too much with your hand thus, but
" uſe all gently; for in the very torrent, tempeſt, and,
" as I may ſay, whirlwind of your paſſion, you muſt
" acquire and beget a temperance that may give it
" ſmoothneſs. Oh, it offends me to the ſoul, to hear
" a robuſteous periwig-pated fellow tear a paſſion to
" tatters, to very rags, to ſplit the ears of the ground-
" lings; who (for the moſt part) are capable of no-
" thing, but inexplicable dumb ſhews and noiſe: I
" could have ſuch a fellow whipp'd for o'erdoing ter-
" magant; it out-herods Herod. Pray you avoid it.

Play. I warrant your Honour.

Ham. "Be not too tame neither; but let your own
" diſcretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word,
" the word to the action, with this ſpecial obſervance,
" that you o'erſtep not the modeſty of nature; for any
" thing ſo overdone is from the purpoſe of playing;
" whoſe end, both at the firſt and now, was and is, to
" hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to ſhew vir-
" tue her own feature, ſcorn her own image, and the
" very age and body of the time, his form and preſſure *.
" Now, this overdone, or come tardy of, tho' it make
" the unſkilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious
" grieve: the cenſure of one of which muſt in your allow-
" ance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh, there
" be players that I have ſeen play, and heard others
" praiſe, and that highly, (not to ſpeak it profanely),
" (that [neither having the accent of Chriſtian, nor
" the gate of Chriſtian, Pagan, nor man †] have ſo
" ſtrutted and bellow'd, that I have thought ſome of
" nature's journeymen had made men, and not made
" them well; they imitated humanity ſo abominably."

* *preſſure*, for *impreſſion*.

† Theſe words are a fooliſh interpolation.

Play.

Play. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

Ham. " Oh, reform it altogether; and let thoſe that " play your clowns, ſpeak no more than is ſet down " for them: for there be of them that will themſelves " laugh, to ſet on ſome quantity of barren ſpectators " to laugh too; though, in the mean time, ſome neceſ- " ſary queſtion of the play be then to be conſidered: " that's villanous, and ſhews a moſt pitiful ambition in " the fool that uſes it. Go make you ready "

[*Exeunt Players.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Polonius, Roſincrantz, *and* Guildenſtern.

How now, my Lord? will the King hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the Queen too, and that preſently.

Ham. Bid the players make haſte. [*Exit* Polonius. Will you two help to haſten them?

Both. We will, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

Ham. What, ho, Horatio!

Enter Horatio *to* Hamlet.

Hor. Here, ſweet Lord, at your ſervice.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as juſt a man
As e'er my converſation cop'd withal.

Hor. Oh, my dear Lord,———

Ham. " Nay, do not think I flatter:
" For what advancement may I hope from thee,
" That no revenue haſt, but thy good ſpirits,
" To feed and clothe thee? Should the poor be flat-
" No, let the candied tongue lick abſurd pomp, [ter'd?
" And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
" Where thrift may follow fawning. Doſt thou hear?
" Since my dear ſoul was miſtreſs of her choice,
" And could of men diſtinguiſh, her election
" Hath ſeal'd thee for herſelf. For thou haſt been
" As one, in ſuffering all, that ſuffers nothing:
" A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
" Haſt ta'en with equal thanks. And bleſs'd are thoſe,
" Whoſe blood and judgment are ſo well comingled,

" That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger,
" To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe. Give me that man
" That is not Paſſion's ſlave, and I will wear him
" In my heart's core; ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.——Something too much of this.——
There is a play to-night before the King,
One ſcene of it comes near the circumſtance
Which I have told thee, of my father's death.
I pr'ythee, when thou ſeeſt that act a-foot,
Ev'n with the very comment of thy ſoul
Obſerve mine uncle: if his occult guilt
Do not itſelf unkennel in one ſpeech,
It is a damned ghoſt that we have ſeen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's ſtithy. Give him heedful note;
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join,
In cenſure of his ſeeming.

Hor. Well, my Lord.
If he ſteal aught the whilſt this play is playing,
And 'ſcape detecting, I will pay the theft.

SCENE V.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincrantz, Guildenſtern, *and other Lords attendant, with a guard carrying torches. Daniſh march. Sound a flouriſh.*

Ham. They're coming to the play; I muſt be idle. Get you a place.

King. How fares our couſin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith, of the cameleon's diſh: I eat the air, promiſe-cramm'd: you cannot feed capons ſo.

King. I have nothing with this anſwer, Hamlet; theſe words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine.——Now, my Lord; you play'd once i' th' univerſity, you ſay? [*To* Polonius.

Pol. That I did, my Lord, and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæſar, I was kill'd i' th' Capitol: Brutus kill'd me.

Ham.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill ſo capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

Roſ. Ay, my Lord, they ſtay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, ſit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's mettle more attractive.

Pol. Oh ho, do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, ſhall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at* Ophelia's *feet.*

Oph. No, my Lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country-matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought, to lie between a maid's legs.

Oph. What is, my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my Lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Oh God! your only jig-maker; what ſhould a man do but be merry? For, look you, how chearfully my mother looks, and my father dy'd within theſe two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis two months, my Lord.

Ham. So long? nay, then let the devil wear black, 'fore I'll have a ſuit of ſable. Oh heav'ns! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet! then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: but, by'r lady, he muſt build churches then; or elſe ſhall he ſuffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horſe; whoſe epitaph is, *For oh, for oh, the hobby-horſe is forgot.*

SCENE VI. *Hautboys play. The dumb ſhew enters.*

Enter a Duke and Ducheſs, with regal coronets, very lovingly; the Ducheſs embracing him, and he her. She kneels; he takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck; he lays him down upon a bank of flowers; ſhe ſeeing him aſleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kiſſes it, and pours poiſon in the

Duke's ears, and exit. *The Ducheſs returns, finds the Duke dead, and makes paſſionate action. The poiſoner, with ſome two or three mutes, comes in again, ſeeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poiſoner wooes the Ducheſs with gifts; ſhe ſeems loth and unwilling a while, but in the end accepts his love.*

[Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching Malhechor; it means miſchief.

Oph. Belike this ſhow imports the argument of the play?

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We ſhall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counſel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this ſhow meant?

Ham. Ay, or any ſhow that you'll ſhew him. Be not you aſhamed to ſhew, he'll not ſhame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, I'll mark the play.

Prol. *For us, and for our tragedy,*
Here ſtooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the poſie of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my Lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter Duke, and Ducheſs, Players.

Duke. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' car gone round
Neptune's ſalt waſh, and Tellus' orbed ground;
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed ſheen
About the world have times twelve thirty been,
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual, in moſt ſacred bands.

Duch. So many journeys may the ſun and moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be done.
But woe is me you are ſo ſick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former ſtate,

That

That I diſtruſt you; yet though I diſtruſt,
Diſcomfort you, my Lord, it nothing muſt.
For women fear too much, ev'n as they love.
And womens' fear and love hold quantity;
'Tis either none, or in extremity.
Now what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is ſiz'd, my fear is ſo.
Where love is great, the ſmalleſt doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

Duke. 'Faith, I muſt leave thee, Love, and ſhortly
My operant powers their functions leave to do, [too:
And thou ſhalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and haply one as kind
For huſband ſhalt thou ———

Duch. Oh, confound the reſt!
Such love muſt needs be treaſon in my breaſt:
In ſecond huſband let me be accurs'd!
None wed the ſecond, but who kill the firſt.

Ham. Wormwood, wormwood! ———

Duch. The inſtances that ſecond marriage move,
Are baſe reſpects of thrift, but none of love.
A ſecond time I kill my huſband dead,
When ſecond huſband kiſſes me in bed.

Duke. I do believe you think what now you ſpeak;
But what we do determine, oft we break;
Purpoſe is but the ſlave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruits unripe, ſticks on the tree;
But fall unſhaken, when they mellow be.
Moſt neceſſary 'tis that we forget
To pay ourſelves what to ourſelves is debt:
What to ourſelves in paſſion we propoſe,
The paſſion ending, doth the purpoſe loſe;
The violence of either grief or joy,
Their own enactors with themſelves deſtroy.
Where joy moſt revels, grief doth moſt lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on ſlender accident.
This world is not for ay; nor 'tis not ſtrange,
That ev'n our loves ſhould with our fortunes change.
For 'tis a queſtion left us yet to prove,
Whether Love leads Fortune, or elſe Fortune Love.

The

The great man down, you mark, his fav'rite flies;
The poor advanc'd, makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth Love on Fortune tend,
For who not needs, ſhall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly ſeaſons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do ſo contrary run,
That our devices ſtill are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
Think ſtill, thou wilt no ſecond huſband wed;
But die thy thoughts when thy firſt lord is dead.

Duch. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!
Sport and repoſe lock from me day and night!
To deſperation turn my truſt and hope!
An anchor's cheer in priſon be my ſcope *!
Each oppoſite that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it deſtroy!
Both here, and hence, purſue me laſting ſtrife!
If, once a widow, ever I be wife.

Ham. If ſhe ſhould break it now———

Duke. 'Tis deeply ſworn; ſweet, leave me here a while;
My ſpirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with ſleep. [*Sleeps.*

Duch. Sleep rock thy brain,
And never come miſchance between us twain! [*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady proteſts too much, methinks.

Ham. Oh, but ſhe'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument, is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jeſt, poiſon in jeſt, no offence i' th' world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The *Mouſe-trap*;——Marry, how? tropically. This play is the image of a murther done in Vienna; *Gonzago* is the Duke's name, his wife's *Baptiſta*; you ſhall ſee anon 'tis a knaviſh piece of work: but what o' that? your Majeſty, and we that have free

* *i. e.* may I be as cloſely and ſtraitly confined as the moſt mortified recluſe.

ſouls,

ſouls, it touches us not; let the gall'd jade winch, our withers are unwrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the Duke.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could ſee the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my Lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would coſt you a groaning to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better and worſe.

Ham. So you miſtake your huſbands.
Begin, murtherer.——Leave thy damnable faces, and begin.
Come, the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time
Confederate ſeaſon, and no creature ſeeing: [agreeing:
Thou mixture rank, of midnight-weeds collected,
With Hecate's bane thrice blaſted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic, and dire property,
On wholſome life uſurp immediately.
[*Pours the poiſon into his ears.*

Ham. He poiſons him i' th' garden for's eſtate; his name's *Gonzago*; the ſtory is extant, and writ in choice Italian. You ſhall ſee anon how the murtherer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The King riſes.

Ham. What, frighted with falſe fire!

Queen. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me ſome light. Away!

All. Lights, lights, lights! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Manent* Hamlet *and* Horatio.

Ham. Why, let the ſtrucken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For ſome muſt watch, whilſt ſome muſt ſleep;
So runs the world away.
Would not this, Sir, and a foreſt of feathers, (if the reſt of my fortunes turn Turk with me), with two provincial

vincial roſes on my rayed ſhoes, get me a fellowſhip in a cry of players *, Sir?

Hor. Half a ſhare.

Ham. A whole one, I.

" For thou doſt know, oh Damon dear,
" This realm diſmantled was
" Of Jove himſelf, and now reigns here
" A very, very,——peacock †.

Hor. You might have rhim'd.

Ham. Oh, good Horatio, I'll take the ghoſt's word for a thouſand pounds. Didſt perceive?

Hor. Very well, my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poiſoning?

Hor. I did very well note him.

Enter Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern.

Ham. Oh, ha! come, ſome muſic: come, the recorders.
For if the King like not the comedy;
Why, then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.
Come, ſome muſic.

Guil. Good my Lord, vouchſafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole hiſtory.

Guil. The King, Sir———

Ham. Ay, Sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous diſtemper'd——

Ham. With drink, Sir?

Guil. No, my Lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wiſdom ſhould ſhew itſelf more rich, to ſignify this to his doctor: for, for me to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my Lord, put your diſcourſe into ſome frame, and ſtart not ſo wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, Sir;——pronounce.

Guil. The Queen your mother, in moſt great affliction of ſpirit, hath ſent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my Lord, this courteſy is not of the right breed. If it ſhall pleaſe you to make me a wholſome anſwer, I will do your mother's commandment;

* An alluſion to a pack of hounds.

† This alludes to a fable of the birds chuſing a king; inſtead of the eagle, a peacock.

if

if not, your pardon, and my return ſhall be the end of my buſineſs.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholſome anſwer: my wit's diſeas'd. But, Sir, ſuch anſwer as I can make, you ſhall command; or, rather, as you ſay, my mother——therefore no more but to the matter——my mother, you ſay——

Roſ. Then thus ſhe ſays: Your behaviour hath ſtruck her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful ſon, that can ſo aſtoniſh a mother! But is there no ſequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?

Roſ. She deſires to ſpeak with you in her cloſet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We ſhall obey, were ſhe ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Roſ. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do ſtill, by theſe pickers and ſtealers.

Roſ. Good my Lord, what is your cauſe of diſtemper? you do ſurely bar the door of your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Roſ. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himſelf for your ſucceſſion in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, but *while the graſs grows*——the proverb is ſomething muſty.

Enter one, with a Recorder.

Oh, the recorders; let me ſee one. To withdraw with you——why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. Oh my Lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well underſtand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beſeech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham.

Ham. 'Tis as eaſy as lying; govern theſe ventiges with your fingers and thumb; give it breath with your mouth, and it will diſcourſe moſt eloquent muſic. Look you, theſe are the ſtops.

Guil. But theſe cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the ſkill.

Ham. "Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing "you make of me; you would play upon me, you "would ſeem to know my ſtops; you would pluck out "the heart of my myſtery; you would ſound me from "my loweſt note, to the top of my compaſs; and there "is much muſic, excellent voice, in this little organ, "yet cannot you make it ſpeak. Why, do you think "that I am eaſier to be play'd on than a pipe? call me "what inſtrument you will, though you can fret me, "you cannot play upon me."——God bleſs you, Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queen would ſpeak with you, and preſently.

Ham. Do you ſee yonder cloud that's almoſt in ſhape of a *camel?*

Pol. By the maſs, and 'tis like a *camel* indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like an *ouzle.*

Pol. It is black like an *ouzle.*

Ham. Or like a *whale?*

Pol. Very like a *whale.*

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by—they fool me to the top of my bent.——I will come by and by.

Pol. I will ſay ſo.

Ham. By and by is eaſily ſaid. Leave me, friends. [*Exeunt.*

"'Tis now the very witching time of night,
"When church-yards yawn, and hell itſelf breathes out
"Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot [blood,
"And do ſuch buſineſs as the better day
"Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my mo-
"O heart, loſe not thy nature; let not ever [ther——
"The ſoul of Nero enter this firm boſom;
"Let me be cruel, not unnatural.
I will ſpeak daggers to her, but uſe none.

My

My tongue and ſoul in this be hypocrites;
How in my words ſoever ſhe be ſhent,
To give them ſeals * never my ſoul conſent! [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter King, Roſincrantz, *and* Guildenſtern.

King. I like him not, nor ſtands it ſafe with us
To let his madneſs range. Therefore prepare you;
I your commiſſion will forthwith diſpatch,
And he to England ſhall along with you.
The terms of our eſtate may not endure
Hazard ſo near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.

Guil. We will provide ourſelves;
Moſt holy and religious fear it is,
To keep thoſe many many bodies ſafe,
That live and feed upon your Majeſty.

Roſ. The ſingle and peculiar life is bound,
With all the ſtrength and armour of the mind,
To keep itſelf from noyance; but much more,
That ſpirit on whoſe weal depends and reſts
The lives of many. The ceaſe of Majeſty
Dies not alone, but, like a gulph, doth draw
What's near it with it. 'Tis a maſſy wheel
Fix'd on the ſummit of the higheſt mount,
To whoſe huge ſpokes ten thouſand leſſer things
Are mortiz'd and adjoin'd; which when it falls,
Each ſmall annexment, petty conſequence,
Attends the boiſt'rous ruin. Ne'er alone
Did the King ſigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this ſpeedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haſte us. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his mother's cloſet;
Behind the arras I'll convey myſelf
To hear the proceſs; I'll warrant ſhe'll tax him home.
And, as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſaid,

* *i. e.* put them in execution.

'Tis meet that ſome more audience than a mother
(Since Nature makes them partial) ſhould o'erhear
The ſpeech, of vantage. Fare you well, my Liege;
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know. [*Exit.*

King. Thanks, dear my Lord.
'Oh! my offence is rank, it ſmells to heav'n,
'It hath the primal, eldeſt curſe upon't;
'A brother's murther.——Pray I cannot:
'Though inclination be as ſharp as will,
'My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong intent;
'And, like a man to double buſineſs bound,
'I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
'And both neglect. What if this curſed hand
'Were thicker than itſelf with brother's blood?
'Is there not rain enough in the ſweet heav'ns
'To waſh it white as ſnow? whereto ſerves mercy,
'But to confront the viſage of offence?
'And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,
'To be foreſtalled ere we come to fall,
'Or pardon'd being down? then I'll look up;
'My fault is paſt.——But oh, what form of prayer
'Can ſerve my turn? Forgive me my foul murther!—
'That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſs'd
'Of thoſe effects for which I did the murther,
'My crown, mine own ambition, and my Queen.
'May one be pardon'd, and retain th'offence?
'In the corrupted currents of this world,
'Offence's gilded hand may ſhove by juſtice;
'And oft 'tis ſeen, the wicked prize itſelf
'Buys out the law. But 'tis not ſo above.
'There, is no ſhuffling; there, the action lies
'In his true nature, and we ourſelves compell'd,
'Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
'To give in evidence. What then? what reſts?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched ſtate! oh boſom black as death!
Oh limed ſoul, that, ſtruggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels! make aſſay!
Bow, ſtubborn knees; and, heart, with ſtrings of ſteel,

Be

Be ſoft as ſinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well. [*The King retires, and kneels.*

SCENE IX. *Enter* Hamlet.

Ham. "Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
" And now I'll do't——and ſo he goes to heav'n.——
" And ſo am I reveng'd? that would be ſcann'd;
" A villain kills my father, and for that
" I, his ſole ſon, do this ſame villain ſend
" To heav'n——O, this is hire and ſalary, not revenge.
" He took my father groſsly, full of bread,
" With all his crimes broad blown, as fluſh as May;
" And how his audit ſtands, who knows, ſave heaven?
" But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought,
" 'Tis heavy with him. Am I then reveng'd,
" To take him in the purging of his ſoul,
" When he is fit and ſeaſon'd for his paſſage?
" Up, ſword, and know thou a more horrid bent;
" When he is drunk, aſleep, or in his rage,
" Or in th' inceſtuous pleaſure of his bed;
" At gaming, ſwearing, or about ſome act
" That has no reliſh of ſalvation in't;
" Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heav'n;
" And that his ſoul may be as damn'd and black
" As hell, whereto it goes. My mother ſtays:
This phyſic but prolongs thy ſickly days. [*Exit.*

The King riſes, and comes forward.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [*Exit.*

SCENE X. *Changes to the Queen's apartment.*

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come ſtraight; look you lay home to him;
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And that your Grace hath ſcreen'd, and ſtood between
Much heat and him. I'll 'ſconce * me even here;
Pray you be round with him.
Ham. [*within.*] Mother, mother, mother.——

* *i. e. inſconce*, to *cover* or *ſecure.*

Queen. I'll warrant you, fear me not.
Withdraw, I hear him coming.
[Polonius *hides himſelf behind the arras.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou haſt thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you queſtion with a wicked tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?
Ham. What's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the rood, not ſo;
You are the Queen, your huſband's brother's wife;
But ('would you were not ſo) you are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then I'll ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeak.
Ham. Come, come, and ſit you down; you ſhall not [budge:
You go not, till I ſet you up a glaſs
Where you may ſee the inmoſt part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Help, ho.
Pol. What ho, help. [*Behind the arras.*
Ham. How now, a rat? dead for a ducat, dead.
[Hamlet *kills* Polonius.
Pol. Oh, I am ſlain.
Queen. Oh me, what haſt thou done?
Ham. Nay, I know not: is it the King?
Queen. Oh, what a raſh and bloody deed is this!
Ham. A bloody deed; almoſt as bad, good mother,
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a King?
Ham. Ay, Lady, 'twas my word.
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding fool, farewel,
[*To* Polonius.
I took thee for thy betters; take thy fortune;
Thou find'ſt, to be too buſy, is ſome danger.
Leave wringing of your hands; peace, ſit you down,
And let me wring your heart, for ſo I ſhall,
If it be made of penetrable ſtuff.
If damned cuſtom have not braz'd it ſo,
That it is proof and bulwark againſt ſenſe.

Queen.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'ſt wag thy tongue
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?

Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and bluſh of modeſty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the roſe
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And ſets a bliſter there; makes marriage-vows
As falſe as dicers' oaths. Oh, ſuch a deed,
As from the body of contraction * plucks
The very ſoul, and ſweet religion makes
A rhapſody of words. Heav'n's face doth glow
O'er this ſolidity and compound maſs
With triſtful viſage; and, as 'gainſt the doom,
Is thought-ſick at the act.

Queen. Ay me! what act?

Ham. That roars ſo loud, it thunders to the Indies.—
Look here upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit preſentment of two brothers.
" See, what a grace was ſeated on this brow;
" Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himſelf †;
" An eye, like Mars, to threaten or command;
" A ſtation, like the herald Mercury
" New-lighted on a heaven-kiſſing hill;
" A combination, and a form indeed,
" Where every god did ſeem to ſet his ſeal,
" To give the world aſſurance of a man.
" This *was* your huſband.—Look you now, what fol-
" Here *is* your huſband, like a mildew'd ear, [lows;
" Blaſting his wholſome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love; for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, 'tis humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would ſtep from this to this? Senſe, ſure, you have,
Elſe could you not have notion: but, ſure, that ſenſe
Is apoplex'd: for madneſs would not err;
Nor ſenſe to ecſtaſy was ne'er ſo thrall'd,
But it reſerv'd ſome quantity of choice
To ſerve in ſuch a diff'rent.—What devil was't

* *contraction*, for *marriage-contract*.

† Alluding to the deſcription of Phidias's Jupiter from Homer.

That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without ſight,
Ears without hands or eyes, ſmelling *ſans* all,
Or but a ſickly part of one true ſenſe
Could not ſo mope.———
O ſhame! where is thy bluſh? rebellious hell,
If thou canſt mutiny in a matron's bones;
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no ſhame,
When the compulſive ardour gives the charge;
Since froſt itſelf as actively doth burn,
And reaſon panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, ſpeak no more.
Thou turn'ſt mine eyes into my very ſoul,
And there I ſee ſuch black and grained ſpots,
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank ſweat of an inceſtuous bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the naſty ſty———

Queen. Oh, ſpeak no more;
Theſe words like daggers enter in mine ears.
No more, ſweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murtherer, and a villain!——
A ſlave, that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord. A vice of Kings;——
A cutpurſe of the empire and the rule,
That from a ſhelf the precious diadem ſtole,
And put it in his pocket.

Queen. No more.

Enter Ghoſt.

Ham. A King of ſhreds and patches———
" Save me! and hover o'er me with your wings,
[*Starting up.*
" You heav'nly guards!——What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad———

Ham. " Do you not come your tardy ſon to chide,
" That laps'd in time and paſſion, lets go by
" Th' important acting of your dread command?
" O ſay!"

Ghoſt.

Ghoſt. Do not forget: this viſitation
Is but to whet thy almoſt blunted purpoſe.
But look; amazement on thy mother ſits;
O ſtep between her and her fighting ſoul:
Conceit in weakeſt bodies ſtrongeſt works.
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, Lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?
That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th'incorporal air do hold diſcourſe?
Forth at your eyes your ſpirits wildly peep,
And, as the ſleeping ſoldiers in th' alarm,
Your bedded hairs, like life in excrements *,
Start up, and ſtand on end. O gentle ſon,
Upon the heat and flame of thy diſtemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. "On him! on him!——look you, how pale
he glares!
"His form and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to ſtones,
"Would make them capable. Do not look on me,
"Leſt with this piteous action you convert
"My ſtern effects; then what I have to do,
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you ſpeak this?

Ham. Do you ſee nothing there?
[*Pointing to the Ghoſt.*

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is, I ſee.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourſelves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look how it ſteals away!
My father in his habit as he lived!
Look where he goes ev'n now, out at the portal.
[*Exit Ghoſt.*

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain,
This bodileſs creation ecſtaſy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. What ecſtaſy?
"My pulſe, as your's, doth temp'rately keep time,
"And makes as healthful muſic. 'Tis not madneſs
"That I have utter'd; bring me to the teſt,

* The hairs are excrementitious, that is, without life or ſenſation: yet thoſe very hairs, as if they had life, ſtart up, *&c.*

"And

" And I the matter will re-word; which madneſs
" Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your ſoul,
That not your treſpaſs, but my madneſs ſpeaks.
It will but ſkin and film the ulcerous place;
Whilſt rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unſeen. Confeſs yourſelf to heav'n;
Repent what's paſt, avoid what is to come;
And do not ſpread the compoſt on the weeds
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
For, in the fatneſs of theſe purſy times,
Virtue itſelf of vice muſt pardon beg,
Yea, courb, and wooe, for leave to do it good.

Queen. Oh Hamlet! thou haſt cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worſer part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night; but go not to mine uncle's bed.
Aſſume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monſter Cuſtom, who all ſenſe doth eat
Of habits evil, is angel yet in this;
That to the uſe of actions fair and good
He likewiſe gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on: refrain to-night;
And that ſhall lend a kind of eaſineſs
To the next abſtinence: the next, more eaſy;
For uſe can almoſt change the ſtamp of nature,
And maſter ev'n the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night!
And when you are deſirous to be bleſs'd,
I'll bleſſing beg of you. For this ſame Lord,
[*Pointing to* Polonius.
I do repent: but heav'n hath pleas'd it ſo,
To puniſh me with this, and this with me,
That I muſt be their ſcourge and miniſter.
I will beſtow him, and will anſwer well
The death I gave him; ſo, again, good night!
I muſt be cruel, only to be kind;
Thus bad begins, and worſe remains behind.

Queen. What ſhall I do?

Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you do.
Let the bloat King tempt you again to-bed;

Pinch

Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouſe;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kiſſes,
Or padling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to revel all this matter out,
That I eſſentially am not in madneſs,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know.
For who that's but a Queen, fair, ſober, wiſe,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gibbe,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do ſo?
No, in deſpight of ſenſe and ſecrecy,
Unpeg the baſket on the houſe's top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous ape,
To try concluſions, in the baſket creep;
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou aſſur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou haſt ſaid to me.

Ham. I muſt to England, you know that?

Queen. Alack, I had forgot; 'tis ſo concluded on.

Ham. There's letters ſeal'd, and my two ſchool-fel-
(Whom I will truſt, as I will adders fang'd), [lows,
They bear the mandate; they muſt ſweep my way,
And marſhal me to knavery: let it work.———
" For 'tis the ſport, to have the engineer
" Hoiſt with his own petar: and 't ſhall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon. O, 'tis moſt ſweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet!
This man ſhall ſet me packing;———
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room;
Mother, good night.——Indeed, this counſellor
Is now moſt ſtill, moſt ſecret, and moſt grave,
Who was in life a fooliſh prating knave.
Come, Sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night, mother.

[*Exit* Hamlet, *tugging in* Polonius.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A royal apartment.

Enter King and Queen, with Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern.

King. THere's matter in theſe ſighs; theſe profound heaves
You muſt tranſlate; 'tis fit we underſtand them.
Where is your ſon?

Queen. Beſtow this place on us a little while.
[*To* Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern, *who go out.*
Ah, my good Lord, what have I ſeen to-night?

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the ſeas and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier; in his lawleſs fit,
Behind the arras hearing ſomething ſtir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, A rat!
And in this brainiſh apprehenſion, kills
The unſeen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been ſo with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you yourſelf, to us, to every one.
Alas! how ſhall this bloody deed be anſwer'd?
It will be laid to us, whoſe providence
Should have kept ſhort, reſtrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man. But ſo much was our love,
We would not underſtand what was moſt fit;
But, like the owner of a foul diſeaſe,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Ev'n on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
O'er whom his very madneſs, like ſome ore
Among a mineral of metals baſe,
Shews itſelf pure. He weeps for what is done.

King. O Gertrude, come away:
The ſun no ſooner ſhall the mountains touch,
But we will ſhip him hence; and this vile deed
We muſt, with all our majeſty and ſkill,
Both countenance and excuſe. Ho! Guildenſtern!

Enter

Enter Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern.

Friends both, go join you with ſome further aid:
Hamlet in madneſs hath Polonius ſlain,
And from his mother's cloſet hath he dragg'd him.
Go ſeek him out, ſpeak fair, and bring the body
Into the chappel. Pray you, haſte in this.
[*Ex.* Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern.
Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wiſeſt friends,
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done. [For, haply, Slander *]
(Whoſe whiſper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Tranſports its poiſon'd ſhot) may miſs our name,
And hit the woundleſs air.——O, come away;
My ſoul is full of diſcord and diſmay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Enter* Hamlet.

Ham. Safely ſtowed.———
Gentlemen within. Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!
Ham. What noiſe? who calls on Hamlet?
Oh, here they come.

Enter Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern.

Roſ. What have you done, my Lord, with the dead body?
Ham. Compounded it with duſt, whereto 'tis kin.
Roſ. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chappel.
Ham. Do not believe it.
Roſ. Believe what?
Ham. That I can keep your counſel, and not mine own. Beſides, to be demanded of a ſpunge, what replication ſhould be made by the ſon of a King?
Roſ. Take you me for a ſpunge, my Lord?
Ham. Ay, Sir, that ſokes up the King's countenance, his rewards, his authorities; but ſuch officers do the King beſt ſervice in the end; he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; firſt mouth'd, to be laſt ſwallow'd: when he needs what you have glean'd, it is but ſqueezing you, and, ſpunge, you ſhall be dry again.

* Theſe are conjectural words of Mr Theobald.

Roſ.

Roſ. I underſtood you not, my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it; a knaviſh ſpeech ſleeps in a fooliſh ear.

Roſ. My Lord, you muſt tell us where the body is, and go with us to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing———

Guild. A thing, my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him; hide fox, and all after *. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Enter King.*

King. I've ſent to ſeek him, and to find the body;
How dang'rous is it, that this man goes looſe!
Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong law on him;
He's lov'd of the diſtracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes:
And where 'tis ſo, th' offender's ſcourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all ſmooth,
This ſudden ſending him away muſt ſeem
Deliberate pauſe: diſeaſes, deſp'rate grown,
By deſperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all.

Enter Roſincrantz.

How now? what hath befall'n?

Roſ. Where the dead body is beſtow'd, my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Roſ. Without, my Lord, guarded to know your pleaſure.

King. Bring him before us.

Roſ. Ho, Guildenſtern! bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet *and* Guildenſtern.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At ſupper.

King. At ſupper? where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten; a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only Emperor for diet. We fat all

* A diverſion amongſt children.

creatures

creatures elſe to fat us, and we fat ourſelves for maggots. Your fat King and your lean beggar is but variable ſervice, two diſhes but to one table; that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fiſh with the worm that hath eat of a King, eat of the fiſh that hath fed of that worm.

King. What doſt thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to ſhew you how a King may go a progreſs through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heav'n, ſend thither to ſee. If your meſſenger find him not there, ſeek him i' th' other place yourſelf. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you ſhall noſe him as you go up the ſtairs into the lobbey.

King. Go ſeek him there.

Ham. He will ſtay till ye come.

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine eſpecial ſafety,
(Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou haſt done), muſt ſend thee hence
With fiery quickneſs; therefore prepare thyſelf;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
Th' aſſociates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So it is, if thou knew'ſt our purpoſes.

Ham. I ſee a cherub that ſees them; but come, for England! Farewel, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: Father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one fleſh, and ſo my mother. Come, for England. [*Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with ſpeed aboard;
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night.
Away, for every thing is ſeal'd and done
That elſe leans on th' affair; pray you make haſte.
[*Exeunt* Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern.
And, England! if my love thou hold'ſt at aught,
As my great power thereof may give thee ſenſe,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red

After the Daniſh ſword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us; thou may'ſt not coldly ſet
Our ſovereign proceſs, which imports at full,
By letters congruing to that effect,
The preſent death of Hamlet. Do it, England:
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou muſt cure me; till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A camp on the frontiers of Denmark.*

Enter Fortinbras *with an army.*

For. Go, Captain, from me, greet the Daniſh King;
Tell him, that, by his licence, Fortinbras
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his realm. You know the rendezvous.
If that his Majeſty would aught with us,
We ſhall expreſs our duty in his eye,
And let him know ſo.

Capt. I will do't, my Lord.

For. Go ſoftly on. [*Exit* Fortinbras *with the army.*

Enter Hamlet, Roſincrantz, Guildenſtern, *&c.*

Ham. Good Sir, whoſe powers are theſe?

Capt. They are of Norway, Sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, Sir, I pray you?

Capt. Againſt ſome part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them, Sir?

Capt. The nephew of old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it againſt the main of Poland, Sir,
Or for ſome frontier?

Capt. Truly to ſpeak it, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats—— five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
A ranker rate, ſhould it be ſold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Capt. Yes, 'tis already garriſon'd.

Ham. Two thouſand ſouls, and twenty thouſand du-
Will not debate the queſtion of this ſtraw; [cats,
This is th' impoſthume of much wealth and peace,
That

That inward breaks, and ſhews no cauſe without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir.
Capt. God b' w' ye, Sir.
Roſ. Will't pleaſe you go, my Lord?
Ham. I'll be with you ſtrait, go a little before. [*Exe.*

Manet Hamlet.

" How all occaſions do inform againſt me,
" And ſpur my dull revenge? What is a man,
" If his chief good and market of his time
" Be but to ſleep and feed? a beaſt, no more.
" Sure, he that made us with ſuch large diſcourſe,
" Looking before and after, gave us not
" That capability and god-like reaſon
" To ruſt in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
" Beſtial oblivion, or ſome craven ſcruple
" Of thinking too preciſely on th' event,
" (A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wiſdom,
" And ever three parts coward), I do not know
" Why yet I live to ſay this thing's to do;
" Sith I have cauſe, and will, and ſtrength, and means
" To do't. Examples, groſs as earth, exhort me;
" Witneſs this army of ſuch maſs and charge,
" Led by a delicate and tender prince,
" Whoſe ſpirit, with divine ambition puft,
" Makes mouths at the inviſible event;
" Expoſing what is mortal and unſure
" To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
" Ev'n for an egg-ſhell. 'Tis not to be great,
Never to ſtir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a ſtraw,
When honour's at the ſtake. How ſtand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother ſtain'd,
(Excitements of my reaſon and my blood),
And let all ſleep? while, to my ſhame, I ſee
The imminent death of twenty thouſand men;
That for a phantaſy and trick of fame
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot,
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe,
Which is not tomb enough and continent

To hide the ſlain? O then, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Changes to a palace.*

Enter Queen, Horatio, *and a Gentleman.*

Queen. I will not ſpeak with her.

Gent. She is importunate,
Indeed, diſtract; her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would ſhe have?

Gent. She ſpeaks much of her father; ſays, ſhe hears,
There's tricks i' th' world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviouſly at ſtraws; ſpeaks things in doubt,
That carry but half ſenſe: her ſpeech is nothing,
Yet the unſhaped uſe of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and geſtures yield them,
Indeed would make one think, there might be thought;
Tho' nothing ſure, yet much unhappily.

Hor. 'Twere good ſhe were ſpoken with, for ſhe may
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds. [ſtrow
Let her come in.———

Queen. To my ſick ſoul, as ſin's true nature is,
Each toy ſeems prologue to ſome great amiſs;
So full of artleſs jealouſy is guilt,
It ſpills itſelf, in fearing to be ſpilt.

Enter Ophelia *diſtracted.*

Oph. Where is the beauteous Majeſty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. *How ſhould I your true love know from another one?*
By his cockle hat and ſtaff, and his ſandal ſhoon. [Singing.

Queen. Alas, ſweet Lady; what imports this ſong?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

He's dead and gone, Lady, he's dead and gone;
At his head a graſs-green turf, at his heels a ſtone.

Enter

Enter King.

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia———

Oph. Pray you, mark.

White the ſhroud as the mountain-ſnow.

Queen. Alas, look here, my Lord.

Oph. *Larded all with ſweet flowers;*
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true love ſhowers.

King. How do ye, pretty Lady?

Oph. Well, God yield you! They ſay, the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this; but when they aſk you what it means, ſay you this:

To-morrow is St Valentine's day, all in the morn betime,
And I a maid at your window, to be your Valentine.
Then up he roſe, and don'd his cloaths, and do'pt the chamber-door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

By Gis, and by S. Charity,
Alack, and fie for ſhame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't,
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth ſhe, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed:
So would I ha' done, by yonder ſun,
And thou hadſt not come to my bed.

King. How long has ſhe been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We muſt be patient; but I cannot chuſe but weep, to think, they ſhould lay him i' th' cold ground; my brother ſhall know of it, and ſo I thank you for your good counſel. Come, my coach; good night, Ladies; good night, ſweet Ladies; good night, good night. [*Exit.*

King. Follow her close, give her good watch, I pray you; [*Exit* Horatio.
This is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude!
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. First, her father slain;
Next your son gone, and he most violent author
Of his own just remove; the people muddied,
Thick and unwholsome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good Polonius' death; (we've done but greenly,
In private to inter him); poor Ophelia,
Divided from herself, and her fair judgment;
(Without the which we're pictures, or mere beasts);
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France:
Feeds on this wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our persons to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murthering piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death! [*A noise within.*

Queen. Alack! what noise is this?

SCENE VI. *Enter a Messenger.*

King. Where are my Switzers? let them guard the door.
What is the matter?

Mess. Save yourself, my Lord.
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers; the rabble call him Lord:
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every ward;
The cry, "Chuse we Laertes for our King."
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds;
"Laertes shall be King, Laertes King!"

Queen. How chearfully on the false trail they cry!
Oh, this is counter, you false Danish dogs. [*Noise within.*

Enter

Enter Laertes, *with a party at the door.*

King. The doors are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? Sirs! ſtand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

All. We will, we will. [*Exeunt.*

Laer. I thank you, keep the door.
O thou vile King, give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm, proclaims me
Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot [baſtard;
Even here, between the chaſte and unſmirch'd brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cauſe, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks ſo giant-like?
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our perſon:
There's ſuch divinity doth hedge a King,
That treaſon can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of its will. Tell me, Laertes,
Why are you thus incens'd? Let him go, Gertrude.
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with;
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackeſt devil!
Conſcience and grace, to the profoundeſt pit!
I dare damnation; to this point I ſtand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Moſt throughly for my father.

King. Who ſhall ſtay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world;
And for my means, I'll huſband them ſo well,
They ſhall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you deſire to know the certainty
Of your dear father, is't writ in your revenge,
(That ſweep-ſtake) you will draw both friend and foe,

Winner

Winner and loſer?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms,
And like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
Repaſt them with my blood.

King. Why, now you ſpeak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltleſs of your father's death,
And am moſt ſenſible in grief for it,
It ſhall as level to your judgment pierce,
As day does to your eye. [*A noiſe within,* "Let her come in."]

Laer. How now, what noiſe is that?

SCENE VII.

Enter Ophelia, *fantaſtically dreſs'd with ſtraws and flowers.*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears, ſeven times ſalt,
Burn out the ſenſe and virtue of mine eye!
By heav'n, thy madneſs ſhall be paid with weight,
Till our ſcale turn the beam. O roſe of May!
Dear maid, kind ſiſter, ſweet Ophelia!
O heav'ns, is't poſſible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love; and where 'tis fine,
It ſends ſome precious inſtance of itſelf
After the thing it loves.

Oph. *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier,*
And on his grave rains many a tear;
Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadſt thou thy wits, and didſt perſuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You muſt ſing, down a-down, and you call him a-down-a. O how the wheel becomes it! it is the falſe ſteward that ſtole his maſter's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's roſemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember; and there's pancies, that's for thoughts.

Laer.

Laer. A document in madneſs, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines; there's rue for you, and here's ſome for me. We may call it herb of grace o' Sundays: you may wear your rue with a difference. There's a daiſy; I would give you ſome violets, but they withered all when my father dy'd: they ſay, he made a good end;

For bonny ſweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thought and affliction, paſſion, hell itſelf,
She turns to favour, and to prettineſs.

Oph. *And will he not come again?*
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead, go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.
His beard was as white as ſnow,
All flaxen was his pole:
He is gone, he is gone, and we caſt away moan,
Gramercy on his ſoul!

And of all Chriſtian ſouls! God b' w'ye. [*Exit* Ophelia.

Laer. Do you ſee this, you gods?

King. Laertes, I muſt commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right: go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wiſeſt friends you will,
And they ſhall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in ſatisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we ſhall jointly labour with your ſoul,
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be ſo.
His means of death, his obſcure funeral,
No trophy, ſword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal oſtentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heav'n to earth,
That I muſt call't in queſtion.

King. So you ſhall:

And where th' offence is, let the great tax fall.
I pray you go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Enter* Horatio *with an Attendant.*

Hor. What are they that would ſpeak with me?
Ser. Sailors, Sir; they ſay, they have letters for you.
Hor. Let them come in. [*Exit Servant.*
I do not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

Sail. God bleſs you, Sir.
Hor. Let him bleſs thee too.
Sail. He ſhall, Sir, an't pleaſe him.——There's a letter for you, Sir: it comes from th' ambaſſador that was bound for England, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Horatio reads the letter.

Horatio, *when thou ſhalt have overlook'd this, give theſe fellows ſome means to the King: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at ſea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chace. Finding ourſelves too ſlow of ſail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the inſtant they got clear of our ſhip, ſo I alone became their priſoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did: I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the letters I have ſent, and repair thou to me with as much haſte as thou wouldeſt fly death. I have words to ſpeak in thy ear will make thee dumb, yet are they much too light for the matter. Theſe good fellows will bring thee where I am. Roſincrantz and Guildenſtern hold their courſe for England. Of them I have much to tell thee. Farewel.*

He that thou knoweſt thine, HAMLET.

Come, I will make you way for theſe your letters;
And do't the ſpeedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IX. *Enter King and* Laertes.

King. Now muſt your conſcience my acquittance ſeal,
And you muſt put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father ſlain,
Purſued my life.
Laer. It well appears. But tell me
Why you proceeded not againſt theſe feats,
So crimeful and ſo capital in nature,
As by your ſafety, wiſdom, all things elſe,
You mainly were ſtirr'd up?
King. Two ſpecial reaſons,
Which may to you perhaps ſeem much unſinew'd,
And yet to me are ſtrong. The Queen his mother
Lives almoſt by his looks; and for myſelf,
(My virtue or my plague, be't either which),
She's ſo conjunctive to my life and ſoul,
That, as the ſtar moves not but in his ſphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the ſpring that turneth wood to ſtone,
Convert his gyves to graces. So that my arrows,
Too ſlightly timbred for ſo loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.
Laer. And ſo have I a noble father loſt,
A ſiſter driven into deſperate terms,
Whoſe worth, if praiſes may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections——But my revenge will come.
King. Break not your ſleeps for that; you muſt not think,
That we are made of ſtuff ſo flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be ſhook with danger,
And think it paſtime. You ſhall ſoon hear more.
I lov'd your father, and we love ourſelf,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine———
How now? what news?

Enter

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Letters, my Lord, from Hamlet.
Theſe to your Majeſty: this to the Queen.
King. From Hamlet? who brought them?
Meſſ. Sailors, my Lord, they ſay; I ſaw them not:
They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them.
King. Laertes, you ſhall hear them: leave us, all—
[*Exit Meſſ.*

High and Mighty, You ſhall know I am ſet naked on your kingdom. To-morrow ſhall I beg leave to ſee your kingly eyes. When I ſhall, (firſt aſking your pardon thereunto), recount th' occaſion of my ſudden return. HAMLET.

What ſhould this mean? are all the reſt come back?
Or is it ſome abuſe——and no ſuch thing?
Laer. Know you the hand?
King. 'Tis Hamlet's character;
Naked, and (in a poſtſcript here, he ſays),
Alone: can you adviſe me?
Laer. I'm loſt in it, my Lord: but let him come;
It warms the very ſickneſs in my heart,
That I ſhall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddeſt thou.
King. If it be ſo, Laertes,
As how ſhould it be ſo?——how otherwiſe?——
Will you be rul'd by me?
Laer. I, ſo you'll not o'er-rule me to a peace.
King. To thine own peace: if he be now return'd,
As liking not his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it; I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he ſhall not chuſe but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame ſhall breathe;
But ev'n his mother ſhall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.
Laer. I will be rul'd,
The rather, if you could deviſe it ſo,
That I might be the organ.
King. It falls right:
You have been talk'd of ſince your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality

Wherein

Wherein they ſay you ſhine; your ſum of parts
Did not together pluck ſuch envy from him,
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthieſt ſiege.
Laer. What part is that, my Lord?
King. A very feather in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no leſs becomes
The light and careleſs livery that it wears,
Than ſettled age his ſables, and his weeds
Importing wealth and graveneſs.——Two months ſince,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy;
I've ſeen myſelf, and ſerv'd againſt the French,
And they can well on horſeback; but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't, he grew unto his ſeat;
And to ſuch wondrous doing brought his horſe,
As he had been incorps'd and demy-natur'd
With the brave beaſt; ſo far he top'd my thought,
That I in forgery of ſhapes and tricks
Come ſhort of what he did.
Laer. A Norman, was't?
King. A Norman.
Laer. Upon my life, Lamond.
King. The ſame.
Laer. I know him well; he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.
King. He made confeſſion of you,
And gave you ſuch a maſterly report,
For art and exerciſe in your defence;
And for your rapier moſt eſpecial,
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a ſight indeed,
If one could match you. The ſcrimers of their nation,
He ſwore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd 'em——Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet ſo invenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wiſh and beg
Your ſudden coming o'er to play with him.
Now out of this———
Laer. What out of this, my Lord?
King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a ſorrow,
A face without a heart?
Laer. Why aſk you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your father,
But that I know love is begun by time;
And that I ſee in paſſages of proof,
Time qualifies the ſpark and fire of it:
" There lives within the very flame of love
" A kind of wick, or ſnuff, that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodneſs ſtill;
For goodneſs growing to a pleuriſy,
Dies in his own too much; what we would do,
We ſhould do when we would; for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *ſhould* is like a ſpendthrift's ſigh
That hurts by eaſing; but to th' quick o' th' ulcer——
Hamlet comes back; what, would you undertake
To ſhew yourſelf your father's ſon indeed
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' th' church.

King. No place indeed ſhould murther ſanctuariſe;
Revenge ſhould have no bounds; but, good Laertes,
Will you do this? keep cloſe within your chamber;
Hamlet, return'd, ſhall know you are come home:
We'll put on thoſe ſhall praiſe your excellence,
And ſet a double varniſh on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads. He being remiſs,
Moſt generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruſe the foils; ſo that with eaſe,
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chuſe
A ſword unbated *, and in a paſs of practice
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't;
And for the purpoſe I'll anoint my ſword:
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplaſm ſo rare,
Collected from all ſimples that have virtue
Under the moon, can ſave the thing from death,
That is but ſcratch'd withal; I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him ſlightly,
It may be death.

* *i. e.* not blunted as foils are.

King.

King. Let's farther think of this;
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit it to our ſhape. If this ſhould fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not aſſay'd; therefore this project
Should have a back, or ſecond, that might hold,
If this ſhould blaſt in proof. Soft——let me ſee——
We'll make a ſolemn wager on your cunnings;
I ha't——when in your motion you are hot,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end),
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but ſipping,
If he by chance eſcape your venom'd tuck,
Our purpoſe may hold there.

SCENE X. *Enter Queen.*

How now, ſweet Queen?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So faſt they follow: your ſiſter's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! oh where?

Queen. "There is a willow grows aſlant a brook,
"That ſhews his hoar leaves in the glaſſy ſtream:
"There with fantaſtic garlands did ſhe come,
"Of crow-flowers, nettles, daiſies, and long purples,
"(That liberal ſhepherds give a groſſer name to;
"But our cold maids do dead mens' fingers call them);
"There on the pendant boughs, her coronet weeds
"Clamb'ring to hang, an envious ſliver broke;
"When down her weedy trophies and herſelf
"Fell in the weeping brook; her cloaths ſpread wide,
"And mermaid-like, a while they bore her up;
"Which time ſhe chaunted ſnatches of old tunes,
"As one incapable of her own diſtreſs;
"Or like a creature native, and endued
"Unto that element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, ſhe is drown'd!

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water haſt thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet

It is our trick; Nature her cuſtom holds,
Let Shame ſay what it will; when theſe are gone,
The woman will be out. Adieu, my Lord!
I have a ſpeech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit.*

King. Follow, Gertrude:
How much had I to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I this will give it ſtart again;
Therefore let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A church.

Enter two Clowns, with ſpades and mattocks.

1 *Clown.* IS ſhe to be buried in Chriſtian burial, that wilfully ſeeks her own ſalvation?

2 *Clown.* I tell thee ſhe is, therefore make her grave ſtraight; the crowner hath ſat on her, and finds it Chriſtian burial.

1 *Clown.* How can that be, unleſs ſhe drowned herſelf in her own defence?

2 *Clown.* Why, 'tis found ſo.

1 *Clown.* "It muſt be *ſe offendendo*, it cannot be elſe. "For here lies the point: if I drown myſelf wittingly, "it argues an act; and an act hath three branches; it "is to act, to do, and to perform; *Argal*, ſhe drown'd "herſelf wittingly.

2 *Clown.* Nay, but hear you, goodman Delver.

1 *Clown.* "Give me leave; here lies the water, good: "here ſtands the man, good: if the man go to this "water, and drown himſelf, it is, will he, nill he, he "goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, "and drown him, he drowns not himſelf. *Argal*, he "that is not guilty of his own death, ſhortens not his "own life."

2 *Clown.* But is this law?

1 *Clown.* Ay, marry is't, crowner's queſt-law.

2 *Clown.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, ſhe ſhould have been buried out of Chriſtian burial.

1 *Clown.*

1 *Clown.* Why, there thou ſay'ſt. And the more pity, that great folk ſhould have countenance in this world to drown or hang themſelves, more than their even Chriſtian. Come, my ſpade; there is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profeſſion.

2 *Clown.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clown.* He was the firſt that ever bore arms.

2 *Clown.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clown.* What, art a Heathen? how doſt thou underſtand the ſcripture? the ſcripture ſays Adam digg'd; could he dig without arms? I'll put another queſtion to thee; if thou anſwereſt me to the purpoſe, confeſs thyſelf——

2 *Clown.* Go to.

1 *Clown.* What is he that builds ſtronger than either the maſon, the ſhipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clown.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thouſand tenants.

1 *Clown.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to thoſe that do ill: now thou doſt ill, to ſay the gallows is built ſtronger than the church; *Argal*, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

2 *Clown.* Who builds ſtronger than a maſon, a ſhipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clown.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clown.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clown.* To't.

2 *Clown.* Maſs, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio, *at a diſtance.*

1 *Clown.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull aſs will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are aſk'd this queſtion next, ſay a grave-maker. The houſes he makes laſt till dooms-day. Go, get thee to Youghan, and fetch me a ſtoup of liquor. [*Exit* 2 *Clown.*

He digs, and ſings.

In youth when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very ſweet;

To contract, oh, the time for, a, my behove,
Oh, methought there was nothing ſo meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his buſineſs, that he ſings at grave-making?

Hor. Cuſtom hath made it to him a property of eaſineſs.

Ham. 'Tis e'en ſo; the hand of little employment hath the daintier ſenſe.

Clown ſings.

But age, with his ſtealing ſteps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch:
And hath ſhipped me into his land,
As if I had never been ſuch.

Ham. That ſcull had a tongue in it, and could ſing once; how the knave jowles it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the firſt murther! This might be the pate of a politician, which this aſs o'er-offices; one that would circumvent God: might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could ſay, "Good "morrow, ſweet Lord; how doſt thou, good Lord?" This might be my Lord ſuch a one, that prais'd my Lord ſuch a one's horſe, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Why, e'en ſo: and now my Lady Worm's, chapleſs, and knock'd about the mazzard with a ſexton's ſpade. Here's a fine revolution, if we had the trick to ſee't. Did theſe bones coſt no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ake to think on't.

Clown ſings.

A pick-axe and a ſpade, a ſpade
For,——and a ſhrouding ſheet!
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For ſuch a gueſt is meet.

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the ſcull of a lawyer? where be his quiddits now? his quillets? his caſes? his tenures, and his tricks? why does he ſuffer this rude knave now to knock him about the

the ſconce with a dirty ſhovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his ſtatutes, his recogniſances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchaſes, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? the very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and muſt the inheritor himſelf have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of ſheep-ſkins?

Hor. Ay, my Lord, and of calves-ſkins too.

Ham They are ſheep and calves that ſeek out aſſurance in that. I will ſpeak to this fellow. Whoſe grave's this, ſirrah?

Clown. Mine, Sir———

O, a pit of clay for to be made
For ſuch a gueſt is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine indeed, for thou lieſt in't.

Clown. You lye out on't, Sir, and therefore it is not your's; for my part, I do not lye in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doſt lye in't, to be in't, and ſay, 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, and not for the quick, therefore thou ly'ſt.

Clown. 'Tis a quick lye, Sir, 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What man doſt thou dig it for?

Clown. For no man, Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clown. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clown. One that was a woman, Sir; but reſt her ſoul, ſhe's dead.

Ham. How abſolute the knave is? we muſt ſpeak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, theſe three years I have taken note of it, the age is grown ſo picked, that the toe of the peaſant comes ſo near the heel of our courtier, he galls his kibe. How long haſt thou been a grave-maker?

Clown.

Clown. Of all the days i' th' year, I came to't that day that our laſt King Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that ſince?

Clown. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was that very day that young Hamlet was born, he that was mad, and ſent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he ſent into England?

Clown. Why, becauſe he was mad; he ſhall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clown. 'Twill not be ſeen in him; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clown. Very ſtrangely, they ſay.

Ham. How ſtrangely?

Clown. 'Faith, e'en with loſing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clown. Why, here in Denmark. I have been ſexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' th'earth ere he rot?

Clown. I'faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corſes now-a-days, that will ſcarce hold the laying in), he will laſt you ſome eight year, or nine year; a tanner will laſt you nine years.

Ham. Why he more than another?

Clown. Why, Sir, his hide is ſo tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while. And your water is a ſore decayer of your whorſon dead body. Here's a ſcull now has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whoſe was it?

Clown. A whorſon mad fellow's it was; whoſe do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clown. A peſtilence on him for a mad rogue! he pour'd a flaggon of Rheniſh on my head once. This ſame ſcull, Sir, was Yorick's ſcull, the King's jeſter.

Ham. This?

Clown. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jeſt; of moſt excellent fancy: he hath borne

borne me on his back a thouſand times; and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge riſes at it. Here hung thoſe lips that I have kiſs'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now; your gambols; your ſongs? your flaſhes of merriment, that were wont to ſet the table in a roar? not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? now get you to my Lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour ſhe muſt come; make her laugh at that———Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my Lord?

Ham. Doſt thou think Alexander look'd o' this faſhion i' th' earth?

Hor. E'en ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo, puh! [*Smelling to the ſcull.*

Hor. E'en ſo, my Lord.

Ham. To what baſe uſes we may return, Horatio! why may not imagination trace the noble duſt of Alexander, till he find it ſtopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to conſider too curiouſly, to conſider ſo.

Ham. No, 'faith, not a jot: but to follow him thither with modeſty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to duſt; the duſt is earth; of earth we make lome; and why of that lome, whereto he was converted, might they not ſtop a beer-barrel?

Imperial Cæſar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might ſtop a hole to keep the wind away.
Oh that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expel the winter's flaw!
But ſoft! but ſoft a while——here comes the King,

SCENE II.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, *and a coffin, with Lords and Prieſts attendant.*

The Queen, the courtiers. What is that they follow,
And with ſuch maimed rites? this doth betoken,
The corſe they follow did with deſperate hand
Foredo its own life; 'twas of ſome eſtate.
Couch we a while, and mark,

Laer. What ceremony elſe?

Ham.

Ham. That is Laertes, a moſt noble youth: mark——
Laer. What ceremony elſe?
Prieſt. Her obſequies have been ſo far enlarg'd
As we have warranty; her death was doubtful:
And but that great command o'erſways the order,
She ſhould in ground unſanctified have lodg'd
Till the laſt trump. For charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, ſhould be thrown on her;
Yet here ſhe is allow'd her virgin-chants,
Her maiden ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial *.
Laee. Muſt no more be done?
Prieſt. No more be done!
We ſhould profane the ſervice of the dead,
To ſing a *Requiem*, and ſuch reſt to her
As to peace-parted ſouls.
Laer. Lay her i' th' earth;
" And from her fair and unpolluted fleſh
" May violets ſpring! I tell thee, churliſh prieſt,
" A miniſtring angel ſhall my ſiſter be,
" When thou lieſt howling.
Ham What, the fair Ophelia!
Queen. Sweets to the ſweet, farewel!
I hop'd thou ſhould'ſt have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, ſweet maid,
And not have ſtrew'd thy grave.
Laer. O treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that curſed head,
Whoſe wicked deed thy moſt ingenious ſenſe
Depriv'd thee of! Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in my arms;
[Laertes *leaps into the grave.*
Now pile your duſt upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
T' o'ertop old Pelion, or the ſkyiſh head
Of blue Olympus.
Ham [*diſcovering himſelf.*] What is he whoſe griefs
Bear ſuch an emphaſis? whoſe phraſe of ſorrow
Conjures the wand'ring ſtars, and makes them ſtand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
[Hamlet *leaps into the grave.*

* *Burial* here ſignifies interment in conſecrated ground.

Hamlet

Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The devil take thy ſoul! [*Grappling with him.*

Ham. Thou pray'ſt not well.
I pry'thee, take thy fingers from my throat———
For though I am not ſplenitive and raſh,
Yet have I in me ſomething dangerous,
Which let thy wiſdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them aſunder———

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet———

Hor. Good my Lord, be quiet.

[*The attendants part them.*

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen. Oh my ſon! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thouſand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my ſum. What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. Come, ſhew me what thou'lt do. [ſelf?
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't faſt? woo't tear thy-
Woo't drink up eiſel, eat a crocodile?
I'll do't——Doſt thou come hither but to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her; and ſo will I;
And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate againſt the burning ſun,
Make Oſſa like a wart! nay, an' thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madneſs;
And thus a while the fit will work on him:
" Anon as patient as the female dove,
" Ere that her golden couplets are diſclos'd,
" His ſilence will ſit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, Sir———
What is the reaſon that you uſe me thus?
I lov'd you ever; but it is no matter———
Let Hercules himſelf do what he may,
The cat will mew, the dog will have his day. [*Exit.*

King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.

[*Exit* Hor.

Strengthen

Strengthen your patience in our laſt night's ſpeech.
[*To* Laertes.
We'll put the matter to the preſent puſh.
Good Gertrude, ſet ſome watch over your ſon.
This grave ſhall have a living monument.
An hour of quiet ſhortly ſhall we ſee;
Till then in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Changes to a hall in the palace.*

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, now ſhall you ſee the other.
You do remember all the circumſtance?
Hor. Remember it, my Lord?
Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me ſleep; methought I lay
Worſe than the mutines in the bilboes; raſhneſs
(And prais'd be raſhneſs for it) lets us know;
Our indiſcretion ſometimes ſerves us well,
When our deep plots do fail; "and that ſhould teach us,
"There's a divinity that ſhapes our ends,
"Rough-hew them how we will.
Hor. That is moſt certain.
Ham. Up from my cabbin,
My ſea-gown ſcarſt about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them; had my deſire
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again; making ſo bold
(My fears forgetting manners) to unſeal
Their grand commiſſion, where I found, Horatio,
A royal knavery; an exact command,
Larded with many ſeveral ſorts of reaſons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! ſuch buggs and goblins in my life;
That on the ſuperviſe, no leiſure bated*,
No, not to ſtay the grinding of the ax,
My head ſhould be ſtruck off.
Hor. Is't poſſible?
Ham. Here's the commiſſion, read it at more leiſure;
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?
Hor. I beſeech you.

* *bated*, for *allowed*.

Ham.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villains,
(Ere I could mark the prologue to my bane
They had begun the play), I ſat me down,
Devis'd a new commiſſion, wrote it fair:
(I once did hold it, as our ſtatiſts do,
A baſeneſs to write fair; and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, Sir, now
It did me yeoman's ſervice): wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my Lord.

Ham. An earneſt conjuration from the King,
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them, like the palm, might flouriſh,
As Peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland wear,
And ſtand a commere 'tween their amities;
And many ſuch like *as's* of great charge;
That on the view and knowing theſe contents,
Without debatement further, more or leſs,
He ſhould the bearers put to ſudden death,
Not ſhriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this ſeal'd?

Ham. Why, ev'n in that was heaven ordinant;
I had my father's ſignet in my purſe,
Which was the model of that Daniſh ſeal:
I folded the writ up in form of th' other,
Subſcrib'd it, gave th' impreſſion, plac'd it ſafely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our ſea-fight, and what to this was ſequent,
Thou know'ſt already,

Hor. So, Guildenſtern and Roſincrantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment.———
They are not near my conſcience; their defeat
Doth by their own inſinuation * grow.
" 'Tis dangerous when the baſer nature comes
" Between the paſs and fell incenſed points
" Of mighty oppoſites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this?

Ham. Does it not, think'ſt thou, ſtand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my mother,

* *inſinuation*, for *corruptly obtruding themſelves into his ſervice.*

Popt in between th'election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with ſuch cozenage; is't not perfect conſcience,
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It muſt be ſhortly known to him from England,
What is the iſſue of the buſineſs there.

Ham. It will be ſhort.
The *interim*'s mine; and a man's life's no more
Than to ſay, one.
But I am very ſorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myſelf;
For by the image of my cauſe I ſee
The portraiture of his; I'll court his favour:
But, ſure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a tow'ring paſſion.

Hor. Peace, who comes here?

SCENE IV. *Enter* Oſrick.

Oſr. Your Lordſhip is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, Sir. Doſt know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good Lord.

Ham. Thy ſtate is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him: he hath much land, and fertile; let a beaſt be lord of beaſts, and his crib ſhall ſtand at the King's meſſe; 'tis a chough; but, as I ſay, ſpacious in the poſſeſſion of dirt.

Oſr. Sweet Lord, if your Lordſhip were at leiſure, I ſhould impart a thing to you from his Majeſty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of ſpirit: your bonnet to his right uſe,———'tis for the head.

Oſr. I thank your Lordſhip, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Oſr. It is indifferent cold, my Lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet methinks it is very ſultry, and hot, or my complexion———

Oſr. Exceedingly, my Lord; it is very ſultry, as 'twere, I cannot tell how.———My Lord, his Majeſty bid

bid me ſignify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter——

Ham. I beſeech you, remember——

Oſr. Nay, in good faith, for mine eaſe, in good faith.——Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an abſolute gentleman, full of moſt excellent differences, of very ſoft ſociety, and great ſhew: indeed, to ſpeak feelingly of him, he is the card or kalendar of gentry; for you ſhall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would ſee.

Ham. Sir, his definement ſuffers no perdition in you; tho' I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but ſlow neither in reſpect of his quick ſail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a ſoul of great article; and his infuſion of ſuch dearth and rareneſs, as, to make true diction of him, his ſemblable is his mirrour, and who elſe would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Oſr. Your Lordſhip ſpeaks moſt infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, Sir?——Why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath? [*To* Horatio.

Oſr. Sir,——

Hor. Is't not poſſible to underſtand in another tongue? you will do't, Sir, rarely.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Oſr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purſe is empty already: all's golden words are ſpent.

Ham. Of him, Sir.

Oſr. I know you are not ignorant,——

Ham. I would you did, Sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me——Well, Sir.

Oſr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is.

Ham. I dare not confeſs that, leſt I ſhould compare with him in excellence: but to know a man well, were to know himſelf.

Oſr. I mean, Sir, for his weapon: but in the imputation laid on him by them in his meed, he's unfellow'd.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Oſr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Oſr. The King, Sir, has wag'd with him ſix Barbary horſes, againſt the which he has impon'd, as I take it, ſix French rapiers and poniards, with their aſſigns, as girdle, hangers, and ſo: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very reſponſive to the hilts, moſt delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew you muſt be edified by the margent, ere you had done. [*Aſide.*

Oſr. The carriages, Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phraſe would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our ſides; I would it might be hangers till then. But, on; ſix Barbary horſes againſt ſix French ſwords, their aſſigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet againſt the Daniſh; why is this impon'd, as you call it?

Oſr. The King, Sir, hath laid, that in a dozen paſſes between you and him, he ſhall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your Lordſhip would vouchſafe the anſwer.

Ham. How if I anſwer no?

Oſr. I mean, my Lord, the oppoſition of your perſon in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall; if it pleaſe his Majeſty, 'tis the breathing-time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpoſe, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I'll gain nothing but my ſhame, and the odd hits.

Oſr. Shall I deliver you ſo?

Ham. To this effect, Sir, after what flouriſh your nature will.

Oſr. I commend my duty to your Lordſhip. [*Exit.*

Ham. Your's, your's; he does well to commend it himſelf, there are no tongues elſe for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the ſhell on his head.

Ham. He did compliment with his dug before he ſuck'd it. Thus has he (and many more of the ſame breed, that I know the droſſy age doats on) only got the

the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yeſty collection, which carries them through and through the moſt fann'd and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trials, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Majeſty commended him to you by young Oſrick; who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he ſends to know if your pleaſure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am conſtant to my purpoſes, they follow the King's pleaſure; if his fitneſs ſpeaks, mine is ready, now, or whenſoever, provided I be ſo able as now.

Lord. The King and Queen, and all, are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queen deſires you to uſe ſome gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well inſtructs me. [*Exit Lord.*

Hor. You will loſe this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I do not think ſo; ſince he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I ſhall win at the odds. But thou wouldſt not think how ill all's here about my heart,——but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, my good Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is ſuch a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind diſlike any thing, obey it. I will foreſtal their repair hither, and ſay you art not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a ſpecial providence in the fall of a ſparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now: if it be not now, yet it will come; the readineſs is all. Since no man, of ought he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

SCENE V.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, *and Lords,* Oſrick, *with other Attendants with foils and gauntlets. A table, and flaggons of wine on it.*

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me. [*Gives him the hand of* Laertes.

Ham. Give me your pardon, Sir; I've done you
But pardon't, as you are a gentleman. [wrong;
This preſence knows, and you muſt needs have heard,
How I am puniſh'd with a ſore diſtraction.
What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception,
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madneſs:
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? never, Hamlet.
If Hamlet from himſelf be ta'en away,
And when he's not himſelf, does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not; Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? his madneſs. If't be ſo,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madneſs is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Let my diſclaiming from a purpos'd evil,
Free me ſo far in your moſt generous thoughts,
That I have ſhot mine arrow o'er the houſe,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am ſatisfied in nature,
Whoſe motive, in this caſe, ſhould ſtir me moſt
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I ſtand aloof, and will no reconcilement;
'Till by ſome elder maſters of known honour
I have a voice, and preſident of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely,
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your ſkill ſhall like a ſtar i'th' darkeſt night
Stick fiery off, indeed.

Laer.

Laer. You mock me, Sir.
Ham. No, by this hand.
King. Give them the foils, young Oſrick.
Hamlet, you know the wager.
Ham. Well, my Lord;
Your Grace hath laid the odds o' th' weaker ſide.
King. I do not fear it, I have ſeen you both:
But ſince he's better'd, we have therefore odds.
Laer. This is too heavy, let me ſee another.
Ham. This likes me well; theſe foils have all a length.
[*Prepares to play.*
Oſr. Ay, my good Lord.
King. Set me the ſtoops of wine upon that table:
If Hamlet gives the firſt or ſecond hit,
Or quit in anſwer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The King ſhall drink to Hamlet's better breath:
And in the cup an union * ſhall he throw,
Richer than that which four ſucceſſive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups:
And let the kettle to the trumpets ſpeak,
The trumpets to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heav'ns, the heav'ns to earth:
Now the King drinks to Hamlet.——Come, begin,
And you the judges bear a wary eye.
Ham. Come on, Sir.
Laer. Come, my Lord. [*They play.*
Ham. One———
Laer. No———
Ham. Judgment.
Oſr. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laer. Well——again———
King. Stay, give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine,
Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.
[*Trumpets ſound, ſhot goes off.*
Ham. I'll play this bout firſt, ſet it by a while.
[*They play.*
Come——another hit——what ſay you?
Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confeſs.

* *Union* hath been a name in all times given to one of the richeſt ſorts of pearls. See *Plin. nat. hiſt.*

King.

King. Our ſon ſhall win.
Queen. He's fat, and ſcant of breath.
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows;
The Queen carouſes to thy fortune, Hamlet.
Ham. Good Madam,———
King. Gertrude, do not drink.
Queen. I will, my Lord; I pray you pardon me.
[*Drinks.*
King. It is the poiſon'd cup, it is too late. [*Aſide.*
Ham. I dare not drink yet, Madam, by and by.
Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. I'll hit him now.
King. I do not think't.
Laer. And yet it is almoſt againſt my conſcience.
[*Aſide.*
Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes, you but dally;
I pray you paſs with your beſt violence;
I am afraid you make a wanton of me.
Laer. Say you ſo? come on. [*Play.*
Oſr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Have at you now.
[Laertes *wounds* Hamlet; *then, in ſcuffling, they change rapiers, and* Hamlet *wounds* Laertes.
King. Part them, they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay, come again———
Oſr. Look to the Queen there, ho!
Hor. They bleed on both ſides. How is't, my Lord?
Oſr. How is't, Laertes?
Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own ſpringe, Oſ-
I'm juſtly kill'd with mine own treachery. [rick,
Ham. How does the Queen?
King. She ſwoons to ſee them bleed.
Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink———
Oh my dear Hamlet, the drink, the drink,———
I am poiſon'd——— [*Queen dies.*
Ham. Oh villany! ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! ſeek it out———
Laer. It is here. Hamlet, thou art ſlain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treach'rous inſtrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and invenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itſelf on me. Lo, here I lie,

Never

Never to riſe again; thy mother's poiſon'd;
I can no more——the King, the King's to blame.
Ham. The point invenom'd too?
Then, venom, do thy work. [*Stabs the King.*
All. Treaſon, treaſon.
King. O yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Here, thou inceſtuous, murth'rous, damned
Drink off this potion: is the union here? [Dane,
Follow my mother. [*King dies.*
Laer. He is juſtly ſerved.
It is a poiſon temper'd by himſelf.
Exchange forgiveneſs with me, Noble Hamlet;
Mine and my father's death come not on thee,
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*
Ham. Heav'n make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I'm dead, Horatio; wretched Queen, adieu!
You that look pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, (as this fell ſerjeant Death
Is ſtrict in his arreſt), oh, I could tell you——
But let it be——Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'ſt, report me and my cauſe aright
To the unſatisfied.
Hor. Never believe it.
I'm more an antic Roman than a Dane;
Here's yet ſome liquor left.
Ham. As th' art a man,
Give me the cup; let go; by heav'n I'll have't.
Oh good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things ſtanding thus unknown, ſhall live behind me?
If thou didſt ever hold me in thy heart,
Abſent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harſh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my tale. [*March afar off, and ſhout within.*
What warlike noiſe is this?

SCENE VI. *Enter* Oſrick.

Oſr. Young Fortinbras, with conqueſt come from Poland,
To the ambaſſadors of England gives [
This warlike volley.
Ham. O I die, Horatio:
The potent poiſon quite o'ergrows my ſpirit;

I cannot live to hear the news from England.
But I do propheſy, th' election lights
On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents more or leſs,
Which have ſolicited *.——The reſt is ſilence. [*Dies.*
Hor. Now cracks a noble heart! good night, ſweet Prince;
And flights of angels wing thee to thy reſt!
Why does the drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbras *and Engliſh Ambaſſadors, with drum, colours, and attendants.*

Fort. Where is this ſight?
Hor. What is it you would ſee?
If aught of woe or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch.
Fort. This quarry cries——on havock. Oh proud Death!
What feaſt is tow'rd in thy infernal cell,
That thou ſo many princes at a ſhot
So bloodily haſt ſtruck?
Amb. The ſight is diſmal,
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are ſenſeleſs that ſhould give us hearing;
To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Roſincrantz and Guildenſtern are dead.
Where ſhould we have our thanks?
Hor. Not from his mouth †,
Had it th' ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But ſince ſo jump upon this bloody queſtion,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd; give order, that theſe bodies
High on a ſtage be placed to the view,
And let me ſpeak to th' yet unknowing world,
How theſe things came about. So ſhall you hear
Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, caſual ſlaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cauſe;
And, in this upſhot, purpoſes miſtook,
Fall'n on th' inventors' heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

* *ſolicited*, for *brought on the event.*
† *i.e.* the King's.

Fort.

Fort. Let us haſte to hear it,
And call the Nobleſſe to the audience.
For me, with ſorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have ſome rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim, my vantage doth invite me.
Hor. Of that I ſhall have alſo cauſe to ſpeak,
And from his mouth whoſe voice will draw on more:
But let this ſame be preſently perform'd,
Even while mens' minds are wild, leſt more miſchance]
On plots and errors happen.
Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a ſoldier, to the ſtage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd moſt royally. And for his paſſage,
The ſoldiers' muſic, and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him———
Take up the body: ſuch a ſight as this
Becomes the field, but here ſhews much amiſs.
Go, bid the ſoldiers ſhoot.

[*Exeunt marching: after which a peal of ordnance is ſhot off.*

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE *of Venice.*
Brabantio, *a Noble Venetian.*
Gratiano, *brother to Brabantio.*
Lodovico, *kinſman to Brabantio and Gratiano.*
Othello, *the Moor, General for the Venetians in Cyprus.*
Caſſio, *his Lieutenant-General.*
Iago, *ſtandard-bearer to Othello.*
Rodorigo, *a fooliſh gentleman, in love with Deſdemona.*
Montano, *the Moor's predeceſſor in the government of Cyprus.*
Clown, ſervant to the Moor.
Herald.
Deſdemona, *daughter to Brabantio, and wife to Othello.*
Æmilia, *wife to Iago.* [*Caſſio.*
Bianca, *a courtezan, miſtreſs to*
Officers, Gentlemen, Meſſengers, Muſicians, Sailors, and Attendants.

SCENE, for the firſt act, in Venice; during the reſt of the play, in Cyprus.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A ſtreet in Venice.

Enter Rodorigo *and* Iago.

Rod. TUſh, never tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago, who haſt had my purſe,
As if the ſtrings were thine, ſhouldſt know of this———

Iago. But you'll not hear me.
If ever I did dream of ſuch a matter, abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'ſt me, thou didſt hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Deſpiſe me,
If I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In perſonal ſuit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-cap'd to him: and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I'm worth no worſe a place.
But he, as loving his own pride and purpoſe,

* The ſtory is taken from Cynthio's novels.

Evades

Evades them with a bombaſt circumſtance,
Horribly ſtuft with epithets of war,
And, in concluſion,
Non-ſuits my mediators. Certes, ſays he,
I have already choſe my officer.
And what was he?
Forſooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Caſſio,——(A Florentine's
A fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair wife,——)
That never ſet a ſquadron in the field,
Nor the diviſion of a battle knows
More than a ſpinſter; but the bookiſh theoric,
Wherein the toged conſuls * can propoſe
As maſterly as he; mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his ſoldierſhip——he had th' election;
And I, of whom his eyes had ſeen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds,
Chriſtian and Heathen, muſt be let and calm'd
By *debtor* and *creditor*, this *counter-caſter*;
He, in good time, muſt his lieutenant be,
And I (God bleſs the mark!) his Moorſhip's ancient.

Rod. By Heav'n, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curſe of ſervice;
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not (as of old) gradation, where each ſecond
Stood heir to th' firſt. Now, Sir, be judge yourſelf,
If I in any juſt term am aſſign'd
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O Sir, content you;
I follow him to ſerve my turn upon him.
We cannot all be maſters, nor all maſters
Cannot be truly follow'd. "You ſhall mark
" Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
" That, doating on his own obſequious bondage,
" Wears out his time, much like his maſter's aſs,
" For nought but provender; and when he's old, caſhier'd;
" Whip me ſuch honeſt knaves——Others there are,
" Who, trimm'd in forms and viſages of duty,

* *conſuls*, for *counſ'lors*.

" Keep yet their hearts attending on themſelves;
" And, throwing but ſhows of ſervice on their Lords,
" Well thrive by them; and when they've lin'd their coats,
" Do themſelves homage. Theſe folks have ſome ſoul,
And ſuch a one do I profeſs myſelf.
It is as ſure as you are Rodorigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myſelf;
Heav'n is my judge, not I, for love and duty;
But ſeeming ſo, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonſtrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In complement * extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my ſleeve,
For daws to peck at; I'm not what I ſeem.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry her thus?

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouſe him, make after him, poiſon his delight;
Proclaim him in the ſtreets, incenſe her kinſmen;
And tho' he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies; tho' that his joy be joy,
Yet throw ſuch changes of vexation on't,
As it may loſe ſome colour.

Rod. Here is her father's houſe, I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
" As when, by night and negligence, the fire
" Is ſpred in populous cities."

Rod. What, ho! Brabantio! Signior Brabantio! ho.

Iago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! ho! thieves! thieves!
Look to your houſe, your daughter and your bags:
Thieves! thieves!

SCENE II.

Brabantio *appears above at a window.*

Bra. What is the reaſon of this terrible ſummons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

* complement, *i. e.* fulneſs.

Iago.

Iago. Are all doors lock'd?
Bra. Why? wherefore aſk you this?
Iago. Zounds! Sir, you're robb'd: for ſhame, put on your gown;
Your heart is burſt, you have loſt half your ſoul;
Ev'n now, ev'n very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Ariſe, ariſe,
Awake the ſnorting citizens with the bell,
Or elſe the devil will make a grandſire of you.
Ariſe, I ſay.
Bra. What, have you loſt your wits?
Rod. Moſt Reverend Signior, do you know my voice?
Bra. Not I; what are you?
Rod. My name is *Rodorigo.*
Bra. The worſe welcome;
I've charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honeſt plainneſs thou haſt heard me ſay,
My daughter's not for thee. And now in madneſs,
Being full of ſupper and diſtemp'ring draughts,
Upon malicious bravery doſt thou come
To ſtart my quiet.
Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir———
Bra. But thou muſt needs be ſure,
My ſpirit and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience, good Sir.
Bra. What tell'ſt thou me of robbing? this is Venice:
My houſe is not a grange.
Rod. Moſt grave Brabantio,
In ſimple and pure ſoul I come to you.
Iago. Zounds! Sir, you are one of thoſe that will not ſerve God, if the devil bid you. Becauſe we come to do you ſervice, you think we are ruffians; you'll have your daughter cover'd with a Barbary horſe, you'll have your nephews neigh to you, you'll have courſers for couſins, and gennets for germanes.
Bra. What profane wretch art thou?
Iago. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beaſt with two backs.
Bra. Thou art a villain.
Iago. You are a ſenator.

Bra. This thou ſhalt anſwer. I know thee, Rodorigo.
Rod. Sir, I will anſwer any thing. But I beſeech you,
If't be your pleaſure and moſt wiſe conſent,
(As partly I find it is), that your fair daughter
Be at this odd even and dull watch o' th' night,
Tranſported with no worſe nor better guard,
But with a knave of hire, a Gundalier,
To the groſs claſps of a laſcivious Moor;
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and ſaucy wrongs.
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That from the ſenſe of all civility
I thus would play, and trifle with your reverence.
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I ſay again, hath made a groſs revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
To an extravagant and wheeling ſtranger,
Of here and every where; ſtraight ſatisfy yourſelf.
If ſhe be in her chamber, or your houſe,
Let looſe on me the juſtice of the ſtate
For thus deluding you.
Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper;——call up all my people;——
This accident is not unlike my dream,
Belief of it oppreſſes me already.
Light, I ſay, light! [*Exit* Brabantio *from above.*
Iago, Farewel; for I muſt leave you.
It ſeems not meet, nor wholſome to my place,
To be produc'd (as, if I ſtay, I ſhall)
Againſt the Moor. For I do know, the ſtate,
However this may gall him with ſome check,
Cannot with ſafety caſt him. For he's imbark'd
With ſuch loud reaſon to the Cyprus wars,
Which ev'n now ſtand in act, that, for their ſouls,
Another of his fadom they have none,
To lead their buſineſs. In which regard,
Tho' I do hate him as I do hell's pains,
Yet, for neceſſity of preſent life,
I muſt ſhew out a flag and ſign of love:
Which is indeed but ſign. That you may ſurely find him,

Lead

Lead to the Sagittary the raiſed ſearch;
And there will I be with him. So, farewel. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Brabantio, *and Servants with torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil. Gone ſhe is;
And what's to come of my deſpited * time,
Is nought but bitterneſs. Now, Rodorigo,
Where didſt thou ſee her? oh unhappy girl!
With the Moor, ſaidſt thou? who would be a father?
How didſt thou know 'twas ſhe? oh, ſhe deceives me
Paſt thought——What ſaid ſhe to you? get more tapers——
Raiſe all my kindred——are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly I think they are.

Bra. O Heaven! how gat ſhe out?
Oh treaſon of my blood!
Fathers, from hence truſt not your daughters' minds
By what you ſee them act. Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? have you not read, Rodorigo,
Of ſome ſuch thing?

Rod. Yes, Sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother: oh, 'would you had had
Some one way, ſome another——Do you know her!
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can diſcover him, if you pleaſe
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you lead on. At every houſe I'll call,
I may command at moſt; get weapons, hoa!
And raiſe ſome ſpecial officers of might:
On, good Rodorigo, I'll deſerve your pains. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to another ſtreet before the Sagittary.

Enter Othello, Iago, *and Attendants with torches.*

Iago. Tho' in the trade of war I have ſlain men,
Yet do I hold it very ſtuff o' th' conſcience

* *i. e.* vexatious.

To do no contriv'd murther: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me ſervice.———Nine or ten times
I thought to've jerk'd him here under the ribs.
Oth. 'Tis better as it is.
Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And ſpoke ſuch ſcurvy and provoking terms
Againſt your honour;
That, with the little godlineſs I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray, Sir,
Are you faſt married? for, be ſure of this,
That the Magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double * as the Duke's: he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what reſtraint or grievance
The law (with all his might t' inforce it on)
Will give him cable.
Oth. Let him do his ſpight:
My ſervices, which I have done the ſignory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boaſting is an honour,
I ſhall promulgate), I fetch my life and being
From men of royal ſiege; and my demerits
May ſpeak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Deſdemona,
I would not my unhouſed free condition
Put into circumſcription and confine,
For the ſea's worth. But look! what lights come yon-[der?

SCENE V. *Enter* Caſſio *with torches.*

Iago. Thoſe are the raiſed father, and his friends:
You were beſt go in.
Oth. Not I: I muſt be found.
My parts, my title, and my perfect ſoul,
Shall manifeſt me rightly. Is it they?
Iago. By Janus, I think, no.
Oth. The ſervants of the Duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodneſs of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?
Caſ. The Duke does greet you, General;
And he requires your haſte, poſt-haſte, appearance,

* *i. e.* as large or extenſive.

Ev'n

Ev'n on the inſtant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Caſ. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;
It is a buſineſs of ſome heat. The gallies
Have ſent a dozen ſequent meſſengers
This very night at one anothers heels:
And many of the conſuls rais'd and met,
Are at the Duke's already. You have been hotly call'd
When, being not at your lodging to be found, [for,
The ſenate ſent above three ſeveral queſts,
To ſearch you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will but ſpend a word here in the houſe,
And go with you. [*Exit* Othello.

Caſ. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land-carrack;
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Caſ. I do not underſtand.

Iago. He's married.

Caſ. To whom?

Iago. Marry to——Come, Captain, will you go?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Have with you.

Caſ. Here comes another troop to ſeek for you.

SCENE VI.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, *with Officers and torches.*

Iago. It is Brabantio: General, be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla! ſtand there.

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!

[*They draw on both ſides.*

Iago. You, Rodorigo! come, Sir, I am for you——

Oth. Keep up your bright ſwords, for the dew will ruſt 'em.
Good Signior, you ſhall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief! where haſt thou ſtow'd my daughter?

Damn'd

Damn'd as thou art, thou haſt inchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of ſenſe,
If ſhe in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid, ſo tender, fair, and happy,
So oppoſite to marriage, that ſhe ſhunn'd
The wealthy culled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, t' incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the ſooty boſom
Of ſuch a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight?
Judge me the world, if 'tis not groſs in ſenſe,
That thou haſt practis'd on her with foul charms,
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals,
That weaken notion.——— I'll have't diſputed on;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
For an abuſer of the world, a practiſer
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant;
Lay hold upon him; if he do reſiſt,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the reſt.
Were it my cue to fight, I ſhould have known it
Without a prompter. Where will you I go
To anſwer this your charge?

Bra. To priſon, till fit time
Of law, and courſe of direct ſeſſion,
Call thee to anſwer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith ſatisfied,
Whoſe meſſengers are here about my ſide,
Upon ſome preſent buſineſs of the ſtate,
To bring me to him?

Off. True, moſt worthy Signior,
The Duke's in council; and your noble ſelf,
I'm ſure, is ſent for.

Bra. How! the Duke in council?
In this time of the night? bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cauſe. The Duke himſelf,
Or any of my brothers of the ſtate,
Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own;
For if ſuch actions may have paſſage free,
Bond-ſlaves and Pagans ſhall our ſtateſmen be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VII. *Changes to the ſenate-houſe.*

Duke and Senators, ſet at a table with lights, and Attendants.

Duke. There is no compoſition * in theſe news,
That gives them credit.
1 *Sen.* Indeed they're diſproportion'd;
My letters ſay, a hundred and ſeven gallies.
Duke. And mine a hundred and forty.
2 *Sen.* And mine two hundred.
But tho' they jump not on a juſt account,
(As in theſe caſes, where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with diff'rence); yet do they all confirm
A Turkiſh fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.
Duke. Nay, it is poſſible enough to judgment;
I do not ſo ſecure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful ſenſe.
[*Sailor within.*] What hoa! what hoa! what hoa!

Enter Sailor.

Off. A meſſenger from the gallies.
Duke. Now!——what's the buſineſs?
Sail. The Turkiſh preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the ſtate.
Duke. How ſay you by this change?
1 *Sen.* This cannot be,
By no aſſay of reaſon. 'Tis a pageant,
To keep us in falſe gaze; when we conſider
Th' importancy of Cyprus to the Turk,
And let ourſelves again but underſtand,
That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile queſtion bear it;
For that it ſtands not in ſuch warlike brace,
But altogether lacks th' abilities
That Rhodes is dreſs'd in. If we make thought of this,
We muſt not think the Turk is ſo unſkilful,
To leave that lateſt which concerns him firſt;
Neglecting an attempt of eaſe and gain,
To wake, and wage, a danger profitleſs.

* *compoſition*, for *conſiſtency, concordancy.*

Duke.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for Rhodes.
Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. The Ottomites, (reverend and gracious),
Steering with due courſe toward the iſle of Rhodes,
Have there injoin'd them with an after-fleet——
1 *Sen.* Ay, ſo I thought; how many, as you gueſs?
Meſſ. Of thirty ſail; and now they do re-ſtem
Their backward courſe, bearing with frank appearance
Their purpoſes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your truſty and moſt valiant ſervitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.
Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus: Marcus Luc-
Is he not here in town? [cicos,
1 *Sen.* He's now in Florence.
Duke. Write from us to him, poſt, poſt-haſte, diſpatch.
1 *Sen.* Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

SCENE VIII.

To them, enter Brabantio, Othello, Caſſio, Iago, Rodorigo, *and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant Othello, we muſt ſtraight employ you,
Againſt the general enemy Ottoman.
I did not ſee you; welcome, gentle Signior: [*To* Brab.
We lack'd your counſel and your help to-night.
Bra. So did I your's; good your Grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of buſineſs,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general
Take hold on me: for my particular grief
Is of ſo flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it ingluts and ſwallows other ſorrows,
And yet is ſtill itſelf.
Duke. Why? what's the matter?
Bra. My daughter! oh, my daughter!——
Sen. Dead?——
Bra. To me;
She is abus'd, ſtolen from me, and corrupted
By ſpells and medicines, bought of mountebanks;
For nature ſo prepoſterouſly to err,

(Being

(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of ſenſe),
Sans witchcraft could not———

Duke. Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herſelf,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You ſhall yourſelf read in the bitter letter,
After your own ſenſe; yea, though our proper ſon
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace.
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it ſeems,
Your ſpecial mandate, for the ſtate-affairs,
Hath hither brought.

All. We're very ſorry for't.

Duke. What in your own part can you ſay to this?
[*To* Othel.

Bra. Nothing, but this is ſo.

Oth. Moſt potent, grave, and reverend Signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good maſters;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is moſt true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in my ſpeech,
And little bleſs'd with the ſet phraſe of peace;
For ſince theſe arms of mine had ſeven years' pith,
Till now, ſome nine moons waſted, they have us'd
Their deareſt action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I ſpeak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe,
In ſpeaking for myſelf. Yet, by your patience,
I will a round unvarniſh'd tale deliver,
Of my whole courſe of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For ſuch proceeding I am charg'd withal),
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden, never bold;
Of ſpirit ſo ſtill and quiet, that her motion
Bluſh'd at itſelf; and ſhe, in ſpight of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what ſhe fear'd to look on——
It is a judgment maim'd, and moſt imperfect,
That will confeſs, perfection ſo could err

Againſt

Againſt all rules of nature; and muſt be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this ſhould be. I therefore vouch again,
That with ſome mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with ſome dram, conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more certain and more overt teſt,
Than theſe thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern ſeeming do prefer againſt him.

1 *Sen.* But, Othello, ſpeak;
Did you by indirect and forced courſes
Subdue and poiſon this young maid's affections?
Or came it by requeſt, and ſuch fair queſtion
As ſoul to ſoul affordeth?

Oth. I beſeech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her ſpeak of me before her father.
If you do find me foul in her report,
The truſt, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your ſentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Deſdemona hither. [*Exeunt two or three.*

Oth. Ancient, conduct them, you beſt know the place.
[*Exit* Iago.

And till ſhe come, as truly as to heav'n
I do confeſs the vices of my blood,
So juſtly to your grave ears I'll preſent
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And ſhe in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still queſtion'd me the ſtory of my life,
From year to year; the battles, ſieges, fortunes,
That I have paſt.
I ran it through, e'en from my boyiſh days,
To th' very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I ſpoke of moſt diſaſtrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'ſcapes in th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the inſolent foe,
And ſold to ſlavery; of my redemption thence,

And

And with it all my travel's hiſtory:
Wherein of antres vaſt, and deſarts idle *,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whoſe heads touch heav'n,
It was my hent to ſpeak. † All theſe to hear
Would Deſdemona ſeriouſly incline.
But ſtill the houſe-affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as ſhe could with haſte diſpatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my diſcourſe: which I obſerving,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate;
Whereof by parcels ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not diſtinctively. I did conſent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did ſpeak of ſome diſtreſsful ſtroke
That my youth ſuffer'd. My ſtory being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of ſighs.
She ſwore, in faith, 'twas ſtrange, 'twas paſſing ſtrange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful———
She wiſh'd ſhe had not heard it;——yet ſhe wiſh'd
That heav'n had made her ſuch a man:——ſhe thank'd
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her, [me,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
And that would wooe her. On this hint I ſpake;
She lov'd me for the dangers I had paſt;
And I lov'd her, that ſhe did pity them.
This only is the witchraft I have us'd.
Here comes the lady, let her witneſs it.

SCENE IX.

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, *and Attendants.*

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too—
Good Brabantio,

* *idle*, for *barren*.

† It was my hent to ſpeak. Such was the proceſs;
And of the Canibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi; and men whoſe heads
Do grow beneath their ſhoulders. All theſe to hear
Would Deſdemona, *&c.*

Take up this mangled matter at the beſt.
Men do their broken weapons rather uſe,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you hear her ſpeak.
If ſhe confeſs that ſhe was half the wooer,
Deſtruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man! Come hither, gentle miſtreſs,
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where you muſt owe obedience?

Deſ. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty.
To you I'm bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to reſpect you. You're the lord of duty;
I'm hitherto your daughter. But here's my huſband:
And ſo much duty as my mother ſhew'd
To you, preferring you before her father;
So much I challenge, that I may profeſs
Due to the Moor, my Lord.

Bra. God be with you. I have done.
Pleaſe it your Grace, on to the ſtate-affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.
Come hither, Moor.
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou haſt already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. For your ſake, jewel,
I'm glad at ſoul I have no other child;
For thy eſcape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my Lord.

Duke. Let me ſpeak like ourſelf; and lay a ſentence,
Which, as a griſe, or ſtep, may help theſe lovers
Into your favour———
When remedies are paſt, the griefs are ended
By ſeeing the worſt, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a miſchief that is paſt and gone,
Is the next way to draw new miſchief on.
What cannot be preſerv'd when Fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that ſmiles, ſteals ſomething from the thief;
He robs himſelf, that ſpends a bootleſs grief.

Bra. So, let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile,
We loſe it not, ſo long as we can ſmile.

He

He bears the ſentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
But he bears both the ſentence and the ſorrow,
That, to pay grief, muſt of poor patience borrow.
Theſe ſentences to ſugar, or to gall,
Being ſtrong on both ſides, are equivocal.
But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pieced through the ear.——
Beſeech you, now to the affairs o' th' ſtate.

Duke. The Turk, with a moſt mighty preparation, makes for Cyprus. Othello, the fortitude of the place is beſt known to you. And though we have there a ſubſtitute of moſt allowed ſufficiency; yet opinion, a ſovereign miſtreſs of effects, throws a more ſafe voice on you; you muſt therefore be content to ſlubber the gloſs of your new fortunes, with this more ſtubborn and boiſterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant cuſtom, moſt grave ſenators,
Hath made the flinty and ſteel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agniſe
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardneſs; and do undertake
This preſent war againſt the Ottomites.
Moſt humbly therefore bending to your ſtate,
I crave fit diſpoſition for my wife,
Due reference of place and exhibition;
With ſuch accommodation and beſort
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. Why, at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it ſo.

Oth. Nor I.

Def. Nor would I there reſide,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Moſt gracious Duke,
To my unfolding lend your gracious ear,
And let me find a charter in your voice
T'aſſiſt my ſimpleneſs.

Duke. What would you, Deſdemona?

Def. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and ſtorm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world. My heart's ſubdu'd
Ev'n to the very quality of my Lord.

I ſaw Othello's viſage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my ſoul and fortunes conſecrate.
So that, dear Lords, if I be left behind
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rights for which I love him, are bereſt me;
And I a heavy interim ſhall ſupport
By his dear abſence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, Lords; beſeech you, let her will
Have a free way. I therefore beg it not,
To pleaſe the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat, the young affects
In my defunct and proper ſatisfaction *;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.
And heav'n defend your good ſouls, that you think,
I will your ſerious and great buſineſs ſcant,
For ſhe is with me.——No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid foil with wanton dulneſs
My ſpeculative and offic'd inſtruments,
That my diſports corrupt and taint my buſineſs;
Let houſewives make a ſkillet of my helm,
And all indign and baſe adverſities
Make head againſt my eſtimation.

Duke. Be it as you ſhall privately determine,
Or for her ſtay or going; the affair cries haſte;
And ſpeed muſt anſwer. You muſt hence to-night.

Def. To-night, my Lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' th' morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave ſome officer behind,
And he ſhall our commiſſion bring to you;
And ſuch things elſe of quality and reſpect
As doth import you.

Oth. Pleaſe your Grace, my Ancient;
(A man he is of honeſty and truſt),
To his conveyance I aſſign my wife,
With what elſe needful your good Grace ſhall think
To be ſent after me.

Duke. Let it be ſo;

* *i. e.* with that heat and new affections which the indulgence of my appetite has raiſed and created.

Good

Good night to every one. And, Noble Signior,
If virtue no belighted * beauty lack,
Your ſon-in-law is far more fair than black.

Sen. Adieu, brave Moor, uſe Deſdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou haſt eyes to ſee;
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exit Duke with Senators.*

Oth. My life upon her faith ——Honeſt Iago,
My Deſdemona muſt I leave to thee;
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring her after in the beſt advantage.
Come, Deſdemona, I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter and direction
To ſpeak with thee. We muſt obey the time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *Manent* Rodorigo *and* Iago.

Rod. Iago.———

Iago. What ſayeſt thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkeſt thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed and ſleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myſelf.

Iago. Well, if thou doſt, I ſhall never love thee after. Why, thou ſilly Gentleman!

Rod. It is ſillineſs to live, when to live is a torment; and then have we a preſcription to die, when death is our phyſician.

Iago. O villanous! I have look'd upon the world for four times ſeven years, and ſince I could diſtinguiſh betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himſelf. Ere I would ſay, I would drown myſelf for the love of a Guiney-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What ſhould I do? I confeſs it is my ſhame to be ſo fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig: 'tis in ourſelves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners. So that if we will plant nettles, or ſow lettuce; ſet hyſſop, and weed up thyme; ſupply it with one gender of herbs, or diſtract it with many; either have it ſteril with idleneſs, or manured with induſtry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this

* *i.e.* white and fair.

lies in our will. If the balance of our lives had not one ſcale of reaſon to poiſe another of ſenſuality, the blood and baſeneſs of our natures would conduct us to moſt prepoſterous concluſions. But we have reaſon to cool our raging motions, our carnal ſtings, our unbitted luſts; whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a ſlip or eyon.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a luſt of the blood, and a permiſſion of the will. Come, be a man: drown thyſelf? drown cats and blind puppies. I have profeſs'd me thy friend, and I confeſs me knit to thy deſerving with cables of perdurable toughneſs. I could never better ſtead thee than now. Put money in thy purſe; follow thou theſe wars; diſſeat * thy favour with an uſurped beard; I ſay, put money in thy purſe. It cannot be, that Deſdemona ſhould long continue her love to the Moor——put money in thy purſe——nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement in her, and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable ſequeſtration,——put but money in thy purſe.——Theſe Moors are changeable in their wills; ——fill thy purſe with money. The food that to him now is as luſcious as loches, ſhall ſhortly be as bitter as a coloquintida. When ſhe is ſated with his body, ſhe will find the errors of her choice.——She muſt have change, ſhe muſt: therefore put money in thy purſe. ——If thou wilt needs damn thyſelf, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canſt. If ſanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an errant Barbarian and a ſuper-ſubtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou ſhalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyſelf! it is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hang'd in compaſſing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be faſt to my hopes if I depend on the iſſue?

Iago. Thou art ſure of me.——Go, make money.—— I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. My cauſe is hearted; thine hath no leſs reaſon. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge a-

* *i. e.* turn it out of its ſeat, change it for another.

gainſt

gainſt him. If thou canſt cuckold him, thou doſt thyſelf a pleaſure, and me a ſport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverſe, go, provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where ſhall we meet i' th' morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to, farewel. Do you hear, Rodorigo?

Rod. What ſay you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear?

Rod. I am chang'd; I'll go ſell all my land. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI. *Manet* Iago.

Iago. Go to, farewel, put money enough in your purſe.———

Thus do I ever make my fool my purſe;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge ſhould profane,
If I ſhould time expend with ſuch a ſnipe,
But for my ſport and profit. I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my ſheets
He has done my office. I know not if't be true——
But I, for mere ſuſpicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for ſurety. He holds me well——
The better ſhall my purpoſe work on him;
Caſſio's a proper man: let me ſee now;——
To get his place, and to plume up my will,
A double knavery——How? how?——let's ſee——
After ſome time, t' abuſe Othello's ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife———
He hath a perſon, and a ſmooth diſpoſe,
To be ſuſpected; fram'd to make women falſe.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honeſt that but ſeem to be ſo;
And will as tenderly be led by th' noſe,
As aſſes are:
I have't——it is ingendred——hell and night
Muſt bring this monſtrous birth to the world's light. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The capital of Cyprus.

Enter Montano *Governor of Cyprus, and two Gentlemen.*

Mont. WHat from the cape can you diſcern at ſea?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot 'twixt the heavens and the main
Deſcry a ſail.

Mont. Methinks the wind hath ſpoke aloud at land;
A fuller blaſt ne'er ſhook our battlements;
If it hath ruffian'd ſo upon the ſea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortiſe? what ſhall we hear of this?

2 *Gent.* A ſegregation of the Turkiſh fleet;
For do but ſtand upon the foaming ſhore,
The chiding billows ſeem to pelt the clouds;
The wind-ſhak'd ſurge, with high and monſtrous main,
Seems to caſt water on the burning Bear,
And quench the guards of th' ever-fired pole;
I never did like moleſtation view
On the inchafed flood.

Mont. If that the Turkiſh fleet
Be not inſhelter'd and embay'd, they're drown'd;
It is impoſſible to bear it out.

SCENE II. *Enter a third Gentleman.*

3 *Gent.* News, Lords, our wars are done:
The deſperate tempeſt hath ſo bang'd the Turks,
That their deſignment halts. A noble ſhip of Venice
Hath ſeen a grievous wreck and ſufferance
On moſt part of their fleet.

Mont. How! is this true?

3 *Gent.* The ſhip is here put in,
A Veroneſſa; Michael Caſſio,
Lieutenant of the warlike Moor Othello,
Is come on ſhore; the Moor himſelf's at ſea,
And is in full commiſſion here for Cyprus.

Mont. I'm glad on't; 'tis a worthy Governor.

3 *Gent.*

3 *Gent.* But this ſame Caſſio, though he ſpeak of comfort,
Touching the Turkiſh loſs, yet he looks ſadly,
And prays the Moor be ſafe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempeſt.

Mont. Pray heav'ns he be:
For I have ſerv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full ſoldier. Let's to the ſea-ſide,
As well to ſee the veſſel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and th' aerial blue
An indiſtinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do ſo;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

SCENE III. *Enter* Caſſio.

Caſ. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike iſle,
That ſo approve the Moor: oh, let the heav'ns
Give him defence againſt the elements,
For I have loſt him on a dangerous ſea.

Mont. Is he well ſhipp'd?

Caſ. His bark is ſtoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not ſurfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

Within.] A ſail, a ſail, a ſail!

Caſ. What noiſe?

Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o' th' ſea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry, A ſail.

Caſ. My hopes do ſhape him for the Governor.

Gent. They do diſcharge their ſhot of courteſy:
Our friends, at leaſt.

Caſ. I pray you, Sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

Gent. I ſhall. [*Exit.*

Mont. But, good Lieutenant, is your General wiv'd?

Caſ. Moſt fortunately, he hath atchiev'd a maid
That paragons deſcription and wild fame:
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in terreſtrial veſture of creation
Does bear all excellency——

SCENE

SCENE IV. *Enter Gentleman.*

How now? who has put in?

Gent. 'Tis one Iago, Ancient to the General.

Caſ. H'as had moſt favourable and happy ſpeed:
Tempeſts themſelves, high ſeas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated ſands,
(Traitors enſteep'd to clog the guiltleſs keel),
As having ſenſe of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting ſafe go by
The divine Deſdemona.

Mont. What is ſhe?

Caſ. She that I ſpake of, our great Captain's Captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whoſe footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A ſe'en-night's ſpeed. Great Jove, Othello guard!
And ſwell his ſail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bleſs this bay with his tall ſhip,
Make love's quick pants in Deſdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extinguiſh'd ſpirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort———

SCENE V.

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, *and* Æmilia.

O behold!
The riches of the ſhip is come on ſhore:
You men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.
Hail to thee, Lady! and the grace of heav'n,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand
Enwheel thee round.

Deſ. I thank you, valiant Caſſio.
What tidings can you tell me of my Lord?

Caſ. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be ſhortly here.

Deſ. O, but I fear——How loſt you company?

Caſ. The great contention of the ſea and ſkies
Parted our fellowſhip. But hark, A ſail!

Within.] A ſail, a ſail!

Gent. They give this greeting to the citadel:
This likewiſe is a friend.

Caſ. See for the news.

Good

Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome, miſtreſs,
[*To* Æmilia.
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners. 'Tis my breeding,
[*Saluting her.*
That gives me this bold ſhew of courteſy.

Iago. Sir, would ſhe give you ſo much of her lips,
As of her tongue ſhe oft beſtows on me,
You'd have enough.

Deſ. Alas! ſhe has no ſpeech.

Iago. In faith, too much.
I find it ſtill, when I have liſt to ſleep;
Marry, before your Ladyſhip, I grant
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Æmil. You have little cauſe to ſay ſo.

Iago. Come on, come on; you're pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your houſewifery, and houſewives in your beds!

Deſ. O, fie upon thee, ſlanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or elſe I am a Turk;
You riſe to play, and go to bed to work.

Æmil. You ſhall not write my praiſe.

Iago. No, let me not.

Deſ. What would'ſt thou write of me, if thou ſhould'ſt praiſe me?

Iago. O gentle Lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not critical*.

Deſ. Come, one eſſay. There's one gone to the harbour———

Iago. Ay, Madam.

Deſ. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by ſeeming otherwiſe;———
Come, how would'ſt thou praiſe me?

Iago. I am about it; but indeed "my invention comes "from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze, it plucks "out brains and all." But my muſe labours, and thus ſhe is delivered.

If ſhe be fair and wiſe, fairneſs and wit,
The one's for uſe, the other uſeth it.

* *critical*, for *ſatyrical*.

Deſ.

Deſ. Well prais'd; how if ſhe be black and witty?

Iago. *If ſhe be black, and thereto have a wit,*
She'll find a white that ſhall her blackneſs fit.

Deſ. Worſe and worſe.

Æmil. How, if fair and fooliſh?

Iago. *She never yet was fooliſh that was fair;*
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Deſ. Theſe are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i' th' alehouſe. What miſerable praiſe haſt thou for her that's foul and fooliſh?

Iago. *There's none ſo foul and fooliſh thereunto,*
But does foul pranks, which fair and wiſe ones do.

Deſ. Oh heavy ignorance! thou praiſeſt the worſt beſt. But what praiſe could'ſt thou beſtow on a deſerving woman indeed? one that in the authority of her merit did juſtly put on the vouch of very malice itſelf?

Iago. " *She that was ever fair, and never proud,*
" *Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;*
" *Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay,*
" *Fled from her wiſh, and yet ſaid, Now I may;*
" *She that, when anger'd, her revenge being nigh,*
" *Bade her wrong ſtay, and her diſpleaſure fly;*
She that in wiſdom never was ſo frail,
To change the cod's head for the ſalmon's tail!
" *She that could think, and ne'er diſcloſe her mind,*
" *See ſuitors following, and not look behind;*
She was a wight, (if ever ſuch wight were)——

Deſ. To do what?

Iago. *To ſuckle fools, and chronicle ſmall beer.*

Deſ. O moſt lame and impotent concluſion! do not learn of him, Æmilia, though he be thy huſband. How ſay you, Caſſio, is he not a moſt profane and liberal † counſellor?

Caſ. He ſpeaks home, Madam; you may reliſh him more in the ſoldier than in the ſcholar.

Iago. [*Aſide.*] He takes her by the palm; ay, well ſaid——whiſper——With as little a web as this, will I

† *liberal*, for *licentious*.

inſnare

inſnare as great a fly as Caſſio. Ay, ſmile upon her, do——I will gyve thee in thine own courtſhip. You ſay true, 'tis ſo, indeed.——If ſuch tricks as theſe ſtrip you out of your lieutenancy, it had been better you had not kiſs'd your three fingers ſo oft, which now again you are moſt apt to play the Sir in. Very good,—— well kiſs'd, and excellent courteſy——'tis ſo indeed.—— Yet again——your fingers to your lips? 'would they were clyſter-pipes for your ſake. [*Trumpet.*

The Moor,——I know his trumpet.

Caſ. 'Tis truly ſo.

Deſ. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Caſ. Lo, where he comes!

SCENE VI. *Enter* Othello *and Attendants.*

Oth. Oh my fair warrior!

Deſ. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my content,
To ſee you here before me. O my ſoul's joy!
If after every tempeſt comes ſuch calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd Death;
And let the labouring bark climb hills of ſeas
Olympus high, and duck again as low
As hell's from heav'n! If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be moſt happy; for I fear
My ſoul hath her content ſo abſolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Deſ. The heav'ns forbid,
But that our loves and comforts ſhould increaſe,
Ev'n as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that ſweet prayer!
I cannot ſpeak enough of this content,
It ſtops me here: it is too much of joy.
And this, and this, the greateſt diſcords be [*Kiſſing her.*
That e'er our hearts ſhall make!

Iago. Oh, you are well-tun'd now; but I'll let down the pegs that make this muſic, as honeſt as I am. [*Aſide.*

Oth. Come, let's to the caſtle.
Now, friends, our wars are done; the Turks are drown'd.
How do our old acquaintance of this iſle?

Honey, you ſhall be well deſir'd in Cyprus,
I've found great love amongſt them. Oh my ſweet,
I prattle out of faſhion, and I doat
In mine own comfort. Pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and diſimbark my coffers.
Bring thou the maſter to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthineſs
Does challenge much reſpect. Come, Deſdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt* Othello *and* Deſdemona.

SCENE VII. *Manent* Iago *and* Rodorigo.

Iago. Do you meet me preſently at the harbour. Come thither, if thou be'ſt valiant, (as, they ſay, baſe men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures, more than is native to them)——liſt me; the Lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard. Firſt, I muſt tell thee, this Deſdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? why, 'tis not poſſible.

Iago. Lay thy fingers thus; and let thy ſoul be inſtructed. Mark me with what violence ſhe firſt lov'd the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantaſtical lyes. And will ſhe love him ſtill for prating? let not thy diſcreet heart think it. Her eye muſt be fed. And what delight ſhall ſhe have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of ſport, there ſhould be, again to inflame it, and to give ſatiety a freſh appetite, lovelineſs in favour, ſympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want of theſe requir'd conveniences, her delicate tenderneſs will find itſelf abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, diſreliſh and abhor the Moor; very nature will inſtruct her in it, and compel her to ſome ſecond choice. Now, Sir, this granted, (as it is a moſt pregnant and unforc'd poſition), who ſtands ſo eminent in the degree of this fortune, as Caſſio does? a knave very voluble; no further conſcionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane ſeeming, for the better compaſſing of his ſalt and moſt hidden looſe affection; a ſlippery and ſubtil knave, a finder of occaſions; that has an eye can ſtamp and counterfeit advantages, tho'

true

true advantage never preſent itſelf. A deviliſh knave! beſides, the knave is handſome, young, and hath all thoſe requiſites in him that folly and green minds look after. A peſtilent compleat knave! and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that of her, ſhe's full of moſt bleſs'd condition.

Iago. Bleſs'd figs' end! the wine ſhe drinks is made of grapes. If ſhe had been bleſs'd, ſhe would never have lov'd the Moor. Bleſs'd pudding! didſt thou not ſee her paddle with the palm of his hand? didſt not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courteſy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index, and obſcure prologue to the hiſtory of luſt, and foul thoughts. They met ſo near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts, Rodorigo! when theſe mutualities ſo marſhal the way, hard at hand comes the maſter and main exerciſe, the incorporate concluſion: piſh——But, Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command I'll lay't upon you. Caſſio knows you not: I'll not be far from you. Do you find ſome occaſion to anger Caſſio, either by ſpeaking too loud, or tainting his diſcipline, or from what other courſe you pleaſe, which the time ſhall more favourably miniſter.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's raſh, and very ſudden in choler; and happily may ſtrike at you. Provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cauſe thoſe of Cyprus to mutiny: whoſe qualification ſhall come into no true taſte again, but by tranſplanting of Caſſio. So ſhall you have a ſhorter journey to your deſires, by the means I ſhall then have to prefer them; and the impediments moſt profitably removed, without which there was no expectation of our proſperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I muſt fetch his neceſſaries aſhore. Farewel.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII. *Manet* Iago.

Iago. That Caſſio loves her, I do well believe:
That ſhe loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit.
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a conſtant, loving, noble nature;
And I dare think he'll prove to Deſdemona
A moſt dear huſband. Now I love her too,
Not out of abſolute luſt, (though peradventure
I ſtand accountant for as great a ſin),
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do ſuſpect, the luſty Moor
Hath leapt into my ſeat. The thought whereof
Doth, like a poiſonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or ſhall content my ſoul,
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;
Or failing ſo, yet that I put the Moor
At leaſt into a jealouſy ſo ſtrong,
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poor brach of Venice, whom I cheriſh
For his quick hunting, ſtand the putting on,
I'll have our Michael Caſſio on the hip,
Abuſe him to the Moor in the rank garb;
(For I fear Caſſio with my night-cap too);
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiouſly an aſs;
And practiſing upon his peace and quiet,
Even to madneſs. 'Tis here——but yet confus'd;
Knavery's plain face is never ſeen till us'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX. *The ſtreet.*

Enter Herald with a proclamation.

Her. It is Othello's pleaſure, our noble and valiant General, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere * perdition of the Turkiſh fleet, every man put himſelf into triumph; ſome to dance, ſome to make bonfires, each man to what ſport and revels his mind leads him. For, beſides this beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials. So much was his pleaſure ſhould be proclaimed. All offices are open, and

* *mere*, for *total*.

there

there is full liberty of feaſting, from this preſent hour of five, till the bell have told eleven. Bleſs the iſle of Cyprus, and our noble General Othello! [*Exit.*

Enter Othello, Deſdemona, Caſſio, *and Attendants.*

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night;
Let's teach ourſelves that honourable ſtop,
Not to outſport diſcretion.

Caſ. Iago hath direction what to do:
But, notwithſtanding, with my perſonal eye
Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is moſt honeſt.
Michael, good-night. To-morrow, with your earlieſt,
Let me have ſpeech with you. Come, my dear love,
The purchaſe made, the fruits are to enſue;
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.
Good-night. [*Exeunt* Othello *and* Deſdemona.

Enter Iago.

Caſ. Welcome, Iago; we muſt to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, Lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o' th' clock. Our General caſt us thus early for the love of his Deſdemona: whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and ſhe is ſport for Jove.

Caſ. She's a moſt exquiſite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Caſ. Indeed ſhe's a moſt freſh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye ſhe has? methinks it ſounds a parley to provocation.

Caſ. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modeſt.

Iago. And when ſhe ſpeaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Caſ. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well, happineſs to their ſheets: come, Lieutenant, I have a ſtoop of wine, and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a meaſure to the health of the black Othello.

Caſ. Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking. I could well wiſh courteſy would invent ſome other cuſtom of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

Caſ. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too; and behold what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taſk my weakneſs with any more.

Iago. What, man? 'tis a night of revels, the gallants deſire it.

Caſ. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Caſ. I'll do't, but it diſlikes me. [*Exit* Caſſio.

Iago. If I can faſten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
" He'll be as full of quarrel and offence,
" As my young miſtreſs' dog.———
Now, my ſick fool, Rodorigo,
" Whom love hath turn'd almoſt the wrong ſide out,
To Deſdemona hath to-night carouz'd
Potations pottle-deep; and he's to watch.
Three lads of Cyprus, noble ſwelling ſpirits,
(That hold their honours in a wary diſtance,
The very elements of this warlike iſle),
Have I to-night fluſter'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongſt this flock of drun- [kards,
Am I to put our Caſſio in ſome action,
That may offend the iſle. But here they come.
If conſequence do but approve my deem,
My boat ſails freely, both with wind and ſtream.

SCENE X. *Enter* Caſſio, Montano, *and Gentlemen.*

Caſ. 'Fore heav'n, they have given me a rouſe already.

Mont. Good faith, a little one: not paſt a pint, as I am a ſoldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho! [Iago *ſings.*

And let me the canakin clink, clink,
And let me the canakin clink.
A ſoldier's a man; oh, man's life's but a ſpan;
Why, then let a ſoldier drink.

Some wine, boys.

Caſ. 'Fore heav'n, an excellent ſong.

Iago. I learn'd it in England: where indeed they are moſt potent in potting. Your Dane, your German, and your

your ſwag-belly'd Hollander,—— Drink, ho!—— are nothing to your Engliſh.

Caſ. Is your Engliſhman ſo exquiſite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your Dane dead drunk. He ſweats not to overthrow your Almain. He gives your Hollander a vomit ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Caſ. To the health of our General.

Mon. I am for it, Lieutenant, and I'll do you juſtice.

Iago. Oh ſweet England.

King Stephen was an a worthy peer,
His breeches coſt him but a crown;
He held them ſixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Caſ. Why, this is a more exquiſite ſong than the other.

Iago. Will you hear't again?

Caſ. "No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his "place that does thoſe things. Well—— Heaven's "above all; and there be ſouls that muſt be ſaved, "and there be ſouls muſt not be ſaved.

Iago. 'Tis true, good Lieutenant.

Caſ. "For mine own part (no offence to the Gene-"ral, nor any man of quality) I hope to be ſaved.

Iago. And ſo do I too, Lieutenant.

Caſ. "Ay, but, by your leave, not before me. The "Lieutenant is to be ſaved before the Ancient. Let's "have no more of this; let's to our affairs. Forgive "our ſins——— Gentlemen, let's look to our buſineſs. "Do not think, Gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my "Ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left. "I am not drunk now; I can ſtand well enough, and "I ſpeak well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

Caſ. "Why, very well then: you muſt not think "then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE XI. *Manent* Iago *and* Montano.

Mont. To the platform, maſters; come, let's ſet the watch.

Iago. You ſee this fellow that is gone before;
He is a ſoldier, fit to ſtand by Cæſar,
And give direction. And do but ſee his vice;
'Tis to his virtues a juſt equinox,
The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pity of him;
I fear the truſt Othello puts him in,
On ſome odd time of his infirmity,
Will ſhake this iſland.

Mont. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his ſleep.
He'll watch the horologue a double ſet,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mont. It were well
The General were put in mind of it:
Perhaps he ſees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Caſſio,
And looks not on his evils. Is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now, Rodorigo?
I pray you, after the Lieutenant go. [*Exit* Rod.

Mont. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard ſuch a place as his own ſecond,
With one of an ingraft infirmity;
It were an honeſt action to ſay ſo
Unto the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair iſland;
I do love Caſſio well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. Hark, what noiſe?
[*Within*, Help! help!

Re-enter Caſſio, *purſuing* Rodorigo.

Caſ. You rogue! you raſcal!

Mont. What's the matter, Lieutenant?

Caſ. A knave teach me my duty! I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me———

Caſ. Doſt thou prate, rogue?

Mont.

Mont. Nay, good Lieutenant; [*Staying him.*
I pray you, Sir, hold your hand.
Caſ. Let me go, Sir, or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.
Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.
Caſ. Drunk?——— [*They fight.*
Iago. Away, I ſay; go out, and cry a mutiny.
[*Exit* Rodorigo.
Nay, good Lieutenant——Alas, Gentlemen———
Help, ho!——Lieutenant——Sir——Montano——
Help, maſters! here's a goodly watch indeed——
Who's that who rings the bell—— diablo, ho!
[*Bell rings.*
The town will riſe. Fie, fie, Lieutenant! hold:
You will be ſham'd for ever.

SCENE XII. *Enter* Othello, *and Attendants.*

Oth. What is the matter here?
Mont. I bleed ſtill, I am hurt, but not to th' death.
Oth. Hold, for your lives.
Iago. Hold, ho! Lieutenant——Sir——Montano——
Gentlemen———
Have you forgot all ſenſe of place and duty?
The General ſpeaks to you——hold, hold, for ſhame——
Oth. Why, how now, ho? from whence ariſeth this?
Are we turn'd Turks? and to ourſelves do that,
Which Heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For Chriſtian ſhame, put by this barbarous brawl;
He that ſtirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his ſoul light: he dies upon his motion.
Silence that dreadful bell; it frights the iſle
From her propriety. What is the matter?
Honeſt Iago, that looks dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.
Iago. I do not know; friends all, but now, even now
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Diveſting them for bed; and then, but now———
(As if ſome planet had unwitted men),
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breaſts,
In oppoſition bloody. I can't ſpeak
Any beginning to this peeviſh odds,
And 'would, in action glorious I had loſt

Thoſe

Thoſe legs that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

Caſ. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot ſpeak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont to be civil:
The gravity and ſtillneſs of your youth
The world hath noted; and your name is great
In mouths of wiſeſt cenſure. What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And ſpend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me anſwer to it.

Mont. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, Iago, can inform you,
While I ſpare ſpeech, which ſomething now offends me,
Of all that I do know; nor know I aught
By me that's ſaid or done amiſs this night,
Unleſs ſelf-charity * be ſometimes a vice,
And to defend ourſelves it be a ſin,
When violence aſſails us.

Oth. Now, by Heav'n,
My blood begins my ſafer guides to rule;
And paſſion, having my beſt judgment choler'd,
Aſſays to lead the way. If I once ſtir,
Or do but lift this arm, the beſt of you
Shall ſink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began; who ſet it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Tho' he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall loſe me.——What, in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage private and domeſtic quarrel?
In night, and on the court and guard of ſafety?
'Tis monſtrous. Say, Iago, who began't?

Mont. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou doſt deliver more or leſs than truth,
Thou art no ſoldier.

Iago. Touch me not ſo near:
I'd rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it ſhould do offence to Michael Caſſio:
Yet I perſuade myſelf, to ſpeak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus 'tis, General:
Montano and myſelf being in ſpeech,

* *ſelf-charity*, for *charity inherent in the perſon's nature.*

There

There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And Caſſio following with determin'd ſword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Caſſio, and intreats his pauſe;
Myſelf the crying fellow did purſue,
Leſt by his clamour (as it ſo fell out)
The town might fall in fright. He, ſwift of foot,
Out-ran my purpoſe: I return'd, the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of ſwords,
And Caſſio high in oath; which till to-night
I ne'er might ſay before. When I came back,
(For this was brief), I found them cloſe together
At blow and thruſt; even as again they were,
When you yourſelf did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report.
But men are men; the beſt ſometimes forget:
Tho' Caſſio did ſome little wrong to him,
As men in rage ſtrike thoſe that wiſh them beſt;
Yet ſurely Caſſio, I believe, receiv'd
From him that fled ſome ſtrange indignity,
Which patience could not paſs.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honeſty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Caſſio. Caſſio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.———

Enter Deſdemona *attended.*

Look if my gentle love be not rais'd up:
I'll make thee an example.

Deſ. What's the matter?

Oth. All is well, ſweeting, come to bed.
Sir, for your hurts, myſelf will be your ſurgeon.
Lead him off.
Iago, look with care about the town,
And ſilence thoſe whom this vile brawl diſtracted.
Come, Deſdemona; 'tis the ſoldier's life,
To have their balmy ſlumbers wak'd with ſtrife.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII. *Manent* Iago *and* Caſſio.

Iago. What, are you hurt, Lieutenant?

Caſ. Paſt all ſurgery.

Iago. Marry, Heav'n forbid!

Caſ. Reputation, reputation, reputation! oh I have loſt my reputation! I have loſt the immortal part of myſelf, and what remains is beſtial. My reputation! Iago, my reputation———

Iago. As I am an honeſt man, I had thought you had receiv'd ſome bodily wound; there is more ſenſe in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and moſt falſe impoſition; oft got without merit, and loſt without deſerving. You have loſt no reputation at all, unleſs you repute yourſelf ſuch a loſer. What, man,——there are ways to recover the General again. You are but now caſt in his mood, a puniſhment more in policy than in malice; even ſo as one would beat his offenceleſs dog, to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he's your's.

Caſ. I will rather ſue to be deſpis'd, than to deceive ſo good a commander, with ſo ſlight, ſo drunken, and ſo indiſcreet an officer. Drunk? and ſpeak parrot *? and ſquabble? ſwagger? ſwear? and diſcourſe fuſtian with one's own ſhadow? Oh thou invincible ſpirit of wine! if thou haſt no name to be known by, let us call thee devil.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your ſword? what had he done to you?

Caſ. I know not.

Iago. Is't poſſible?

Caſ. I remember a maſs of things, but nothing diſtinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men ſhould put an enemy in their mouths, to ſteal away their brains! that we ſhould with joy, pleaſance, revel, and applauſe, transform ourſelves into beaſts.

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recover'd?

Caſ. It has pleas'd the devil Drunkenneſs to give place to the devil Wrath; one unperfectneſs ſhews me another, to make me frankly deſpiſe myſelf.

Iago. Come, you are too ſevere a moraler As the time, the place, and the condition of this country ſtands, I could heartily wiſh this had not befallen: but ſince it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

* A phraſe ſignifying to act fooliſhly and childiſhly.

Caſ.

Caſ. I will aſk him for my place again; he ſhall tell me I am a drunkard!——had I as many mouths as Hydra, ſuch an anſwer would ſtop them all. To be now a ſenſible man, by and by a fool, and preſently a beaſt!——Every inordinate cup is unbleſs'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd: exclaim no more againſt it. And, good Lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Caſ. I have well approv'd it, Sir. I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at ſome time, man. I tell you what you ſhall do. Our General's wife is now the General. I may ſay ſo in this reſpect; for that he hath devoted and given up himſelf to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces. Confeſs yourſelf freely to her: importune her help, to put you in your place again. She is of ſo free, ſo kind, ſo apt, ſo bleſſed a diſpoſition, ſhe holds it a vice in her goodneſs not to do more than ſhe is requeſted. This broken joint between you and her huſband, intreat her to ſplinter. And, my fortunes againſt any lay worth naming, this crack of your love ſhall grow ſtronger than it was before.

Caſ. You adviſe me well.

Iago. I proteſt, in the ſincerity of love, and honeſt kindneſs.

Caſ. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beſeech the virtuous Deſdemona to undertake for me: I am deſperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, Lieutenant, I muſt to the watch.

Caſ. Good night, honeſt Iago. [*Exit* Caſſio.

SCENE XIV. *Manet* Iago.

Iago. And what's he then that ſays I play the villain?
When this advice is free I give, and honeſt,
Likely to thinking, and indeed the courſe
To win the Moor again. For 'tis moſt eaſy
Th' inclining Deſdemona to ſubdue
In any honeſt ſuit; ſhe's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements: and then for her

To win the Moor, were't to renounce his baptiſm,
All ſeals and ſymbols of redeemed ſin;
His ſoul is ſo infetter'd to her love,
That ſhe may make, unmake, do what ſhe liſt,
Even as her appetite ſhall play the god
With his weak function. Am I then a villain,
To counſel Caſſio to this parallel * courſe,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will their blackeſt ſins put on,
They do ſuggeſt at firſt with heav'nly ſhews,
As I do now.——For while this honeſt fool
Plies Deſdemona to repair his fortune,
And ſhe for him pleads ſtrongly to the Moor;
I'll pour this peſtilence † into his ear,
That ſhe repeals him for her body's luſt:
And by how much ſhe ſtrives to do him good,
She ſhall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodneſs make the net,
That ſhall enmeſh ‡ them all. How now, Rodorigo!

SCENE XV. *Enter* Rodorigo.

Rod. I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almoſt ſpent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think the iſſue will be, I ſhall have ſo much experience for my pains; and ſo with no money at all, and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience?
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'ſt we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does't not go well? Caſſio hath beaten thee,
And thou by that ſmall hurt haſt caſhier'd Caſſio.
Tho' other things grow fair againſt the ſun,
Yet fruits that bloſſom firſt will firſt be ripe:
Content thyſelf a while. In troth, 'tis morning:
Pleaſure and action make the hours ſeem ſhort.

* *parallel*, for *even*; becauſe parallel lines run even and equidiſtant.

† *peſtilence*, for *poiſon*.

‡ A metaphor from taking birds in meſhes.

Retire

Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I ſay; thou ſhalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* Rodorigo.
Two things are to be done;
My wife muſt move for Caſſio to her miſtreſs:
I'll ſet her on: ——
Myſelf, the while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump, when he may Caſſio find
Soliciting his wife,—— ay, that's the way:
Dull not, Device, by coldneſs and delay. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before Othello's palace.

Enter Caſſio, *with Muſicians.*

Caſ. MAſters, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that's brief; and bid, good morrow, General.
[*Muſic plays; and enter* Clown *from the houſe.*

Clown. Why, maſters, have your inſtruments been in Naples, that they ſpeak i' th' noſe thus?

Muſ. How, Sir, how?

Clown. Are theſe, I pray you, wind-inſtruments?

Muſ. Ay, marry, are they, Sir.

Clown. Oh, thereby hangs a tail.

Muſ. Whereby hangs a tale, Sir?

Clown. Marry, Sir, by many a wind-inſtrument that I know. But, maſters, here's money for you: and the General ſo likes your muſic, that he deſires you for love's ſake to make no more noiſe with it.

Muſ. Well, Sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any muſic that may not be heard, to't again: but, as they ſay, to hear muſic the General does not greatly care.

Muſ. We have none ſuch, Sir.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, and hie away. Go, vaniſh into air, away. [*Exeunt Muſicians.*

Caſ. Doſt thou hear, mine honeſt friend?

Clown. No, I hear not your honeſt friend; I hear you.

Caſ. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets, there's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the General's wife be ſtirring, tell her there's one Caſſio intreats of her a little favour of ſpeech. Wilt thou do this?

Clown. She is ſtirring, Sir; if ſhe will ſtir hither, I ſhall ſeem to notify unto her. [*Exit Clown.*

Caſ. Do, my good friend.

To him, enter Iago.

In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Caſ. Why, no; the day had broke before we parted.
I have made bold to ſend in to your wife;
My ſuit is, that ſhe will to Deſdemona
Procure me ſome acceſs.

Iago. I'll ſend her preſently;
And I'll deviſe a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converſe and buſineſs
May be more free. [*Exit.*

Caſ. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honeſt.

To him, enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Good morrow, good Lieutenant, I am ſorry
For your diſpleaſure; but all will ſure be well.
The General and his wife are talking of it:
And ſhe ſpeaks for you ſtoutly. The Moor replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity; and that in wiſdom
He might not but refuſe you. But he proteſts he loves you;
And needs no other ſuitor, but his likings,
To bring you in again.

Caſ. Yet I beſeech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of ſome brief diſcourſe
With Deſdemona alone,

Æmil. Pray you, come in;
I will beſtow you where you ſhall have time

To

To ſpeak your boſom freely.
Caſ. I'm much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Enter* Othello, Iago, *and Gentlemen.*

Oth. Theſe letters give, Iago, to the pilot,
And by him do my duties to the ſenate;
That done, I will be walking on the works,
Repair there to me.
Iago. My good Lord, I'll do't.
Oth. This fortification, Gentlemen, ſhall we ſee't?
Gent. We'll wait upon your Lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Changes to an apartment in the palace.*

Enter Deſdemona, Caſſio, *and* Æmilia.

Deſ. Be thou aſſur'd, good Caſſio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.
Æmil. Good Madam, do: I know it grieves my husband,
As if the cauſe were his.
Deſ. Oh, that's an honeſt fellow; doubt not, Caſſio,
But I will have my Lord and you again
As friendly as you were.
Caſ Moſt bounteous Madam,
Whatever ſhall become of Michael Caſſio,
He's never any thing but your true ſervant.
Deſ. I know't, I thank you; you do love my Lord,
You've known him long; and, be you well aſſur'd,
He ſhall in ſtrangeneſs ſtand no farther off
Than in a politic diſtance.
Caſ. Ay, but, Lady,
That policy may either laſt ſo long,
Or feed upon ſuch nice and wateriſh diet,
Or breed itſelf ſo out of circumſtances,
That I being abſent, and my place ſupply'd,
My General will forget my love and ſervice.
Deſ. Do not doubt that; before Æmilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place. Aſſure thee,
If I do vow a friendſhip, I'll perform it
To the laſt article. My Lord ſhall never reſt;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed ſhall ſeem a ſchool, his board a ſhrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does

With Caſſio's ſuit: therefore be merry, Caſſio;
For thy ſolicitor ſhall rather die,
Than give thy cauſe away.

SCENE IV. *Enter* Othello *and* Iago *at diſtance.*

Æmil. Madam, here comes my Lord.
Caſ. Madam, I'll take my leave.
Def. Why, ſtay and hear me ſpeak.
Caſ. Madam, not now; I'm very ill at eaſe,
Unfit for mine own purpoſes.
Def. Well, do your diſcretion. [*Exit* Caſſio.
Iago. Hah! I like not that.———
Oth. What doſt thou ſay?
Iago. Nothing, my Lord; or if——I know not what.
Oth. Was not that Caſſio parted from my wife?
Iago. Caſſio, my Lord?—no, ſure, I cannot think it,
That he would ſteal away ſo guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
Oth. I believe 'twas he.
Def. How now, my Lord?
I have been talking with a ſuitor here,
A man that languiſhes in your diſpleaſure.
Oth. Who is't you mean?
Def. Why, your Lieutenant Caſſio. Good my Lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His preſent reconciliation take.
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning *,
I have no judgment in an honeſt face.
I pr'ythee call him back,
Oth. Went he hence now?
Def. I, ſooth, ſo humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To ſuffer with him. Good love, call him back.
Oth. Not now, ſweet Deſdemona; ſome other time.
Def. But ſhall't be ſhortly?
Oth. The ſooner, ſweet, for you.
Def. Shall't be to-night at ſupper?
Oth. Not to-night.
Def. To-morrow dinner then?
Oth. I ſhall not dine at home:

* *cunning*, for *deſign*, or *purpoſe*, ſimply.

I

I meet the captains at the citadel.

Deſ. Why then to-morrow night, or Tueſday morn,
Or Tueſday noon, or night, or Wedneſday morn,
I pr'ythee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days; in faith, he's penitent:
And yet his treſpaſs, in our common reaſon,
(Save that, they ſay, the wars muſt make examples
Out of their beſt), is not almoſt a fault
T' incur a private check. When ſhall he come?
Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my ſoul,
What you would aſk me, that I would deny,
Or ſtand ſo mutt'ring on? What? Michael Caſſio!—
That came a-wooing with you, and many a time,
When I have ſpoke of you diſpraiſingly,
Hath ta'en your part, to have ſo much to do
To bring him in? truſt me, I could do much——

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more; let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.

Deſ. Why, this is not a boon:
'Tis as I ſhould intreat you wear your cloaths,
Or feed on nouriſhing meats, or keep you warm;
Or ſue to you, to do peculiar profit
To your own perſon. Nay, when I have ſuit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It ſhall be full of poize and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon I do beſeech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myſelf.

Deſ. Shall I deny you? no: farewel, my Lord.

Oth. Farewel, my Deſdemona, I'll come ſtrait.

Deſ. Æmilia, come: be as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Manent* Othello *and* Iago.

Oth. "Excellent wretch!——Perdition catch my ſoul,
"But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
"Chaos is come again."

Iago. My Noble Lord,——

Oth. What doſt thou ſay, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Caſſio, when you woo'd my Lady,
Know of your love?

Oth.

Oth. He did from firſt to laſt: why doſt thou aſk?
Iago. But for a ſatisfaction of my thought,
No farther harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?
Iago. I did not think he'd been acquainted with it.
Oth. Oh, yes, and went between us very oft.
Iago. Indeed!
Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed. Diſcern'ſt thou aught in that?
Is he not honeſt?
Iago. Honeſt, my Lord?
Oth. Honeſt? ay honeſt.
Iago. My Lord, for aught I know.
Oth. What doſt thou think?
Iago. Think, my Lord!———
Oth. Think, my Lord! why, by heav'n, thou echo'ſt me;
As if there were ſome monſter in thy thought,
Too hideous to be ſhewn. Thou doſt mean ſomething:
I heard thee ſay but now, *thou lik'dſt not that*,——
When Caſſio left my wife. What didſt not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counſel,
In my whole courſe of wooing; thou cry'dſt, *Indeed!*
And didſt contract and purſe thy brow together,
As if thou then hadſt ſhut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. If thou doſt love me,
Shew me thy thought.
Iago. My Lord, you know I love you.
Oth. I think thou doſt:
" And for I know thou art full of love and honeſty,
" And weigh'ſt thy words before thou giv'ſt them breath,
" Therefore theſe ſtops of thine fright me the more:
" For ſuch things, in a falſe diſloyal knave,
" Are tricks of cuſtom; but, in a man that's juſt,
They're cold dilations working from the heart,
That paſſion cannot rule.
Iago. For Michael Caſſio,
I dare be ſworn, I think, that he is honeſt.
Oth. I think ſo too.
Iago. Men ſhould be what they ſeem;
Or, thoſe that be not, 'would they might ſeem knaves!
Oth. Certain, men ſhould be what they ſeem.
Iago. Why, then I think Caſſio's an honeſt man.
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this;

I

I pray thee ſpeak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou doſt ruminate; and give thy worſt of thoughts
The worſt of words.

Iago. Good my Lord, pardon me.
Tho' I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all ſlaves are free to;
Utter my thoughts!——Why, ſay, they're vile and falſe;
As where's that's palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breaſt ſo pure,
But ſome uncleanly apprehenſions
Keep leets and law-days, and in ſeſſions ſit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou doſt conſpire againſt thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'ſt him wrong'd, and mak'ſt his ear
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beſeech you,
Think I, perchance, am vicious in my gueſs,
(As, I confeſs, it is my nature's plague
To ſpy into abuſe; and oft my jealouſy
Shapes faults that are not); I intreat you then,
From one that ſo imperfectly conjects,
Your wiſdom would not build yourſelf a trouble
Out of my ſcattering and unſure obſervance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honeſty, and wiſdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What doſt thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my Lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their ſouls.
'Who ſteals my purſe, ſteals traſh; 'tis ſomething, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his; and has been ſlave to thouſands:
'But he that filches from me my good name,
'Robs me of that which not enriches him,
'And makes me poor indeed.'

Oth. I'll know thy thoughts———

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor ſhall not, whilſt 'tis in my cuſtody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. Oh, beware, my Lord, of jealouſy;
It is a green-ey'd monſter, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliſs,

Who,

Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who doats, yet doubts; ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loves!

Oth. O miſery!

Iago. Poor and content, is rich and rich enough;
But riches endleſs, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he ſhall be poor.
Good heaven! the ſouls of all my tribe defend
From jealouſy!

Oth. Why? why is this?
Think'ſt thou I'd make a life of jealouſy?
To follow ſtill the changes of the moon
With freſh ſuſpicions? No; to be once in doubt,
Is once to be reſolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,
When I ſhall turn the buſineſs of my ſoul
To ſuch exſuffolate and blown ſurmiſes,
Matching thy inference *. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To ſay, my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of ſpeech, ſings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, theſe make more virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The ſmalleſt fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For ſhe had eyes, and choſe me. No, Iago,
I'll ſee, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love or jealouſy.

Iago. I'm glad of this; for now I ſhall have reaſon
To ſhew the love and duty that I bear you
With franker ſpirit. Therefore, as I'm bound,
Receive it from me. I ſpeak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife, obſerve her well with Caſſio;
Wear your eye, thus; not jealous, nor ſecure;
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of ſelf-bounty † be abus'd; look to't.
I know our country-diſpoſition well;
In Venice they do let heav'n ſee the pranks
They dare not ſhew their huſbands; their beſt conſcience
Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

Oth. Doſt thou ſay ſo?

* *inference*, for *deſcription, account.*
† *ſelf-bounty*, for *inherent generoſity.*

Iago.

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them moſt.

Oth. And ſo ſhe did.

Iago. Go to then;
She, that, ſo young, could give out ſuch a ſeeming
To ſeal her father's eyes up, cloſe as oak———
He thought 'twas witchcraft——but I'm much to blame:
I humbly do beſeech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I'm bound to you for ever.

Iago. I ſee this hath a little daſh'd your ſpirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Truſt me, I fear it has:
I hope you will conſider, what is ſpoke
Comes from my love. But I do ſee you're mov'd——
I am to pray you, not to ſtrain my ſpeech
To groſſer iſſues *, nor to larger reach,
Than to ſuſpicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do ſo, my Lord,
My ſpeech would fall into ſuch vile ſucceſs †,
Which my thoughts aim not at. Caſſio's my worthy friend.
My Lord, I ſee you're mov'd———

Oth. No, not much mov'd———
I do not think but Deſdemona's honeſt.

Iago. Long live ſhe ſo! and long live you to think ſo!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itſelf———

Iago. Ay, there's the point;—as (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many propoſed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we ſee in all things nature tends:
Foh! one may ſmell, in ſuch, a will moſt rank,
Foul diſproportions, thoughts unnatural.
But, pardon me, I do not in poſition
Diſtinctly ſpeak of her; tho' I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country-forms,
And, haply, ſo repent.

Oth. Farewel, farewel;

* *iſſues*, for *concluſions*.

† *ſucceſs*, for *ſucceſſion*, *i. e.* concluſion; not proſperous iſſue.

If more thou doſt perceive, let me know more:
Set on thy wife t' obſerve. Leave me, Iago.
Iago. My Lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*
Oth. Why did I marry?——
This honeſt creature, doubtleſs,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.
Iago. My Lord, I would I might intreat your Honour
To ſcan this thing no farther; leave it to time:
Altho' 'tis fit that Caſſio have his place,
For, ſure, he fills it up with great ability;
Yet if you pleaſe to hold him off a while,
You ſhall by that perceive him and his means;
Note, if your Lady ſtrain his entertainment
With any ſtrong or vehement importunity;
Much will be ſeen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too buſy in my fears,
(As worthy cauſe I have to fear I am);
And hold her free, I do beſeech your Honour.
Oth. Fear not my government.
Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *Manet* Othello.

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honeſty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned * ſpirit,
Of human dealings. If I prove her haggard,
Tho' that her jeſſes were my dear heart-ſtrings,
I'd whiſtle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I'm black,
And have not thoſe ſoft parts of converſation
That chamberers have; or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years,——yet that's not much——
She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
Muſt be to lothe her. Oh the curſe of marriage!
That we can call theſe delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uſe. Yet 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they leſs than the baſe;
'Tis deſtiny unſhunnable, like death.
Even then this forked plague is fated to us

* *learned*, for *experienced.*

When

When we do quicken. Deſdemona comes!

Enter Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

If ſhe be falſe, oh, then heav'n mocks itſelf:
I'll not believe't.

Def. How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous iſlanders
By you invited, do attend your preſence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Def. Why do you ſpeak ſo faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Def. Why, that's with watching, 'twill away again.
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little;

[*She drops her handkerchief.*

Let it alone: come, I'll go in with you.

Def. I am very ſorry that you are not well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Manet* Æmilia.

Æmil. I am glad I have found this napkin;
This was her firſt remembrance from the Moor;
My wayward huſband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to ſteal it. But ſhe ſo loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her ſhe ſhould ever keep it),
That ſhe reſerves it evermore about her,
To kiſs and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give't Iago; what he'll do with it,
Heav'n knows, not I:
I nothing, but to pleaſe his phantaſy.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now? what do you here alone?

Æmil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. You have a thing for me?
It is a common thing——

Æmil. Ha?

Iago. To have a fooliſh wife.

Æmil. Oh, is that all? what will you give me now
For that ſame handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Æmil. What handkerchief?———
Why, that the Moor firſt gave to Deſdemona,
That which ſo often you did bid me ſteal.
Iago. Haſt ſtolen it from her?
Æmil. No; but ſhe let it drop by negligence;
And, to th' advantage, I, being here, took't up.
Look, here 'tis.
Iago. A good wench, give it me.
Æmil. What will you do with't, you have been ſo earneſt
To have me filch it? [*Snatching it.*
Iago. Why, what is that to you?
Æmil. If't be not for ſome purpoſe of import,
Give't me again. Poor lady! ſhe'll run mad,
When ſhe ſhall lack it.
Iago. Be not you known on't:
I have uſe for it. Go, leave me—— [*Exit* Æmilia.
I will in Caſſio's lodging loſe this napkin,
And let him find it. "Trifles light as air
"Are to the jealous confirmations ſtrong
"As proofs of holy writ. This may do ſomething.
"The Moor already changes with my poiſons:
"Dangerous conceits are in their nature poiſons,
"Which at the firſt are ſcarce found to diſtaſte;
"But, with a little act upon the blood,
"Burn like the mines of ſulphur.——I did ſay ſo."

SCENE VIII. *Enter* Othello.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowſy ſyrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that ſweet ſleep,
Which thou owedſt yeſterday.
Oth. Ha! falſe to me!
Iago. Why, how now, General? no more of that.
Oth. "Avaunt! be gone! thou'ſt ſet me on the rack.
"I ſwear 'tis better to be much abus'd,
"Than but to know a little.
Iago. How, my Lord?
Oth. "What ſenſe had I of her ſtol'n hours or luſt?
"I ſaw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me;
"I ſlept the next night well; was free and merry;
"I found not Caſſio's kiſſes on her lips.
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is ſtoln,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago.

Iago. I am ſorry to hear this.

Oth. " I had been happy, if the general camp
" (Pioneers and all) had taſted her ſweet body,
" So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
" Farewel the tranquil mind! Farewel content!
" Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
" That make ambition virtue! oh, farewel!
" Farewel the neighing ſteed, and the ſhrill trump,
" The ſpirit-ſtirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
" The royal banner, and all quality,
" Pride, pomp, and circumſtance of glorious war!
" And, oh, you mortal engines, whoſe rude throats
" Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
" Farewel! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is't poſſible, my Lord?

Oth. Villain, be ſure thou prove my love a whore;
Be ſure of it: give me the ocular proof,
[*Catching hold on him.*
Or, by the worth of man's eternal ſoul,
Thou hadſt been better have been born a dog,
Than anſwer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to ſee't; or, at the leaſt, ſo prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or woe upon thy life!

Iago. My Noble Lord——

Oth. If thou doſt ſlander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorſe †;
On horrors head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heav'n weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canſt thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. Oh grace! oh heav'n defend me!
Are you a man? have you a ſoul? or ſenſe?
God be wi' you; take mine office. O wretched fool,
That liv'ſt to make thine honeſty a vice!
Oh monſtrous world! take note, take note, oh world,
To be direct and honeſt, is not ſafe.
I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I'll love no friend, ſith love breeds ſuch offence.

† *remorſe*, for *repentance*.

Oth. Nay, ſtay——thou ſhould'ſt be honeſt——

Iago. I ſhould be wiſe; for honeſty's a fool,
And loſes what it works for.

Oth. " By the world,
" I think my wife is honeſt; and think ſhe is not;
" I think that thou art juſt, and think thou art not;
" I'll have ſome proof. Her name, that was as freſh
" As Dian's viſage, is now begrimm'd and black
" As my own face. If there be cords, or knives,
" Poiſon, or fire, or ſuffocating ſtreams,
" I'll not endure't——Would I were ſatisfied!

Iago. I ſee, Sir, you are eaten up with paſſion;
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be ſatisfied?

Oth. Would? nay, and will.

Iago. And may; but how? how ſatisfied, my Lord?
Would you be ſuperviſor, groſsly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd!

Oth. Death and damnation! oh?

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that proſpect: damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do ſee them bolſter,
More than their own. What then? how then?
What ſhall I ſay? where's ſatisfaction?
It is impoſſible you ſhould ſee this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As ſalt as wolves in pride, and fools as groſs
As ignorance made drunk. But yet I ſay,
If imputation and ſtrong circumſtances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you ſatisfaction, you might have't.

Oth. Give me a living * reaſon ſhe's diſloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office:
But ſince I'm entred in this cauſe ſo far,
Prick'd to't by fooliſh honeſty and love,
I will go on. I lay with Caſſio lately,
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not ſleep.
" There are a kind of men, ſo looſe of ſoul,
That in their ſleeps will mutter their affairs.
One of this kind is Caſſio.

* *living*, for *ſpeaking*, *manifeſt*.

In

In ſleep I heard him ſay, Sweet Deſdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!
And then, Sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand;
Cry——Oh ſweet creature! and then kiſs me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kiſſes by the roots,
That grew upon my lips; then lay his leg
Over my thigh, and ſigh and kiſs, and then
Cry, Curſed fate! that gave thee to the Moor.

Oth. Oh monſtrous! oh monſtrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone concluſion *.

Iago. 'Tis a ſhrewd doubt, tho' it be but a dream.
And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonſtrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wiſe; yet we *ſee* nothing done;
She may be honeſt yet.——Tell me but this,
Have you not ſometimes ſeen a handkerchief,
Spotted with ſtrawberries in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her ſuch a one; 'twas my firſt gift.

Iago. I know not that; but ſuch a handkerchief
(I'm ſure it was your wife's) did I to-day
See Caſſio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that———

Iago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas her's,
It ſpeaks againſt her with the other proofs.

Oth. Oh that the ſlave had forty thouſand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
" Now do I ſee 'tis time.———Look here, Iago,
" All my fond love thus do I blow to heav'n.
" 'Tis gone;———
" Ariſe, black vengeance, from th'unhallow'd cell!
Yield up, oh Love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous Hate! ſwell, boſom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aſpics' tongues.

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood———

Iago. Patience, I ſay; your mind, perhaps, may change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like the Pontic ſea,
Whoſe icy current and compulſive courſe

* *concluſion*, for *fact*.

Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic, and the Helleſpont:
Even ſo my bloody thoughts with violent pace
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.——Now by yond marble heav'n,
In the due rev'rence of a ſacred vow [*He kneels.*
I here engage my words———

Iago. Do not riſe yet: [Iago *kneels.*
Witneſs, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements, that clip us round about!
Witneſs, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's ſervice. Let him command,
And to obey ſhall be in me, remord
What bloody buſineſs ever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the inſtant put thee to't:
Within theſe three days let me hear thee ſay,
That Caſſio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead;
'Tis done at your requeſt. But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! oh, damn her, damn her;
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw
To furniſh me with ſome ſwift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my Lieutenant.——

Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Another apartment in the palace.*

Enter Deſdemona, Æmilia, *and Clown.*

Deſ. Do you know, ſirrah, where Lieutenant Caſſio lies?

Clown. I dare not ſay he lyes any where.

Deſ. Why, man?

Clown. He's a ſoldier; and for me to ſay a ſoldier lyes, 'tis ſtabbing.

Deſ. Go to; where lodges he?

Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lye.

Deſ. Can any thing be made of this?

Clown.

Clown. I know not where he lodges; and for me to deviſe a lodging, and ſay, he lies here, or he lies there, were to lye in mine own throat.

Def. Can you inquire him out? and be edified by report?

Clown. I will catechiſe the world for him; that is, make queſtions, and bid them anſwer.

Def. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell him, I have mov'd my Lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clown. To do this is within the compaſs of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing of it.

[*Exit Clown.*

Def. Where ſhould I loſe that handkerchief, Æmilia?

Æmil. I know not, Madam.

Def. Believe me, I had rather have loſt my purſe
Full of cruſadoes. And but my Noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no ſuch baſeneſs
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill-thinking.

Æmil. Is he not jealous?

Def. Who, he? I think the ſun, where he was born,
Drew all ſuch humours from him.

Æmil. Look where he comes.

Def. I will not leave him now, till Caſſio be
Call'd to him. How is it with you, my Lord?

SCENE X. *Enter* Othello.

Oth. Well, my good Lady. Oh, hardneſs to diſ-
How do you, Deſdemona? (ſemble! [*Aſide.*

Def. Well, my Lord.

Oth. Give me your hand; this hand is moiſt, my Lady.

Def. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no ſorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulneſs, and liberal heart.
Hot, hot, and moiſt——this hand of your's requires
A ſequeſter from liberty; faſting and prayer,
Much caſtigation, exerciſe devout;
For here's a ſtrong and ſweating devil here,
That commonly rebels: 'tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Def. You may indeed ſay ſo;

For

For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand. The hands of old gave hearts;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Deſ. I cannot ſpeak of this; come, now your promiſe.

Oth. What promiſe, chuck?

Deſ. I've ſent to bid Caſſio come ſpeak with you.

Oth. I have a ſalt and ſorry rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Deſ. Here, my Lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Deſ. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?———

Deſ. No indeed, my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault. That handkerchief
Did an Ægyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almoſt read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while ſhe kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, ſubdue my father
Entirely to her love: but if ſhe loſt it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her lothed, and his ſpirits hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did ſo; and take heed on't:——
Make it a darling, like your precious eye;
To loſe't, or give't away, were ſuch perdition,
As nothing elſe could match.

Deſ. Is't poſſible?

Oth. 'Tis true; there's magic in the web of it:
A Sibyl, that had numbred in the world
The ſun to courſe two hundred compaſſes,
In her prophetic fury ſow'd the work:
The worms were hallowed that did breed the ſilk;
And it was dy'd in mummey, which the ſkilful
Conſerv'd of maidens' hearts.

Deſ. Indeed! is't true?

Oth. Moſt veritable, therefore look to't well.

Deſ. Then would to Heav'n that I had never ſeen't!

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Deſ. Why do you ſpeak ſo ſtartingly, and raſh?

Oth. Is't loſt? is't gone? ſpeak, is it out o' th' way?

Deſ. Bleſs us!———

Oth.

Oth. Say you?
Deſ. It is not loſt; but what an' if it were?
Oth. Ha!
Deſ. I ſay it is not loſt.
Oth. Fetch't, let me ſee't.
Deſ. Why, ſo I can, Sir; but I will not now:
This is a trick to put me from my ſuit.
Pray you, let Caſſio be receiv'd again.
Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief——my mind miſgives——
Deſ. Come, you'll ne'er meet a more ſufficient man.
Oth. The handkerchief——
Deſ. A man, that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you.
Oth. The handkerchief——
Deſ. Inſooth, you are to blame.
Oth. Away!—— [*Exit* Othello.

SCENE XI. *Manent* Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

Æmil. Is not this man jealous?
Deſ. I ne'er ſaw this before.
Sure, there's ſome wonder in this handkerchief:
I'm moſt unhappy in the loſs of it.
Æmil. 'Tis not a year or two ſhews us a man:
They are all but ſtomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly; and, when they're full,
They belch us. Look you! Caſſio, and my huſband.

Enter Iago *and* Caſſio.

Iago. There is no other way, 'tis ſhe muſt do't;
And lo, the happineſs! go, and importune her.
Deſ. How now, good Caſſio, what's the news with you?
Caſ. Madam, my former ſuit. I do beſeech you,
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exiſt, and be a member of his love;
Whom I, with all the office of my heart,
Entirely honour. I would not be delay'd;
If my offence be of ſuch mortal kind,
That not my ſervice paſt, nor preſent ſorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,

Can

Can ranſom me into his love again;
But to know ſo, muſt be my benefit:
So ſhall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And ſhut myſelf up in ſome other courſe,
To Fortune's alms.

Deſ. Alas! thrice-gentle Caſſio,
My advocation is not now in tune:
My Lord is not my Lord; nor ſhould I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
So help me every ſpirit ſanctified,
As I have ſpoken for you all my beſt;
And ſtood within the blank of his diſpleaſure,
For my free ſpeech! You muſt a while be patient;
What I can do, I will: and more I will
Than for myſelf I dare. Let that ſuffice you.

Iago. Is my Lord angry?

Æmil. He went hence but now;
And certainly in ſtrange unquietneſs.

Iago. "Can he be angry? I have ſeen the cannon,
" When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
" And, like the devil, from his very arm
" Puſt his own brother; and can he be angry?
" Something of moment then; I will go meet him:
" There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. [*Exit.*

SCENE XII.

Manent Deſdemona, Æmilia, *and* Caſſio.

Deſ. I pr'ythee, do ſo.—Something ſure of ſtate,
Either from Venice, or ſome unhatch'd practice,
Made here demonſtrable in Cyprus to him,
" Hath puddled his clear ſpirit; and, in ſuch caſes,
" Mens' natures wrangle with inferior things,
" Tho' great ones are their object. 'Tis ev'n ſo.
For let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthful members with a ſenſe
Of pain. Nay, we muſt think, men are not gods;
Nor of them look for ſuch obſervance always,
As fits the bridal. Beſhrew me much, Æmilia;
I was (unhandſome wrangler as I am)
Arraigning his unkindneſs with my ſoul;
But now I find I had ſuborn'd the witneſs,

And

And he's indited falſely.

Æmil. Pray Heav'n, it be
State-matter, as you think; and no conception,
Nor jealous toy concerning you.

Deſ. Alas-the-day, I never gave him cauſe.

Æmil. But jealous ſouls will not be anſwer'd ſo;
They are not ever jealous for a cauſe;
But jealous, for they're jealous. 'Tis a monſter
Begot upon itſelf, born on itſelf.

Deſ. Heav'n keep that monſter from Othello's mind!

Æmil. Lady, amen.

Deſ. I will go ſeek him. Caſſio, walk hereabout;
If I do find him fit, I'll move your ſuit,
And ſeek t' effect it to my uttermoſt.

Caſ. I humbly thank your Ladyſhip.

[*Ex.* Deſdemona *and* Æmilia, *at one door*;
Caſſio, *at the other.*

SCENE XIII.

Changes to the ſtreet before the palace.

Re-enter Caſſio, *meeting* Bianca.

Bian. 'Save you, friend Caſſio.

Caſ. What makes you from home?
How is it with you, my moſt fair Bianca?
Indeed, ſweet love, I was coming to your houſe.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Caſſio.
' What? keep a week away? ſeven days and nights?
' Eightſcore eight hours? and lovers' abſent hours,
' More tedious than the dial, eightſcore times?
' Oh weary reck'ning!

Caſ. Pardon me, Bianca:
I have this while with leaden thoughts been preſs'd;
But I ſhall in a more convenient time
Strike off this ſcore of abſence. Sweet Bianca,

[*Giving her* Deſdemona's *handkerchief.*

Take me this work out.

Bian. Oh Caſſio, whence came this?
This is ſome token from a newer friend:
Of thy felt abſence now I feel a cauſe:
Is't come to this? well, well.

Caſ. Go to, woman:

Throw

Throw your vile gueſſes in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,
That this is from ſome miſtreſs, ſome remembrance?
No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whoſe is it?

Caſ. I know not neither; I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
As like enough it will, I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do't, and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you? wherefore?

Caſ. I do attend here on the General,
And think it no addition, nor my wiſh,
To have him ſee me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Caſ. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me;
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And ſay, if I ſhall ſee you ſoon at night?

Caſ. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here. But I'll ſee you ſoon.

Bian. 'Tis very good; I muſt be circumſtanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A court before the palace.

Enter Othello, *and* Iago.

Iago. Will you think ſo?

Oth. Think ſo, Iago?

Iago. What, to kiſs in private?

Oth. An unauthoris'd kiſs?

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed,
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm?
'It is hypocriſy againſt the devil:
'They that mean virtuouſly, and yet do ſo,
'The devil their virtue tempts not; they tempt Heav'n.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial ſlip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief——

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then, 'tis her's, my Lord; and being her's,

She

She may, I think, beſtow't on any man.

Oth. She is propertied of her honour too;
May ſhe give that?

Iago. Her honour is an eſſence that's not ſeen;
They have it very oft, that have it not.
But for the handkerchief———

Oth. "By Heav'n, I would moſt gladly have forgot it;
" Thou ſaid'ſt,——oh, it comes o'er my memory,
" As doth the raven o'er th' infected houſe,
" Boading to ill,——he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not ſo good now.

Iago. What if I ſaid, I'ad ſeen him do you wrong?
Or heard him ſay, (as knaves be ſuch abroad,
Who having by their own importunate ſuit,
Or voluntary dotage of ſome miſtreſs,
Convinc'd * or ſuppled them, they cannot chuſe
But they muſt blab).

Oth. Hath he ſaid any thing?

Iago. He hath, my Lord; but be you well aſſur'd,
No more than he'll unſwear.

Oth. What hath he ſaid?

Iago. Why, that he did——I know not what he did——

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie———

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her; on her——what you will——

Oth. "Lie with her! lie on her! lie with her! that's
" fulſome: handkerchief——confeſſions——handker-
" chief——handkerchief [———to confeſs, and be
" hang'd for his labour——Firſt, to be hang'd, and
" then——to confeſs! †]———I tremble at it——
" Nature would not inveſt herſelf in ſuch ſhadowing
" without ſome induction. It is not words that ſhake
" me thus——piſh——noſes, ears, and lips——is't poſ-
" ſible!——confeſs!——handkerchief!——oh devil——
[*Falls in a trance.*

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaſte dames even thus,

* *convinc'd*, for *conquer'd, ſubdued.*

† The words between the hooks ſeem to be the players' traſh.

All guiltleſs, meet reproach. What hoa! my Lord!
My Lord, I ſay, Othello.———

SCENE II. *Enter* Caſſio.

How now, Caſſio?

Caſ. What's the matter?

Iago. My Lord is fell into an epilepſy;
This is the ſecond fit; he had one yeſterday.

Caſ. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear,
The lethargy muſt have his quiet courſe;
If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to ſavage madneſs. Look, he ſtirs.
Do you withdraw yourſelf a little while,
He will recover ſtraight; when he is gone,
I would on great occaſion ſpeak with you. [*Exit* Caſſio.
How is it, General? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Doſt thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you not, by Heav'n;
Would you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monſter, and a beaſt.

Iago. There's many a beaſt then in a populous city,
And many a civil monſter.

Oth. Did he confeſs it?

Iago. Good Sir, be a man:
Think, every bearded fellow that's but yok'd,
May draw with you. Millions are now alive,
That nightly lie in thoſe unproper * beds,
Which they dare ſwear peculiar. Your caſe is better.
Oh, 'tis the ſpight of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a ſecure couch,
And to ſuppoſe her chaſte. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what ſhe ſhall be.

Oth. Oh, thou art wiſe; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you a while apart,
Confine yourſelf but in a patient liſt.
Whilſt you were here, o'erwhelmed with your grief,
(A paſſion moſt unſuiting ſuch a man),
Caſſio came hither. I ſhifted him away,
And laid good 'ſcuſes on your ecſtaſy;
Bade him anon return, and here ſpeak with me;

* *unproper*, for *common*.

The

The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourſelf,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable ſcorns,
That dwell in every region of his face.
For I will make him tell the tale anew;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when,
He hath, and is again to cope your wife.
I ſay, but mark his geſture. Marry, patience;
Or I ſhall ſay, you're all in all in ſpleen,
And nothing of a man.
Oth. Doſt thou hear, Iago?
I will be found moſt cunning in my patience;
But, doſt thou hear? moſt bloody.
Iago. That's not amiſs;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[Othello *withdraws.*
Now will I queſtion Caſſio of Bianca,
A huſwife, that, by ſelling her deſires,
Buys herſelf bread and cloth. It is a creature
That doats on Caſſio; as 'tis the ſtrumpet's plague
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the exceſs of laughter.——Here he comes——

SCENE III. *Enter* Caſſio.

As he ſhall ſmile, Othello ſhall go mad;
And his unbookiſh * jealouſy muſt conſtrue
Poor Caſſio's ſmiles, geſtures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong. How do you now, Lieutenant?
Caſ. The worſer that you give me the addition,
Whoſe want even kills me.
Iago. Ply Deſdemona well, and you are ſure on't:
Now, if this ſuit lay in Bianca's power, [*Speaking lower.*
How quickly ſhould you ſpeed?
Caſ. Alas, poor caitiff!
Oth. Look how he laughs already. [*Aſide.*
Iago. I never knew a woman love man ſo.
Caſ. Alas, poor rogue, I think indeed ſhe loves me.
Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs out.
[*Aſide.*
Iago. Do you hear, Caſſio?
Oth. Now he importunes him

* *unbookiſh*, for *ignorant*.

To tell it o'er: go to, well ſaid, well ſaid. [*Aſide.*

Iago. She gives it out that you ſhall marry her. Do you intend it?

Caſ. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, rogue? do you triumph? [*Aſide.*

Caſ. I marry her!—What? a cuſtomer? pr'ythee, bear ſome charity to my wit, do not think it ſo unwholſome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, ſo: they laugh that win. [*Aſide.*

Iago. Why, the cry goes that you ſhall marry her.

Caſ. Pr'ythee, ſay true.

Iago. I am a very villain elſe.

Oth. Have you ſcor'd me? well. [*Aſide.*

Caſ. This is the monkey's own giving out: ſhe is perſuaded I will marry her out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promiſe.

Oth. Iago beckons me: now he begins the ſtory. [*Aſide.*

Caſ. She was here even now: ſhe haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the ſea-bank with certain Venetians, and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus about my neck———

Oth. Crying, Oh dear Caſſio, as it were: his geſture imports it. [*Aſide.*

Caſ. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; ſo ſhakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha!——

Oth. Now he tells how ſhe pluck'd him to my chamber: oh I ſee that noſe of your's, but not that dog I ſhall throw it to. [*Aſide.*

Caſ. Well, I muſt leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look where ſhe comes.

SCENE IV. *Enter* Bianca.

Caſ. 'Tis ſuch another fitchew! marry, a perfum'd one:——

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! what did you mean by that ſame handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it: I muſt take out the work? A likely piece of work, that you ſhould find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there.

This

This is ſome minx's token, and I muſt take out the work? there —— give it your hobby-horſe: whereſoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Caſ. How now, my ſweet Bianca? how now? how now?

Oth. By Heaven, that ſhould be my handkerchief. [*Aſide.*

Bian. If you'll come to ſupper to-night, you may; if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.———

Caſ. I muſt, ſhe'll rail in the ſtreets elſe.

Iago. Will you ſup there?

Caſ. Yes, I intend ſo.

Iago. Well, I may chance to ſee you; for I would very fain ſpeak with you.

Caſ. Pr'ythee, come, will you?

Iago. Go to, ſay no more. [*Exit* Caſſio.

SCENE V. *Manent* Othello *and* Iago.

Oth. How ſhall I murther him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, Iago!——

Iago. And did you ſee the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Your's, by this hand: and to ſee how he prizes the fooliſh woman your wife———She gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a-killing——— A fine woman! a fair woman! a ſweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you muſt forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot and periſh, and be damn'd to-night; for ſhe ſhall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to ſtone: I ſtrike it, and it hurts my hand——Oh, the world hath not a ſweeter creature. She might lie by an Emperor's ſide, and command him taſks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do but ſay what ſhe is——ſo delicate with her needle.——An admirable muſician.—— Oh, ſhe will ſing the ſavageneſs out of a bear: of ſo high and plenteous wit and invention!

Iago. She's the worſe for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thouſand, a thouſand times:
And then of ſo gentle condition!——

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain.
But yet the pity of it, Iago———Oh, Iago, the pity of it, Iago———

Iago. If you are ſo fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for if it touch not you, it comes near no body.

Oth. I will chop her into meſſes: cuckold me!

Iago. Oh, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me ſome poiſon, Iago, this night; I'll not expoſtulate with her, leſt her body and her beauty unprovide my mind again; this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poiſon, ſtrangle her in her bed,
Even in the bed ſhe hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good:
The juſtice of it pleaſes; very good.

Iago. And for Caſſio, let me be his undertaker;
You ſhall hear more by midnight. [*A trumpet within.*

Oth. Excellent good.——What trumpet is that ſame?

Iago. Something from Venice, ſure. 'Tis Lodovico
Come from the Duke: and, ſee, your wife is with him.

SCENE VI.

Enter Lodovico, Deſdemona, *and Attendants, from the palace.*

Lod. Save you, worthy General.

Oth. With all my heart, Sir.

Lod. The Duke and the Senators of Venice greet you. [*Gives him a letter.*

Oth. I kiſs the inſtrument of their pleaſures.

Deſ. And what's the news, good couſin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to ſee you, Signior.
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you. How does Lieutenant Caſſio?

Iago. Lives, Sir.

Deſ. Couſin, there's fall'n between him and my Lord
An unkind breach; but you ſhall make all well.

Oth.

Oth. Are you ſure of that? [*Aſide.*
Deſ. My Lord?———
Oth. *This fail you not to do, as you will*—— [Reads.
Lod. He did not call; he's buſy in the paper.
Is there diviſion 'twixt my Lord and Caſſio?
Deſ. A moſt unhappy one; I would do much
T' atone them, for the love I bear to Caſſio.
Oth. Fire and brimſtone!
Deſ. My Lord!
Oth. Are you wiſe?
Deſ. What, is he angry?
Lod. 'May be the letter mov'd him,
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Caſſio in his government.
Deſ. Truſt me, I'm glad on't.
Oth. Indeed! [*Aſide.*
Deſ. My Lord!
Oth. I am glad to ſee you mad.
Deſ. Why, ſweet Othello?
Oth. Devil!——— [*Striking her.*
Deſ. I have not deſerv'd this.
Lod. My Lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I ſhould ſwear I ſaw't. 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, ſhe weeps.
Oth. Oh devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop ſhe falls, would prove a crocodile.
Out of my ſight———
Deſ. I will not ſtay t'offend you. [*Going.*
Lod. Truly, an obedient Lady.
I do beſeech your Lordſhip, call her back.
Oth. Miſtreſs———
Deſ. My Lord.
Oth. What would you with her, Sir?
Lod. Who, I, my Lord?
Oth. Ay; you did wiſh, that I would make her turn:
Sir, ſhe can turn and turn, and yet go on;
And turn again. And ſhe can weep, Sir, weep;
And ſhe's obedient: as you ſay, obedient;
Very obedient——proceed you in your tears———
Concerning this, Sir,——oh well-painted paſſion!——
I am commanded home———get you away,

I'll

I'll ſend for you anon———Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice.——Hence, avaunt!——
[*Exit* Deſdemona.
Caſſio ſhall have my place. And, Sir, to-night
I do intreat that we may ſup together.
You are welcome, Sir, to Cyprus——
Goats and monkies! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *Manent* Lodovico *and* Iago.

Lod. Is this the Noble Moor, whom our full ſenate
Call all-in-all ſufficient? "this the nature,
" Which paſſion could not ſhake? whoſe ſolid virtue
" The ſhot of accident, nor dart of chance,
" Could neither raze nor pierce?
Iago. He is much chang'd.
Lod. Are his wits ſafe? is he not light of brain?
Iago. He's what he is; I may not breathe my cen-
What he might be, if what he might he is not, [ſure.
I would to heaven he were!
Lod. What, ſtrike his wife!
Iago. 'Faith that was not ſo well; yet would I knew,
That ſtroke would prove the worſt.
Lod. Is it his uſe?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?
Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honeſty in me to ſpeak
What I have ſeen and known. You ſhall obſerve him,
And his own courſes will denote him ſo,
That I may ſave my ſpeech. Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.
Lod. I'm ſorry that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to an apartment in the palace.

Enter Othello *and* Æmilia.

Oth. You have ſeen nothing then?
Æmil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did ſuſpect.
Oth. Yes, you have ſeen Caſſio and her together.
Æmil. But then I ſaw no harm; and then I heard
Each ſyllable that breath made up between them.

Oth.

Oth. What? did they never whiſper?
Æmil. Never, my Lord.
Oth. Nor ſend you out o' th' way?
Æmil. Never.
Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her maſk, nor nothing?
Æmil. Never, my Lord.
Oth. That's ſtrange!
Æmil. I durſt, my Lord, to wager ſhe is honeſt,
Lay down my ſoul at ſtake: if you think other,
Remove your thought, it doth abuſe your boſom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heav'n requite it with the ſerpent's curſe!
For if ſhe be not honeſt, chaſte and true,
There's no man happy; the pureſt of their wives
Is foul as ſlander.
Oth. Bid her come hither, go. [*Exit* Æmilia.
She ſays enough; yet ſhe's a ſimple bawd,
That cannot ſay as much. This is a ſubtle whore,
A cloſet lock and key of villanous ſecrets;
And yet ſhe'll kneel, and pray. I've ſeen her do't.

SCENE IX. *Enter* Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

Deſ. My Lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray you, chuck, come hither.
Deſ. What is your pleaſure?
Oth. Let me ſee your eyes; look in my face.
Deſ. What horrible fancy's this?
Oth. Some of your function, miſtreſs; [*To* Æmil.
Leave procreants alone, and ſhut the door,
Cough, or cry Hem, if any body come.
Your miſtery, your miſtery;———nay, diſpatch.
[*Exit* Æmilia.
Deſ. Upon my knee, what doth your ſpeech import?
I underſtand a fury in your words,
But not your words.
Oth. Why? what art thou?
Deſ. Your wife, my Lord; your true and loyal wife.
Oth. Come, ſwear it; damn thyſelf; leſt, being like one
Of heav'n, the devils themſelves ſhould fear to ſeize thee.
Therefore be double-damn'd; ſwear thou art honeſt.

Deſ.

Def. Heav'n doth truly know it.
Oth. Heav'n truly knows,
That thou art falſe as hell.
Def. To whom, my Lord?
With whom? how am I falſe?
Oth. Ah, Deſdemona! away, away, away——
Def. "Alas, the heavy day! why do you weep?
"Am I the motive of theſe tears, my Lord?
"If haply you my father do ſuſpect
"An inſtrument of this your calling back,
"Lay not your blame on me; if you have loſt him,
"Why, I have loſt him too.
Oth. "Had it pleas'd Heav'n
"To try me with affliction, had he rain'd
"All kind of ſores and ſhames on my bare head,
"Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
"Given to captivity me and my hopes;
"I ſhould have found in ſome place of my ſoul
"A drop of patience. But, alas! to make me
"A fixed figure for the hand of Scorn
"To point his ſlow unmoving finger at———
"Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.
"But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
"Where either I muſt live, or bear no life,
"The fountain from the which my current runs,
"Or elſe dries up; to be diſcarded thence;
"Or keep it as a ciſtern, for foul toads
"To knot and gender in: turn thy complexion thence,
"Patience, thou young and roſe-lip'd cherubin;
"I here look grim as hell."
Def. I hope my Noble Lord eſteems me honeſt.
Oth. Oh, ay, as ſummer-flies are in the ſhambles,
That quicken ev'n with blowing.
O thou bale weed, why art ſo lovely fair?
Thou ſmell'ſt ſo ſweet that the ſenſe akes at thee.
Would thou had'ſt ne'er been born!
Def. Alas, what ignorant ſin have I committed?
Oth. Was this fair paper, this moſt goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What, what committed?
Committed?——oh, thou public commoner!
I ſhould make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modeſty,

Did

Did but I ſpeak thy deeds. What, what committed?
Heav'n ſtops the noſe at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kiſſes all it meets,
Is huſh'd within the hollow mine of earth, [ſtrumpet!
And will not hear't. What committed?—Impudent
Deſ. By heav'n you do me wrong.
Oth. Are not you a ſtrumpet?
Deſ. No, as I am a Chriſtian.
If to preſerve this veſſel for my Lord
From any other foul, unlawful touch,
Be not to be a ſtrumpet, I am none.
Oth. What, not a whore?
Deſ. No, as I ſhall be ſaved.
Oth. Is't poſſible?
Deſ. Oh, heav'n forgive us!
Oth. I cry you mercy, then.
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello———

SCENE X. *Enter* Æmilia.

You, miſtreſs,
That have the office oppoſite to St Peter,
And keep the gate of hell; you! you! ay, you!
We have done our courſe, there's money for your pains;
I pray you turn the key, and keep our counſel. [*Exit.*
Æmil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you, Madam! how do you, my good Lady?
Deſ. 'Faith, half aſleep.
Æmil. Good Madam, what's the matter with my Lord?
Deſ. With whom?
Æmil. Why, with my Lord, Madam?
Deſ. Who is thy Lord?
Æmil. He that is your's, ſweet Lady.
Deſ. I have none; do not talk to me, Æmilia.
I cannot weep; nor anſwer have I none,
But what ſhould go by water. Pray, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding-ſheets, remember;
And call thy huſband hither.
Æmil. Here's a change indeed! [*Exit.*
Deſ. 'Tis meet I ſhould be uſed ſo, very meet.

How

How have I been behav'd, that he might ſtick
The ſmall'ſt opinion of my leaſt miſuſe?

SCENE XI. *Enter* Iago *and* Æmilia.

Iago. What is your pleaſure, Madam? how is't with you?

Deſ. I cannot tell; thoſe that do teach your babes,
Do it with gentle means, and eaſy taſks;
He might have chid me ſo: for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, Lady?

Æmil. Alas, Iago, my Lord hath ſo bewhor'd her,
Thrown ſuch deſpight and heavy terms upon her,
That true hearts cannot bear it.

Deſ. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair Lady?

Deſ. Such as ſhe ſaid my Lord did ſay I was.

Æmil. He call'd her whore; a beggar in his drink,
Could not have laid ſuch terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he ſo?

Deſ. I do not know; I'm ſure I am none ſuch.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; alas, the day!

Æmil. Hath ſhe forſook ſo many noble matches?
Her father? and her country? and her friends?
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?

Deſ. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beſhrew him for't! how comes this trick upon him?

Deſ. Nay, heav'n doth know.

Æmil. I will be hang'd, if ſome eternal villain,
Some buſy and inſinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening ſlave, to get ſome office,
Has not devis'd this ſlander: I'll be hang'd elſe.

Iago. Fie, there is no ſuch man; it is impoſſible.

Deſ. If any ſuch there be, heav'n pardon him!

Æmil. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones!
Why ſhould he call her whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abus'd by ſome moſt villanous knave,
Some baſe notorious knave, ſome ſcurvy fellow.
Oh heav'n, that ſuch companions thou'dſt unfold,

And

And put in every honeſt hand a whip,
To laſh the raſcal naked through the world,
Ev'n from the eaſt to th' weſt!

Iago. Speak within door.

Æmil. Oh fie upon them! ſome ſuch 'ſquire he was,
" That turn'd your wit the ſeamy ſide without,
And made you to ſuſpect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Deſ. Alas, Iago.
" What ſhall I do to win my Lord again?
" Good friend, go to him; by this light of heav'n,
" I know not how I loſt him. Here I kneel;
[*Kneeling.*
" If e'er my will did treſpaſs 'gainſt his love,
" Or in diſcourſe, or thought, or actual deed;
" Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any ſenſe,
" Delighted them on any other form;
" Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
" And ever will, though he do ſhake me off
" To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
" Comfort forſwear me! Unkindneſs may do much;
" And his unkindneſs may defeat my life,
" But never taint my love. I can't ſay *whore*;
It does abhor me, now I ſpeak the word;
To do the act that might th' addition earn,
Not the world's maſs of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you be content; 'tis but his humour;
The buſineſs of the ſtate does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Deſ. If 'twere no other,———

Iago. It is but ſo, I warrant. [*Trumpets.*
Hark, how theſe inſtruments ſummon to ſupper!
The meſſenger of Venice ſtays the meat;
Go in, and weep not; all things ſhall be well.
[*Exeunt* Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

SCENE XII. *Enter* Rodorigo *to* Iago.

How now, Rodorigo?

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'ſt juſtly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou doſt'ſt me with ſome device, Iago; and rather, as it ſeems to me now, keep'ſt from

me all conveniency, than ſupplieſt me with the leaſt advantage of hope. I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor am I yet perſuaded to put up in peace what already I have fooliſhly ſuffer'd.

Iago. Will you hear me, Rodorigo?

Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much; and your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me moſt unjuſtly.

Rod. With nought but truth: I have waſted myſelf out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Deſdemona, would half have corrupted a votariſt. You have told me, ſhe hath receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of ſudden reſpect and acquittance; but I find none.

Iago. Well, go to; very well.

Rod. Very well, go to; I cannot go to, man, nor 'tis not very well; nay, I think, it is ſcurvy, and begin to find myſelf fobb'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myſelf known to Deſdemona: if ſhe will return me my jewels, I will give over my ſuit, and repent my unlawful ſolicitation; if not, aſſure yourſelf, I will ſeek ſatisfaction of you.

Iago. You have ſaid now———

Rod. Ay, and ſaid nothing, but what I proteſt intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I ſee there's mettle in thee; and even from this inſtant do I build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Rodorigo: thou haſt taken againſt me a moſt juſt exception; but I proteſt I have dealt moſt directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd; and your ſuſpicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Rodorigo, if thou haſt that in thee indeed, which I have greater reaſon to believe now than ever, (I mean, purpoſe, courage, and valour), this night ſhew it. If thou the next night following enjoy not Deſdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and deviſe engines for my life.

Rod.

Rod. Well; what is it? is it within reaſon and compaſs?

Iago. Sir, there is eſpecial commiſſion come from Venice to depute Caſſio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Deſdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. Oh, no; he goes into Mauritania, and taketh away with him the fair Deſdemona, unleſs his abode be lingered here by ſome accident: wherein none can be ſo determinate, as the removing of Caſſio.

Rod. How do you mean removing him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourſelf a profit and a right. He ſups to-night with a harlot; and thither will I go to him. He knows not yet of his honourable fortune; if you will watch his going thence, (which I will faſhion to fall out between twelve and one), you may take him at your pleaſure. I will be near to ſecond your attempt, and he ſhall fall between us. Come, ſtand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will ſhew you ſuch a neceſſity in his death, that you ſhall think yourſelf bound to put it on him. It is now high ſupper-time; and the night grows to waſte. About it.

Rod. I will hear further reaſon for this.

Iago. And you ſhall be ſatisfied. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Deſdemona, Æmilia, *and Attendants.*

Lod. I do beſeech you, Sir, trouble yourſelf no further.

Oth. Oh, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your Ladyſhip.

Deſ. Your Honour is moſt welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, Sir? Oh Deſdemona!——

[*Exeunt* Lodovico, *&c.*

Deſ. My Lord.

Oth. Get you to bed on th' inſtant, I will be return'd forthwith; diſmiſs your attendant there; look it be done. *Exit.*

Deſ. I will, my Lord.

Æmil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Deſ. He ſays, he will return incontinent;
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to diſmiſs you.

Æmil. Diſmiſs me?

Deſ. It was his bidding; therefore, good Æmilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu.
We muſt not now diſpleaſe him.

Æmil. I would you had never ſeen him!

Deſ. So would not I; my love doth ſo approve him,
That even his ſtubbornneſs, his checks, and frowns,
(Pr'ythee, unpin me), have grace and favour in them.

Æmil. I have laid thoſe ſheets you bade me on the bed.

Deſ. All's one: good father! how fooliſh are our minds!
If I do die before thee, pr'ythee ſhroud me
In one of theſe ſame ſheets.

Æmil. Come, come; you talk.

Deſ. My mother had a maid call'd *Barbara*,
She was in love; and he ſhe lov'd forſook her,
And ſhe prov'd mad: ſhe had a ſong of *willow*;
An old thing 'twas, but it expreſs'd her fortune,
And ſhe dy'd ſinging it. That ſong to-night
Will not go from my mind; I've much ado,
But to go hang my head all at one ſide,
And ſing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee diſpatch.

Æmil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Deſ. No, unpin me here.
This Lodovico is a proper man.

Æmil. A very handſome man.

Deſ. He ſpeaks well.

Æmil. I know a lady in Venice would have walk'd barefoot to Paleſtine for a touch of his nether lip.

Deſ. *The poor ſoul ſat ſinging by a ſycamore-tree,*
Sing all a green willow: [Singing.
Her hand on her boſom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The freſh ſtreams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, &c.
Her ſalt tears fell from her, and ſoftned the ſtones;

Sing

Sing willow, &c.
Willow, willow, &c.
(Pr'ythee, hie thee, he'll come anon)
Sing all a green willow muſt be my garland.
Let no body blame him, his ſcorn I approve.
Nay that's not next——Hark, who is it that knocks?
Æmil. 'Tis the wind.
Deſ. *I call'd my love falſe love; but what ſaid he then?*
Sing willow, &c.
If I court more women, you'll couch with more men.
So, get thee gone, good night; mine eyes do itch,
Doth that boad weeping?
Æmil. 'Tis neither here nor there.
Deſ. I have heard it ſaid ſo; oh theſe men, theſe men!
Doſt thou in conſcience think, tell me, Æmilia,
That there be women do abuſe their huſbands
In ſuch groſs kind?
Æmil. There be ſome ſuch, no queſtion.
Deſ. Would'ſt thou do ſuch a deed for all the world?
Æmil. Why, would not you?
Deſ. No, by this heav'nly light.
Æmil. Nor I neither, by this heav'nly light:
I might do't as well i' th' dark.
Deſ. Would'ſt thou do ſuch a deed for all the world?
Æmil. The world's a huge thing,
It is a great price for a ſmall vice.
Deſ. In troth I think thou would'ſt not.
Æmil. In troth I think I ſhould, and undo't when I had done. Marry, I would not do ſuch a thing for a joint-ring, nor for meaſures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition. But for all the whole world! why, who would not make her huſband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I ſhould venture purgatory for't.
Deſ. Beſhrew me, if I would do ſuch a wrong
For the whole world.
Æmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' th' world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.
Deſ. I do not think there is any ſuch woman.
Æmil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to th' vantage, as
Would ſtore the world they play'd for.
But I do think it is their huſbands' faults,

If wives do fall: ſay, that they ſlack their duties,
And pour our treaſures into foreign laps;
Or elſe break out in peeviſh jealouſies,
Throwing reſtraint on us; or ſay, they ſtrike us,
Or ſcant our former having in deſpight;
Why, we have galls, and though we have ſome grace,
Yet have we ſome revenge. Let huſbands know,
Their wives have ſenſe like them; they ſee and ſmell,
And have their palates both for ſweet and ſour,
As huſbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? is it ſport?
I think it is: and doth affection breed it?
I think it doth: is't frailty that thus errs?
It is ſo too. And have not we affections?
Deſires for ſport? and frailty, as men have?
Then let them uſe us well; elſe let them know,
The ills we do, their ills inſtruct us to.

Deſ. Good night, good night; Heaven me ſuch uſes ſend,
Not to pick bad from bad; but by bad, mend! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A ſtreet before the palace.

Enter Iago *and* Rodorigo.

Iago. HEre, ſtand behind this bulk. Straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;
Quick, quick, fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it mars us: think on that,
And fix moſt firm thy reſolution.

Rod. Be near at hand, I may miſcarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy ſword.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed,
Yet he hath given me ſatisfying reaſons:
'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my ſword: he dies.
[*Stands apart.*

Iago. I've rubb'd this young gnat almoſt to the ſenſe,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Caſſio,
Or Caſſio him, or each do kill the other,

Every

Every way makes my gain. Live Rodorigo,
He calls me to a reſtitution large
Of gold and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to Deſdemona.
It muſt not be.——If Caſſio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, beſides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there ſtand I in peril.
No, he muſt die. Be it ſo; I hear him coming.

Enter Caſſio.

Rod. I know his gate; 'tis he: villain, thou dieſt.
[*He runs at* Caſſio, *and wounds him.*

Caſ. That thruſt had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'ſt:
I will make proof of thine.
[*Fight.* Iago *cuts* Caſſio *behind in the leg, and* exit.
[*Then* Rodorigo *and* Caſſio *fall.*

Rod. Oh, I am ſlain.

Caſ. I'm maim'd for ever; help, hoa! murther, murther!

SCENE II. *Enter* Othello *above at a window.*

Oth. The voice of Caſſio,——Iago keeps his word.

Rod. Oh, villain that I am!

Oth. It is even ſo.

Caſ. Oh, help, ho! light! a ſurgeon!——

Oth. 'Tis he! oh brave Iago, honeſt and juſt,
That haſt ſuch noble ſenſe of thy friend's wrong;
Thou teacheſt me——Minion, your dear lies dead;
And your fate hies apace.——Strumpet, I come:
From off my heart, thoſe charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed, luſt-ſtain'd, ſhall with luſt's blood be ſpotted.
[*Exit* Othello.

SCENE III.

Enter Lodovico *and* Gratiano, *at a diſtance.*

Caſ. What, ho! no watch? no paſſage? murther, murther!

Gra. 'Tis ſome miſchance; the voice is very direful.

Caſ. Oh help!

Lod.

Lod. Hark!
Rod. Oh wretched villain!
Lod. Two or three groans. It is a heavy night;
Theſe may be counterfeits: let's think't unſafe
To come into the cry, without more help.
Rod. No body come? then ſhall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago *in his ſhirt, with a light and ſword.*

Lod. Hark———
Gra. Here's one comes in his ſhirt with light and weapons.
Iago. Who's there? whoſe noiſe is this that cries out murther?
Lod. We do not know.
Iago. Do not you hear a cry?
Caſ. Here, here: for heav'n's ſake, help me.
Iago. What's the matter?
Gra. This is Othello's Ancient, as I take it.
Lod. The ſame indeed, a very valiant fellow.
Iago. What are you here that cry ſo grievouſly?
Caſ. Iago? oh I'm ſpoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me ſome help.
Iago. Oh me, Lieutenant! what villains have done this?
Caſ. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.
Iago. Oh treacherous villains!
What are you there? come in and give ſome help.
[*To* Lod. *and* Gra.
Rod. Oh, help me there.
Caſ. That's one of them.
Iago. Oh murth'rous ſlave! oh villain! [Iago *ſtabs him.*
Rod. Oh damn'd Iago! oh inhumane dog! [*Dies.*
Iago. Kill men i' th' dark? where be theſe bloody thieves?
How ſilent is this town? ho, murther! murther!
What may you be? are you of good or evil?
Lod. As you ſhall prove us, praiſe us.
Iago. Signior Lodovico?———
Lod. He, Sir.
Iago. I cry you mercy! here's Caſſio hurt by villains.
Gra. Caſſio?

Iago.

Iago. How is't, brother?
Caſ. My leg is cut in two.
Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid!
Light, gentlemen, I'll bind it with my ſhirt.

SCENE IV. *Enter* Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter, hoa, who is't that cry'd?
Iago. Who is't that cry'd?
Bian. Oh my dear Caſſio,
My ſweet Caſſio, oh Caſſio, Caſſio, Caſſio.
Iago. O notable ſtrumpet! Caſſio, may you ſuſpect
Who they ſhould be that have thus mangled you?
Caſ. No.
Gra. I'm ſorry to find you thus:
I have been to ſeek you.
Iago. Lend me a garter. So——Oh for a chair
To bear him eaſily hence.
Bian. Alas, he faints. Oh Caſſio, Caſſio, Caſſio!
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do ſuſpect this traſh
To be a party in this injury.
Patience a while, good Caſſio; come, come:
Lend me a light: know we this face, or no?
Alas, my friend, and my dear countryman,
Rodorigo? no: yes, ſure: yea, 'tis Rodorigo.
Gra. What, of Venice?
Iago. Even he, Sir: did you know him?
Gra. Know him? ah!
Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry your gentle pardon:
Theſe bloody accidents muſt excuſe my manners,
That ſo neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to ſee you.
Iago. How do you, Caſſio? oh, a chair, a chair.
Gra. Rodorigo?
Iago. He, he, 'tis he: oh, that's well ſaid, the chair.
Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the General's ſurgeon. For you, miſtreſs,
Save you your labour. He that lies ſlain here, Caſſio,
Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?
Caſ. None in the world; nor do I know the man.
Iago. What, look you pale?——Oh, bear him out o' th' air.
Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, miſtreſs?

Do

Do you perceive the gaſtneſs of her eye?
Nay, if you ſtare, we ſhall hear more anon. [*To* Bianca.
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;
Do you ſee, gentlemen? nay, guiltineſs
Will ſpeak, though tongues were out of uſe.

SCENE V. *Enter* Æmilia.

Æmil. Alas, what is the matter?
What is the matter, huſband?

Iago. Caſſio hath there been ſet on in the dark
By Rodorigo, and fellows that are 'ſcap'd:
He's almoſt ſlain, and Rodorigo dead.

Æmil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Caſſio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring——Pray, Æmilia,
Go know of Caſſio where he ſupp'd to-night.
What, do you ſhake at that?

Bian. He ſupp'd at my houſe, but I therefore ſhake not.

Iago. Oh, did he ſo? I charge you go with me.

Æmil. Oh fie upon thee, ſtrumpet!

Bian. I am no ſtrumpet, but of life as honeſt
As you that thus abuſe me.

Æmil. As I? fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's ſee poor Caſſio dreſs'd.
Come, miſtreſs, you muſt tell's another tale.
Æmilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my Lord and Lady what hath happ'd:
Will you go on afore?——This is the night,
That either makes me, or foredoes me quite.
[*Exeunt*, Iago *following*.

SCENE VI.

A bed-chamber: Deſdemona *is diſcovered aſleep in her bed.*

Enter Othello, *with a light and a ſword.*

Oth. " It is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoul;——
" Let me not name it to you, you chaſte ſtars!
" It is the cauſe.——Yet I'll not ſhed her blood,
" Nor ſcar that whiter ſkin of her's than ſnow,
" And ſmooth as monumental alabaſter.
[*Lays down the ſword.*
" Yet ſhe muſt die; elſe ſhe'll betray more men.

" Put

" Put out the light, and then——Put out the light?——
" If I quench thee, thou flaming miniſter,
" I can again thy former light reſtore,
" Should I repent: but once put out *thy* light,
" Thou cunning'ſt pattern of excelling nature,
" I know not where is that Promethean heat
" That can thy light relumine.—— *Sets down the taper.*
" When I have pluck'd thy roſe,
" I cannot give it vital growth again;
" It needs muſt wither.——I'll ſmell thee on the tree;
[*Kiſſing her.*
" Oh balmy breath, that doſt almoſt perſuade
" Juſtice to break her ſword!——One more; one more;
" Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
" And love thee after.——one more, that's the laſt;
So ſweet was ne'er ſo fatal! I muſt weep,
But they are cruel tears: this ſorrow's heav'nly;
It ſtrikes, where it doth love.——She wakes——

Deſ. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Deſdemona.

Deſ. Will you come to bed, my Lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Deſdemona?

Deſ. Ay, my Lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourſelf of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heav'n, and grace,
Solicit for it ſtraight.

Deſ. Alack, my Lord,
What may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by.
I would not kill thy unprepared ſpirit,
No, (heav'ns forefend!), I would not kill thy ſoul.

Deſ. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Deſ. Then heav'n have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

Deſ. If you ſay ſo, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum.

Deſ. And yet I fear you: for you're fatal then,
When your eyes rowl ſo. Why I ſhould fear, I know
Since guilt I know not: yet I feel I fear. [not,

Oth. Think on thy ſins.

Deſ. They're loves I bear to you.

Oth.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou dy'ſt.
Deſ. That death's unnatural that kills for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you ſo your nether lip?
Some bloody paſſion ſhakes your very frame;
Theſe are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be ſtill.
Deſ. I will ſo: what's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief
Which I ſo lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'ſt Caſſio.
Deſ. No, by my life and ſoul: ſend for the man,
And aſk him.
Oth. Sweet ſoul, take heed, take heed of perjury;
Thou art on thy death-bed.
Deſ. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Preſently;
Therefore confeſs thee freely of thy ſin:
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choke, the ſtrong conception
That I do grone withal. Thou art to die.
Deſ. Oh, heav'n have mercy on me!
Oth. I ſay, Amen.
Deſ. And have you mercy too!——I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Caſſio,
But with ſuch general warranty of heav'n,
As I might love. I never gave him token.
Oth. By Heav'n, I ſaw my handkerchief in's hand.
Oh perjur'd woman! thou doſt ſtone my heart;
And mak'ſt me call, what I intend to do,
A murther, which I thought a ſacrifice.
I ſaw the handkerchief.
Deſ. He found it then;
I never gave it him; ſend for him hither,
Let him confeſs a truth.
Oth. He hath confeſs'd.
Deſ. What, my Lord?
Oth. That he hath——us'd thee——
Deſ. How? unlawfully?
Oth. Ay.
Deſ. He will not ſay ſo.
Oth. No, his mouth is ſtopp'd;
Honeſt Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Deſ.

Def. My fear interprets then —— What, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had ſtomach for them all.

Def. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, ſtrumpet! weep'ſt thou for him to my face?

Def. Oh baniſh me, my Lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, ſtrumpet.

Def. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you ſtrive ——

Def. But half an hour; * —— but while I ſay one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. [*He ſmothers her.*

SCENE VII. Æmilia *at the door.*

Æmil. My Lord, my Lord! what, hoa! my Lord, my Lord!

Oth. What noiſe is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.
So, ſo.

Æmil. [*within.*] What, hoa! my Lord, my Lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Æmil. Oh, my good Lord, I would ſpeak a word with you.

Oth. "Yes, 'tis Æmilia —— by and by —— ſhe's dead.
"'Tis like ſhe comes to ſpeak of Caſſio's death;
"The noiſe was high. —— Ha, no more moving?
"Still as the grave. Shall ſhe come in? were't good?
"I think ſhe ſtirs again —— No —— what's the beſt?
"If ſhe come in, ſhe'll ſure ſpeak to my wife;
"My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
"Oh inſupportable! oh heavy hour!
"Methinks it ſhould be now a huge eclipſe
"Of ſun and moon, and that th' affrighted globe
"Should yawn † at alteration ——

Æmil. I beſeech you,
That I may ſpeak with you. Oh, good my Lord! ——

Oth. I had forgot thee; oh, come in, Æmilia.

* *Def.* But half an hour. ——
Oth. Being done, there is no pauſe.
Def. But while I ſay one prayer.

† *yawn*, for *gape*.

Soft, by and by; let me the curtains draw.
Where art thou? what's the matter with thee now?
[*Unlocks the door.*

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Oh, my good Lord, yonder's foul murther done.
Oth. What? now?
Æmil. But now, my Lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.
Æmil. Cassio, my Lord, hath kill'd
A young Venetian call'd *Rodorigo.*
Oth. Rodorigo kill'd? and Cassio kill'd?
Æmil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.
Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? then Murther's out of tune,
And sweet Revenge grows harsh.
Des. Oh, falsely, falsely murther'd!———
Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?
Oth. That? what?
Æmil. Out, and alas! that was my Lady's voice.
Help! help, hoa! help! oh Lady, speak again;
Sweet Desdemona! oh sweet mistress, speak.
Des. A guiltless death I die.
Æmil. Oh, who hath done this deed?
Des. No body, I myself; farewel;
Commend me to my kind Lord; oh, farewel. [*Dies.*
Oth. Why, how should she be murther'd?
Æmil. Alas! who knows?
Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.
Æmil. She said so; I must needs report the truth.
Oth. She's like a lyar gone to burning hell;
'Twas I that kill'd her.
Æmil. Oh, the more angel she, and you the blacker devil.
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.
Æmil. Thou dost belye her, and thou art a devil.
Oth. She was false as water.
Æmil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false. Oh, she was heav'nly true.
Oth. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else.

Oh,

Oh, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon juſt grounds
To this extremity. Thy huſband knew it all.
Æmil. My huſband!
Oth. Thy huſband.
Æmil. That ſhe was falſe to wedlock?
Oth. Ay, with Caſſio. Had ſhe been true,
If Heav'n would make me ſuch another world,
Of one entire and perfect chryſolite,
I'd not have ſold her for it.
Æmil. My huſband!
Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me firſt:
An honeſt man he is, and hates the ſlime
That ſticks on filthy deeds.
Æmil. My huſband!
Oth. What needs this iteration, woman?
I ſay, thy huſband.
Æmil. Oh miſtreſs! villany has made mocks with love.
My huſband ſay ſhe was falſe!
Oth. He, woman;
I ſay, thy huſband; doſt underſtand the word?
My friend, thy huſband, honeſt, honeſt Iago.
Æmil. If he ſay ſo, may his pernicious ſoul
Rot half a grain a-day! He lyes to th' heart.
She was too fond of her moſt filthy bargain.
Oth Hah!———
Æmil. Do thy worſt:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heav'n,
Than thou waſt worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were beſt.
Æmil. Thou haſt not half that power * to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt. Oh gull! oh dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou'ſt done a deed——
I care not for thy ſword, I'll make thee known,
Though I loſt twenty lives———Help! help, hoa! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my miſtreſs. Murther, murther!

* *power*, for *will, inclination.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, *and others.*

Mon. What is the matter? how now, General?

Æmil. Oh, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men muſt lay their murthers on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Æmil. Diſprove this villain, if thou be'ſt a man;
He ſays, thou told'ſt him that his wife was falſe:
I know thou didſt not; thou'rt not ſuch a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more,
Than what he found himſelf was apt and true.

Æmil. But did you ever tell him ſhe was falſe?

Iago. I did.

Æmil. You told a lye; an odious, damned lye:
Upon my ſoul, a lye; a wicked lye.
She falſe with Caſſio? did you ſay, with Caſſio?

Iago. With Caſſio, Miſtreſs; go to, charm your tongue.

Æmil. I will not charm my tongue; I'm bound to ſpeak;
My miſtreſs lies here murther'd in her bed. *

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Æmil. Good Gentlemen, let me have leave to ſpeak;
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. Oh! oh! oh! [Othello *falls on the bed.*

Æmil. Nay, lay thee down and roar:
For thou haſt kill'd the ſweeteſt innocent
That e'er did lift up eye.

* ——— murther'd in her bed.

All. Oh Heavens forefend!

Æmil. And your reports have ſet the murther on.

Oth. Nay, ſtare not, maſters; it is true indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a ſtrange truth.

Mon. Oh monſtrous act!

Æmil. Villany! villany! villany!
I think upon't—I think——I ſmell't——Oh villany!
I thought ſo then; I'll kill myſelf for grief;——
Oh villany, villany!

Iago. What, are you mad? *&c.*

Oth.

Oth. Oh, ſhe was foul! [*Riſing.*
I ſcarce did know you, uncle; there lies your niece,
Whoſe breath indeed theſe hands have newly ſtopp'd;
I know, this act ſhews horrible and grim.
Gra. Poor Deſdemona! I'm glad thy father's dead.
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now,
This ſight would make him do a deſp'rate turn;
Yea, curſe his better angel from his ſide,
And fall to reprobation.
Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows,
That ſhe with Caſſio had the act of ſhame
A thouſand times committed. Caſſio confeſs'd it;
And ſhe did gratify his amorous works,
With that recogniſance and pledge of love
Which I firſt gave her: I ſaw it in his hand;
It was an handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.
Æmil. Oh Heav'n! oh heav'nly powers!
Iago. Come, hold your peace.
Æmil. 'Twill out, 'twill out——I peace!
No, I will ſpeak as liberal as the air;
Let heav'n, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all cry ſhame againſt me, yet I'll ſpeak.
Iago. Be wiſe, and get you home.
Æmil. I will not. [Iago *offers to ſtab his wife.*
Gra. Fie, your ſword upon a woman?
Æmil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou ſpeak'ſt of,
I found by fortune, and did give my huſband;
For often, with a ſolemn earneſtneſs,
(More than indeed belong'd to ſuch a triſle),
He begg'd of me to ſteal it.
Iago. Villanous whore!
Æmil. She give it Caſſio? alas, I found it,
And I did give't my huſband.
Iago. Filth, thou lyeſt.
Æmil. By Heav'n, I do not; I do not, Gentlemen.
Oh murd'rous coxcomb! what ſhould ſuch a fool
Do with ſo good a wife?

Iago *breaks through, and wounds his wife, then runs out.*

Oth. Are there no ſtones in heav'n?
For what then ſerves the thunder? precious villain!
Gra. The woman falls; ſure he has kill'd his wife.
Æmil. Ay, ay; oh, lay me by my miſtreſs' ſide!
Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.
Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain; take this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without, let him not paſs,
But kill him rather; I'll after that ſame villain,
For 'tis a damned ſlave. [*Exeunt* Mon. *and* Gra.

SCENE IX.

Oth "I am not valiant neither;
" But every puny whipſter gets my ſword.
" But why ſhould Honour outlive Honeſty?
" Let it go all."
Æmil. What did thy ſong boad, Lady?
Hark, canſt thou hear me? I will play the ſwan,
And die in muſic; *Willow, Willow, Willow*——
Moor, ſhe was chaſte; ſhe lov'd thee, cruel Moor;
So come my ſoul to bliſs, as I ſpeak true;
So ſpeaking as I think; alas, I die. [Æmilia *dies.*
Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It was a ſword of Spain, the Ebro's temper *;
Oh, here it is: uncle, I muſt come forth.
Gra. [*within.*] If thou attempt it, it will coſt thee dear;
Thou haſt no weapon, and perforce muſt ſuffer.
Oth. Look in upon me then, and ſpeak with me;
Or, naked as I am, I will aſſault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter?
Oth. Lo! I have a weapon:
A better never did itſelf ſuſtain
Upon a ſoldier's thigh. I've ſeen the day,
That with this little arm, and this good ſword,

* In the firſt edition it is, *Iſe brook's temper.* Thence corrupted to *Ice brook's.*—— *Ebro's temper*; the waters of that river of Spain are particularly famous for tempering of ſteel. The fineſt arms in the world are the Catalonian fuſees.

I've

I've made my way thro' more impediments,
Than twenty times your ſtop. But, oh vain boaſt!
Who can controul his fate? 'tis not ſo now.
Be not afraid, tho' you do ſee me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
The very ſea-mark of my utmoſt ſail.
Do you go back diſmay'd? 'tis a loſt fear:
Man but a ruſh againſt Othello's breaſt,
And he retires. Where ſhould Othello go?
Now——how doſt thou look now? oh ill-ſtarr'd wench!
Pale as thy ſmock! When we ſhall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my ſoul from heav'n,
And fiends will ſnatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl,
Ev'n like thy chaſtity. O curſed ſlave!
Whip me, ye devils,
From the poſſeſſion of this heav'nly ſight;
Blow me about in winds, roaſt me in ſulphur,
Waſh me in ſteep-down gulphs of liquid fire——
Oh Deſdemona! Deſdemona! dead, dead! oh, oh!

SCENE X.

Enter Lodovico, Caſſio *led in wounded*, Montano, *and* Iago *priſoner, with Officers.*

Lod. Where is this raſh and moſt unfortunate man?
Oth. That's he that was Othello: here I am.
Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
Oth. I look down tow'rds his feet; but that's a fable.
If that thou beeſt a devil, I cannot kill thee.
[Othello *wounds* Iago.
Lod. Wrench his ſword from him.
Iago. I bleed, Sir, but not kill'd.
Oth. I am not ſorry neither: I'd have thee live;
For, in my ſenſe, 'tis happineſs to die.
Lod. Oh thou, Othello, that was once ſo good,
Fall'n in the practice of a curſed ſlave,——
What ſhall be ſaid to thee?
Oth. Why, any thing;
An honourable murth'rer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confeſs'd his villany.
Did you and he conſent in Caſſio's death?

Oth.

Oth. Ay.
Caſ. Dear General, I never gave you cauſe.
Oth I do believe it, and I aſk your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus inſnar'd my ſoul and body?
Iago. Demand me nothing; what you know, you
From this time forth I never will ſpeak word. [know;
Lod What? not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou doſt beſt
Lod. Sir, you ſhall underſtand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not. Here's a letter,
Found in the pocket of the ſlain Rodorigo,
And here another; one of them imports
The death of Caſſio to be undertook
By Rodorigo.
Oth. Oh villain!
Caſ. Moſt heatheniſh and moſt groſs!
Lod. Now, here's another diſcontented paper
Found in his pocket too; and this, it ſeems,
Rodorigo meant t'have ſent this damned villain;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and ſatisfy'd him.
Oth. Oh thou pernicious caitiff!
How came you, Caſſio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?
Caſ. I found it in my chamber;
And he himſelf confeſs'd it but even now,
That there he dropt it for a ſpecial purpoſe,
Which wrought to his deſire.
Oth. Oh fool, fool, fool!
Caſ. There is, beſides, in Rodorigo's letter,
How he upbraids Iago that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was caſt, and even now he ſpake,
After long ſeeming dead, Iago hurt him,
Iago ſet him on.
Lod. You muſt forſake this room, and go with us;
Your pow'r and your command is taken off,
And Caſſio rules in Cyprus. For this ſlave,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,

It ſhall be his. You ſhall cloſe priſoner reſt,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian ſtate. Come, bring him away.
Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go.
" I've done the ſtate ſome ſervice, and they know't;
" No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
" When you ſhall theſe unlucky deeds relate,
" Speak of me as I am. Nothing extenuate,
" Nor ſet down aught in malice. Then muſt you ſpeak
" Of one that lov'd not wiſely, but too well;
" Of one, not eaſily jealous; but being wrought,
" Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whoſe hand,
" Like the baſe Judean * threw a pearl † away
" Richer than all his tribe; of one, whoſe eyes,
" Albeit unuſed to the melting mood,
" Drop tears as faſt as the Arabian trees
" Their medicinal gum. Set you down this:
" And ſay, beſides, that in Aleppo once,
" Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
" Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the ſtate,
" I took by the throat the circumciſed dog,
" And ſmote him thus." [*Stabs himſelf.*
Lod. Oh bloody period!
Gra. All that is ſpoke, is marr'd.
Oth. I kiſs'd thee ere I kill'd thee.——No way but this, [*To* Deſdemona.
Killing myſelf, to die upon a kiſs. [*Dies.*
Caſ. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon,
For he was great of heart.
Lod. Oh Spartan dog ‡! [*To* Iago.

* The oldeſt quarto reads *Iudian*; and it was eaſy for the *e* to have been changed into an *i*. I ſuppoſe Shakeſpear here alludes to the well known ſtory of Herod and Mariamne his wife; in ſome circumſtances not unlike this; for both huſbands violently loved, both were jealous, both were the occaſion of their wives' deaths. Beſides, the word *tribe* ſeems wholly to confirm this reading. And in ſupport of it we may add, that, in the year 1613, the Lady Eliſabeth Carew publiſhed a tragedy called *Mariam, the fair Queen of Jewry.* Mr *Dodd.*

† *pearl*, a metaphor, for *a fine woman.*

‡ The dogs of Spartan race were reckoned among thoſe of the moſt fierce and ſavage kind.

More

More fell than anguiſh, hunger, or the ſea!
Look on the tragic loading of this bed;
This is thy work; the object poiſons ſight,——
Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the houſe,
And ſeize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they ſucceed to you. To you, Lord Governor,
Remains the cenſure of this helliſh villain:
The time, the place, the torture, oh! inforce it.
Myſelf will ſtraight aboard; and to the ſtate
This heavy act, with heavy heart, relate. [*Exeunt.*

A

A

GLOSSARY,

Explaining the obſelete and difficult words in SHAKESPEAR'S works.

Note, *That when a word is uſed but once, or in a ſenſe which is ſingular, the volume and the page in which it is to be found, are noted down, the volumes by numeral letters, and the pages by figures.*

And when a word is not properly Engliſh, but borrowed from a foreign language, and not familiariſed by uſe unto our own; the original word in ſuch foreign language is ſet down.

A

TO *Aby*, i. 97. to ſuffer for, to pay dear for.

To *Accite*, to call, to ſummon, or ſend for. Lat. *Accire.*

To *Affeer*, to confirm, to aſcertain. A law-term uſed in court-leets, and ſignifying to confirm or fix by perſons properly choſen, the mulcts there impoſed upon ſuch as have committed faults arbitrarily puniſhable, and which have no expreſs penalty annexed to them by any ſtatute. Fr. *Affeurer.*

To *Affie*, to affiance, to betroth; alſo, to confide.

To *Affront*, to front, or confront, or face.

An *Aglet*, the tag of a lace, or of the points formerly uſed as ornaments in dreſs, and which (for the greater finery) were often cut in the ſhape of little images. Fr. *Aiguillette.*

To *Agnize*, viii. 207. to acknowledge, to avow. Lat. *Agnoſcere.*

Agood, i. 171. much, a great deal

An *Aiery*, the neſt of an hawk, and ſometimes the brood of hawks belonging to a particular neſt

Aim, Cry aim, i. 211. encourage, approve.

Alder, of all. *Alder-Lieſeſt*, deareſt of all.

An *Ancient*, an enſign, or ſtandard-bearer.

Anthropophaginian, i. 241. a man-eater. Gr. Ανθρωποφάγος.

Antic, ii. 31. a buffoon character in the old Engliſh farces, with a blacked face and a patch-work habit.

An *Antre*, viii. 205. a cave or cavern. Fr. *Antre.* Lat. *Antrum.*

To *Appeach*, iii 16. to impeach.

To *Appeal*, to accuſe.

Approof, the ſame as proof.

An *Argoſie*, a ſhip; from *Argo*, the ſhip of the Argonauts.

Arch, chief.

Aroint thee! avaunt! ſtand off! begone! This word ſeems to come from the Latin, *Dii averruncent!*

Aſcaunce,

Aſcaunce, awry.

An *Aſſinego*, vii. 287. an aſs-driver or aſs-keeper. Ital. *Aſinaio*.

Até, the goddeſs of miſchief.

Attaints, iv. 126. the ſame as taints; ſtains, blemiſhes, unlawful actions, any ſtrokes or touches of infection either in a natural or moral ſenſe. Fr. *Atteintes*.

To *Atone*, to appeaſe, to reconcile; alſo, to be reconciled, to agree.

B

Baccalare, ii. 314. a ſelf-conceited pretending ſpark; an arrogant, preſumptuous fellow. An Italian word.

To *Bain*, to deſtroy.

To *Bait*, a term in falconry, when the hawk ſpreads and claps her wings.

Baldrick, a belt. Fr. *Baudrier*.

Bale, misfortune, ſorrow, deadly, poiſonous.

Balk'd, iv. 81. floated: from the Italian verb *valicare*.

Ban-dogs, v. 20. dogs kept in bands, tied up.

To *Bandy*, to canvaſs, to diſpute, to quarrel, moſt eſpecially by retorting angry and provoking words. A metaphor taken from ſtriking the balls at tennis, which is the primary ſenſe of the word. Fr. *Bander*.

Barbaſon, iv 260. the name of a devil or fiend. See vol. i. 209.

Barbed. See *Unbarbed*.

Baſe, country-baſe, vii. 243. a ſport uſed amongſt country-people, called *priſon-baſe*; in which ſome purſue, to take others priſoners. And therefore "I bid the baſe," i 127. is by uſing the language of that ſport to ſay, "My buſineſs is to take priſoners."

Baſe court, iv. 49. a back yard. Fr. *Baſſecour*.

Baſta, it ſufficeth, it is enough. An Italian word.

Baſtard, i. 295. a kind of ſweet-wine. Ital. *Baſtardo*.

Bated, abated, ſunk.

A *Batlet*, a flat piece of wood, with which waſher-women beat coarſe linen.

To *Batten*, to feed, to paſture.

Baven, bruſh-wood, faggot-wood.

Bawcock, a coaxing term; probably from the French *Bas coque*.

Bay, i. 274. the ſquared frame of a timber-houſe.

Bearns, children.

Beheſts or *Heſts*, commands.

A *Bergomaſk-dance*, i. 117 a dance after the manner of the peaſants of Bergomaſco, a country in Italy, belonging to the Venetians. All the buffoons in Italy affect to imitate the ridiculous jargon of that people, and from thence it became a cuſtom to mimic alſo their manner of dancing.

Beſhrew! an imprecation; as, "Beſhrew my heart!" *Ill betide my heart!*

To *Beſmirch* or *ſmirch*, to beſmear, to foul, to dirty.

Beſtraught, mad, diſtracted.

To *Beteem*, i. 66. to yield, to deliver, to pour down upon. *Spen.*

A *Bever*, that part of the helmet which lets down over the face, with a grate of iron bars before the eyes. Span. *Bavera*.

To *Bewray*, to diſcover, to reveal.

Bezonian, a beggarly ſcoundrel, a vile or needy perſon. Ital. *Biſognoſo*.

A *Biggen*, a cap or coif of linen like thoſe worn by children with a ſtay under the chin. Fr. *Beguin*.

A *Bilberry*, the fruit of a ſmall ſhrub, of a blue colour.

Bilbo, "like a good bilbo," i. 229. a ſword-blade of bilbo, which will bend almoſt round in a circle without breaking.

Biſſon or *Beeſen*, blear-eyed.

A *Blank*, vi. 98. a white or mark to ſhoot at. Fr. *Blanc*.

To *Blench*, to boggle, or turn aſide with fear.

Blent, the ſame as blended, mingled.

Bold-bearing, i. 202. outfacing.

To *Bolt* or *Boult*, to ſift as they do meal through a ſieve.

Bolter'd, as *Blood-bolter'd*, vi. 276. one whoſe blood hath iſſued out at many wounds, as flour of corn paſſes through the holes of a ſieve.

A *Bombard* or *Bumbard*, i. 28. a mortar-piece or great gun. Fr. *Bombarde*. But in other places, as v. 115. and v. 354. the word is uſed for a drinking veſſel: and there is ſtill in uſe in the northern parts of England a kind of flagon without a cover, and of the ſame bigneſs from top to bottom, which retains the name of a *gun*.

A *Borne*, a limit or boundary. Fr. *Borne*. This word (ſays the Oxford editor) hath been falſely printed *Bourn*, which ſignifies another thing, namely, a brook or ſtream of water; but other editors prefer *Bourn*, as ſignifying a limit or boundary.

A *Bow*, ii. 260. a yoke.

A *Brach*. The Italian word *Bracco*, from which this is derived, is underſtood to ſignify any kind of beagle, hound, or ſetting-dog: but Jo. Caius, in his book of Britiſh dogs, ſays, that with us it moſt properly belongs to bitches of the hunting kind, and in that ſenſe Shakeſpear uſes it.

To *Brack*, to ſalt. It is ſtill uſed as an adjective in Lincolnſhire and the northern counties: and *Brackiſh* is retained in uſe every where.

Braid or *Breid*, iii. 57. bred, of a breed, of a certain turn of temper and conditions from the breed. A Scots and north-country word.

A *Brake*, i. 83. & 89. a thicket or cover.

A *Brief*, iii. 31. any proceſs or order iſſuing from the King.

Broached, iv. 321. ſpitted, thruſt through with a ſpit. Fr. *Brochée*.

A *Broch*, or *Brooch*, or *Browch*, an ornament of gold worn by women ſometimes about the neck, and ſometimes about the arm.

A *Brock*, iii. 113. a badger.

To *Brooch*, vii. 152. to adorn.

Brogues, the ſhoes or pumps which are worn by the Iriſh peaſants.

To *Budge* or *Bodge*, v. 102. to give way, to ſtir, to quit a place. Fr. *Bouger*.

A *Burgonet*, v. 85. a ſteel cap, worn for the defence of the head in battle. Fr. *Bourguinotte*.

Buſky or *Boſky*, woody: from the old French word *Boſc*, of which *Boſquet* now in uſe is a diminutive.

C

A *Cade*, v. 63. a caſk. Lat. *Cadus*. Alſo, when joined to the name of any beaſt, it ſignifies *tame, brought up by hand.*

Cadis, iii. 257. a galloon or binding made of worſted. A French word.

Caliver, the diameter or bore of a gun: thence ſometimes the gun itſelf. Fr. *Calibre*.

A *Callat*. This word has two ſignifications: ſometimes a ſcold, and ſometimes a lewd drab.

Candent, hot, ſcalding.

A *Cantle*, iv. 121. a piece or lump, a diviſion or ſegment of land, or other thing. Ital. *Cantone*. Fr. *Canton*.

A *Canzonet*, ii. 174. a ſong, a ditty. Ital. *Canzonetta*.

Cappochia, vii. 323. a fool. An Italian word.

A *Carack*, iii. 176. a ſlow, heavy-built veſſel of burthen, uſed by the Spaniards and Portugueſe. Ital. *Caracca*.

Caracts, i. 319. characters.

A *Carkanet*, a necklace. Fr. *Carcan*.

A *Carle*, a clown, a churl.

Carrat, the weight which diſtinguiſhes the fineneſs of gold. Fr. *Carat*.

A *Caſk*, an helmet. Fr. *Caſque*.

Caſtle, a cloſe helmet which covered the whole head.

Cataian, i. 199. Cataia is a country on the north of China, which, in the time of Q. Eliſabeth, was reported by the firſt voyagers thither to be rich in gold ore; and upon that encouragement many perſons were perſuaded to adventure great ſums of money in fitting out ſhips thither, as for a moſt gainful trade; but it proved a notorious deceit and falſehood: hence *Cataian* ſtands for one of no credit, a notorious lyar.

Catlings, vii. 319. ſmall ſtrings for muſical inſtruments made of cat-gut.

Cautel, viii. 98. fraud, deceit, an ill-deſigning craft, in order to inſnare. So

Cautelous, vi. 362. crafty, cunning, deceitful. So is the French *Cauteleux* always uſed in a bad ſenſe, dangerouſly artificial.

A *Cearment*, viii. 103. the wrapping of an embalmed body. Ital. *Ceramento*.

A *Cenſer*, iv. 242. a plate or diſh in which they burnt incenſe, and at the bottom of which was uſually repreſented in rude carving the figure of ſome ſaint. Fr. *Encenſoir*.

Charneco, v. 32. a ſort of ſweet wine. As *Charneca* is, in Spaniſh, the name of a kind of turpentine tree, 'tis thought the growth of it was in ſome diſtrict abounding with that tree; or that it had its name from a certain flavour reſembling it,

Chawdron,

Chawdron, vi. 273. a diſh of meat ſtill uſed in the northern parts of England made of the intrails of a calf.

A *Chevril*, a kid. Fr. *Chevreau*.

A *Chewet*, iv. 146. a pye or magpye. Fr. *Chouette* or *Cheuette*.

Childing, i. 74. teeming, bearing fruit.

A *Chioppine*, viii. 124. a thick piece of cork, bound about with tin or ſilver, worn by the women in Spain at the bottom of their ſhoes to make them appear taller; a tight-heel'd ſhoe, or ſlipper. Span. *Chapin*.

A *Chough* or *Corniſh chough*, a bird, which frequents the rocks by the ſea-ſide, moſt like to a jackdaw, but bigger.

Cinque-pace, a grave dance ſo called. Fr. *Cinque-pas*.

A *Cital*, iv. 150. a recital, taxation.

To *Clepe*, to call.

Cobloaf, vii. 287. a miſ-ſhapen loaf of bread, run out in the baking into lumps and protuberances.

Cockle, a weed in corn.

To *Cockle*, to ſhrink, to wrinkle up.

A *Cockney*, one born and bred in the city, and ignorant of all things out of it.

Coigne or *Coin*, a corner. Fr. *Coin*.

Coil, buſtle, tumult, turmoil.

Collied, i. 66. ſooty, black.

Comart, a bargain.

Commere, viii. 181. a ſhe-goſſip.

To *Con*, to learn, to know, to underſtand. To *con thanks*, means the ſame as to *give thanks*, being to be reckoned a particular phraſe, and indeed a Græciſm, χάριν οἶδα.

To *Convent*, iii. 152. to concur, to be ſuitable. Lat. *Convenire*.

To *Convince*, to overcome; in which ſenſe the Latin word *Convinco* is uſed ſometimes.

To *Convive*, to feaſt together. Lat. *Convivere*.

Copatain, ii. 354. copped, high raiſed, pointed: from *Coppe*, the top or point of any thing.

To *Cope*, to encounter; alſo, viii. 63. to inveſt one's ſelf with, as with a cope or mantle.

Cornette, a woman's head-dreſs for the night.

A *Corollary*, i. 45. an over-meaſure in any thing, or a ſurplus thrown in. Fr. *Corollaire*. Lat. *Corollarium*.

A *Coſier*, a botcher: from the old French *Couſer*, to ſew.

To *Courb*, viii. 152. to bend. Fr. *Courber*.

To *Cower*, to ſink or ſquat down. Ital. *Covare*. Fr. *Couver*.

To *Craſh*, viii. 12. to be merry over: a Craſh being a word ſtill uſed in ſome countries for a merry bout.

To *Craven*, vii. 213. to make recreant or cowardly.

A *Creſſet*, iv. 119. a great light ſet upon a beacon, light-houſe or watch-tower: from the French word *Croiſette*, a little croſs; becauſe the beacons anciently had croſſes on the top of them.

Crete, ii. 183. white. Lat. *Creta*.

Cript, vaulted. Lat. *Cryptа*, a vault.

A *Croan*, ii. 230. an old toothleſs ſheep: thence an old woman.
Cuiſſes, iv. 138. armour for the thighs. Fr. *Cuiſſarts*.
A *Cullion*, a fool, a dull ſtupid cuddon. Ital. *Coglione*.
A *Cuttle*, iv. 191. in its proper ſenſe is a ſea-fiſh; which, by throwing out a black juice like ink, fouls the water, and ſo eſcapes the fiſher. Hence, by metaphor, it is uſed to ſignify a foul-mouth'd fellow.
Curfeu, the eight o'clock bell. Fr. *Couvre feu*.

D

To *Daffe*, to put by, to turn aſide with ſlight and neglect.
Dank, moiſt, damp, wet, rotten.
To *Darraign*, v. 114. to range, or put in order. Fr. *Arranger*.
A *Deck* of cards, the ſame as a pack.
A *Deem*, vii. 327. a ſuppoſition, a ſurmiſe.
To *Defend*, viii. 208. to forbid. Fr. *Defendre*.
Deftly, nimbly, briſkly. *Deft*, nimble, ready, neat, ſpruce.
To *Deracinate*, to eradicate, to root up. Fr. *Deraciner*.
Dewberries, i. 87. ſtrictly and properly are the fruit of one of the ſpecies of wild bramble, called the *creeping* or the *leſſer bramble*; but as they ſtand here among the more delicate fruits, they muſt be underſtood to mean raſberries, which are alſo of the bramble kind.
A *Dibble*, an inſtrument with which gardeners make holes in the earth.
To *Diet*, to limit, to controul, to preſcribe to.
To *Diſcandy*, to diſſolve, to melt, to thaw.
To *Diſcomfit*, to rout, to overthrow.
Diſmes, vii. 290. tenths. A French word.
To *Diſperge*, to ſprinkle, to ſcatter. Lat. *Diſpergo*.
To *Diſpunge*, vii. 143. to ſqueeze out of a ſpunge.
To *Doff*, to put off.
Draff, iv. 140. waſh for hogs.
To *Drumble*, i. 221. to drone, to be ſluggiſh. Ital. *Dormigliare*.
Dulcet, ſweet. Lat. *Dulcis*.

E

To *Ear* or *Are*, to plow or till. Lat. *Aro*.
Eiſel, viii. 179. vinegar.
Eld, old times; alſo, old age.
To *Elfe*, vi. 37. to intangle hair in ſo intricate a manner, that it is not to be unravelled. This the vulgar have ſuppoſed to be the work of fairies in the nights: and all hair ſo matted together, hath had the name of *Elfe-locks*.
To *Emball*, v. 303. to make up into a pack. Fr. *Emballer*.
Embarrment, obſtacle.
Embowell'd, iii. 18. emptied.
To *Emmew*, i. 290. to mew up, to coop up.
An *Engle*, ii. 339. a gull, a put, a bubble: derived from the French word *Engluer*, which ſignifies to catch with bird-lime.

Englutted,

Englutted, iv. 307. ſwallowed up. Fr. *Englouti*.
To *Enlard*, to fatten, encourage.
To *Enmeſh*, viii. 230. to intangle in the meſhes of a net.
To *Enſear*, to ſear up, to make dry.
To *Enſconce*, to cover as with a fort, to ſecure.
Enſhield, i. 284. ſhielded, protected.
Enſteeped, viii. 214. lying under water.
To *Entame*, ii. 264. to tame, to ſubdue.
To *Entraine*, to draw, allure.
Entremes, vi. 272. intrails.
Eſcoted, viii. 122. penſion'd: from the French *Eſcot*, a ſhot or reckoning.
Exigent, a law-term, a writ ſued out when the defendant is not to be found, being part of the proceſs leading to an outlawry. Shakeſpear uſes it for any extremity.
Expedient, the ſame as expeditious. *Expedience*, expedition.
Exſuffolate, viii. 238. whiſper'd, buzz'd in the ears: from the Italian verb *Suffolare*.
Eyas, or *Eyeſs*, a young unfledged hawk; from the Italian *Niaſo*, which originally ſignifies any young bird taken from the neſt unfledged; metaphorically a ſilly fellow. For *Eyas-muſket*, ſee *Muſket*.
An *Eyery*, an hawk's neſt.

F

To *Fade*, to diſappear, to vaniſh.
A *Farrow*, vi. 274. the litter of a ſow.
Farſed or *Farced*, ſtuff'd out. Fr. *Farci*.
A *Farthel* or *Fardel*, a bundle, a pack, a burthen. Ital. *Fardello*.
Favour, countenance, viſage.
Fell, fierce, cruel.
A *Fell*, a ſkin or hide of a beaſt. *Fell of hair*, vi. 293. is the whole ſcalp upon which the hair grows.
A *Feodary*, i. 285. one who holds his eſtate under the tenure of ſuit and ſervice to a ſuperior lord.
Fewneſs, i. 266. rarity.
Fights, i. 205. any manner of defence, either ſmall arms or cannon.
A *Fitchew*, vi. 76. a polcat.
A *Flamen*, a prieſt; a Latin word.
Flaws, ſudden guſts of wind. See vol. iv. 222.
Flecker'd, viii. 29. ſpotted, ſpeckled, fluſh'd with red ſpots.
Flew'd, i. 104. *Flews* are the large chaps of a deep-mouth'd hound.
To *Flicker*, vi. 35. to ſmile.
Flouriets, i. 102. young bloſſoms, young ſpringing flowers.
To *Flout*, vi. 234. to daſh a thing in a perſon's face.
To *Foin*, to puſh in fencing.
To *Foredo*, to undo, to overcome, to lay violent hands upon.
To *Forfend*, to prevent, to forbid.
To *Foreſlow*, to delay.
Forted, i. 318. fortified, ſecure.

Fortin, iv. 102. a little fort raiſed to defend a camp, particularly in a ſiege where the principal quarters are joined by lines defended by fortins and redoubts. A French word.

A *Foſſet* or *Faucet*, a tap or peg of a barrel. Fr. *Fauſſette*.

Foule, Fr. the croud or multitude running away in a rout or confuſion.

Foyſon or *Foizon*, plenty, eſpecially of fruits of the earth; harveſt. Fr. *Foiſons*.

Frank'd up, v. 191. ſhut up in a frank, which is a ſty for feeding a boar.

A *Franklin*, a country-freeholder.

To *Fruſh*, vii. 353. to break, bruiſe, or cruſh. Fr. *Froiſſer*.

Fulhams, i. 191. a cant word for falſe dice both high and low, taken probably from the name of the firſt inventor, or the place where they were firſt made. The word is uſed, and hath the ſame ſenſe in Hudibras, part 2. cant. 1. v. 642. And in Don Quixote, fol. edit. 1687. tranſlated by Philips, part 2. book 3. chap. 16. *I am no paumer, no high-and-low-Fulham-man.* See alſo North's Examen, p. 108.

G

A *Gabardine*, the coarſe frock of a ſhepherd or fiſherman, or any peaſant: thence alſo any looſe caſſock. Ital. *Gavardina*.

Gain-giving, viii. 185. the ſame as miſgiving, a giving-againſt: as gain-ſaying, which is ſtill in uſe, is ſaying againſt or contradicting.

A *Gallimaufry*, iii. 261. an hotch-potch, or haſh of ſeveral ſorts of broken meat, a medley. Fr. *Gallimafrée*.

To *Gallow*, vi. 49. to ſcare, to frighten.

Gallows, ii. 190. a knave, one fit for the gallows. *Skinner*.

Gallow-glaſſes, v. 76. vi. 233. heavy-armed foot.

Garboils, vii. 82. diſorders, tumults, uproars.

Gariſh, gaudy, glaring, flaunting.

Gaſted, vi. 30. as aghaſted, frighted, diſmayed.

To *Gaude*, iii. 202. to rejoice. Fr. *Gaudir*.

A *Gaude*, a toy, a trifle, a bauble.

To *Geap*, ii. 180. to jeer, ridicule.

Gear or *Geer*, ſtuff.

A *Geck*, a bubble eaſily impoſed upon. To *Geck*, is to cheat.

Germin, the firſt ſprouting of ſeed of a branch. Lat. *Germen*.

Geſts, noble actions, exploits, feats: a word ſo uſed by Chaucer and Spenſer. Lat. *Res geſtæ*, or *Geſta*.

Geſte, iii. 207. the roll or journal of the ſeveral days and ſtages prefixed in the progreſſes of our kings; many of them being ſtill extant in the herald's office; a ſtage or journey. Fr. *Giſte* or *Gite*.

A *Gibbe*, any old worn-out uſeleſs animal.

Giglets, or *Giglots*, wanton women, drabs, ſtrumpets.

Gimmal, or *Gimbald*, or *Jymold*. This word Skinner interprets only as applied to a ring conſiſting of two or more rounds, and thence derives

derives it from the French *Gemeau*, and the Latin *Gemellus*. A *Jymold bitt* therefore, iv. 304. may well be taken in that ſenſe, from the little rings often annexed to bitts to play in the horſe's mouth. But *Gimmals*, iv. 341. carries a more general ſignification; ſuch as the word *Gimcracks* has now, *viz.* ſome little quaint devices or pieces of machinery.

A *Glaive*, a cutting ſword, a cimeterre; uſed alſo by Spencer. A French word.

To *Gleek*, to joke, jeer, or ſcoff.

To *Gloſe*, to flatter, to collogue.

To *Gloſs*, iv. 252. to interpret, to comment upon. Fr. *Glôſer*.

Godild you! God ſhield you!

Gord, i. 191. an inſtrument of gaming.

Goſſomer, or *Goſſamour*, the long white cobwebs which fly in the air in calm ſunny weather, eſpecially about the time of autumn.

Goujeres, the French diſeaſe, *(lues venerea)*; from the French word *Gouje*, which ſignifies a common camp-trull; as *Goujer* ſignifies a man who deals with ſuch proſtitutes. Theſe words *Gouje* and *Goujer* being uſed as common terms of reproach among the vulgar, and becauſe that lothſome diſeaſe was firſt brought from the ſiege of Naples about the year 1495, by the French army, and the women who followed it, and was by them diſperſed over all Europe; therefore the firſt name it got among us was the *Goujeres*; the diſeaſe of the *Goujes*.

Gouts, vi. 249. drops. Fr. *Gouttes*.

Gratulate, i. 332. fit for gratulation.

Grice, or *Griſe*, or *Griece*, or *Greeze*; degrees, ſteps, ſtairs. Fr. *Grez*.

Grimalkin, a name given to a cat.

Grime, dirt, filth, ſtain, ſmut.

A *Groundling*, viii. 134. a fiſh which keeps at the bottom of the water: hence one of the low vulgar.

Guarde, the hem or welt of a garment; alſo any lace or galloon upon the ſeams or borders of it. To *Guard*, to lace over, to adorn.

Guerdon, reward; an old French word now diſuſed.

Gyves, ſhackles. To *Gyve*, to catch, to ſhackle.

H

To *Hack*, to hackney, to turn hackney or proſtitute.

An *Haggard*, ii. 30. a wild hawk.

To *Harp*, vi. 274. to ſeize, to lay hold of. Fr. *Harper*.

Harper, vi. 272. a name given by the witches to ſome of their miſchievous imps.

To *Harry*, vii. 116. to hare, to ruffle. Fr. *Harer*.

To *Hatch*, vii. 278. a term in drawing, to ſhade off, and finiſh with the fine ſtrokes of a pen.

A *Having* (a ſubſtantive) is very frequently uſed for a poſſeſſion in any thing.

Hefts, iii. 221. the ſame as heavings.

Helmed, i. 298. guided, conducted.

A *Henchman*, i. 74. a page, uſher,

To

To *Hend*, to ſeize, to lay hold of; alſo to hem in, to ſurround.
Hent, viii. 205. uſe, cuſtom.
Heried, i. 74. praiſed, celebrated.
Heris, maſter; an old Scots word.
Heſts or *Beheſts*, commands. *Heſt*, vi. 7. regal command.
Hight, named or called; or is named or called.
Hilding or *Hinderling*, baſe, degenerate, ſet at nought.
To *Hockle*, to hamſtring, to cut the ſinews about the ham or hough.
Holding ſometimes ſignifies the burden or chorus of a ſong.
Hollidam, ii. 359. holy dame, bleſſed lady.
Holy-day, to *ſpeak holy-day*, i. 216. to ſpeak in a high-flown, fuſtian ſtyle.
Hoſe, ii. 177. breeches. Fr. *Chauſſes*, or *Haut de chauſſes*.
To *Hull*, v. 310. to float, to drive to and fro upon the water without ſails or rudder.
To *Hurtle*, to ſkirmiſh, to claſh, to run againſt any thing, to juſtle, to meet in ſhock and encounter. Fr. *Heurter*. Ital. *Urtare*.
An *Hyen* or *Hyena*, ii. 270. an animal of which many wonderful things are told; among which one is, that it can imitate the voice and laughter of men.

I

Jeſſes, a term in falconry; ſhort ſtraps of leather tied about the legs of an hawk, with which ſhe is held on the fiſt.
Imboſt, iii. 51. a hunting term; when a deer is hard run, and foams at the mouth, he is ſaid to be *imboſt*. A dog alſo, when he is ſtrained with hard running, (eſpecially upon hard ground), will have his knees ſwelled, and then he is ſaid to be *imboſt*: from the French word *Boſſe*, which ſignifies a tumour.
Impage, grafting; from *Impe*, a graff, a ſlip.
Importance, iii. 151. the ſame as importunity.
Important, the ſame as importunate.
Incony, or *Kony*, delicate. A north-country word.
An *Indigeſt*, iii 362. a chaos, *(rudis indigeſtaque moles)*.
Induction, iv. 181. the ſame as introduction; alſo inducement.
To *Inherit*, to poſſeſs.
To *Inſconce*, to cover as with a fort, to ſecure.
Intraitments, viii. 101. coyneſs.
Intrenchant, vi. 296. incroaching. *The intrenchant air*, means the air which ſuddenly incroaches and cloſes upon the ſpace left by any body which had paſſed through it.
Jymold. See *Gimmal*.

K

Kam, "Clean kam," vi. 351. crooked, athwart, awry, croſs from the purpoſe. Ital. *A-ſchembo*. *Clean kam* is, by vulgar pronunciation, brought to *Kim-kam*.
To *Keel*, ii. 216. ſeems here to mean to drink ſo deep, as to turn up the bottom of the pot; like turning up the keel of a ſhip.
Kernes, Iriſh boors; light-armed foot.

A *Keſtrel*, a little kind of baſtard hawk.
A *Ketch*, a tub, a caſk, a barrel, a hogſhead. Fr. *Caque*.
Kickſy-wickſy, iii. 34. a made word in ridicule and diſdain of a wife.
Kindled, ii. 256. to kindle, is the word for rabbits bringing forth their young.
A *Kirtle*, a woman's gown.

L

Labra, i. 184. a lip. An Italian word.
To *Land-damm*, iii. 324. Probably this was a coarſe expreſſion in the cant-ſtrain formerly in common uſe, but ſince laid aſide, and forgotten; which meant the *taking away a man's life*. For *Land* or *Lant* is an old word for *urine*; and to ſtop the common paſſages and functions of nature, is to *kill*.
Latten, i. 184. a factitious metal; tinned plates beaten out very thin. Fr. *Letan ou Laiton*.
Laund, the ſame as lawn, a plain extended between woods. Fr. *Lande*.
Lavolta, an old dance, in which was much turning, and much capering. Fr. *La volte*.
A *Leaſh*, a leathern thong, by which a falconer holds his hawk, or a courſer leads his greyhound. Ital. *Laccio*.
To *Lech*, to lick over. Fr. *Lécher*.
To *Leech*, to cure. A *Leech*, a phyſician.
Leer, or *Lear*, earth, mold.
A *Leman*, a ſweet-heart, a gallant, or a miſtreſs. Fr. *L'aimant*, *L'aimante*.
Lethe, death, deſtruction.
A *Libbard*, ii. 206. a leopard.
Lief, dear, beloved.
A *Linſtock*, a ſtaff of wood, with a match at the end of it, uſed by gunners in firing cannon.
Lither, iv. 391. ſoft, mild.
A *Lob*, i. 72. a lubber, a looby.
Loch, a lake. A Scots word.
Loches, viii. 210. a very pleaſant confection introduced into medicine by the Arabian phyſicians.
Lockram, a ſort of coarſe linen.
Loggats, viii. 174. the ancient name of a play or game, which is one among the unlawful games enumerated in the ſtatute 33. Henry VIII. It is the ſame which is now called *Kittle-pins*, in which boys often make uſe of bones inſtead of wooden pins, throwing at them with another bone inſtead of bowling.
Lozell, a lazy lubber.
A *Luce*,* i. 181. a pike or jack.
Lunes, fits of lunacy or frenzy, mad freaks. The French ſay of a man who is but fantaſtical and whimſical, *Il a des lunes*.
Luſh, i. 20. of a dark, deep, full colour, oppoſite to pale and faint. Fr. *Louſche*.
Luſtic, iii. 28. luſty. A Dutch word.
Luſtrous, iii. 20. full of luſtre.

Lym,

Lym, vi. 59. a lime-hound. J. Caius derives the name from *Lyemme*, which is an old word, ſignifying a ſtrap or thong with which dogs are led.

M

Mail'd, v. 34. clothed or covered as with armour.

Malhechor, a poiſoner. A Spaniſh word. *Miching malhechor*, viii. 138. lying in wait for the poiſoner.

To *Mammer*, to heſitate, to ſtand in ſuſpence. The word often occurs in old Engliſh writings, and probably takes its original from the French *M'amour*, which men were apt often to repeat when they were not prepared to give a direct anſwer.

A *Mammet*, a puppet, a figure dreſſed up; a girl.

Manour, or *Mainour*, or *Maynour*, an old law-term, (from the French *Mainaver* or *Manier*, Lat. *Manu tractare*), ſignifies the thing which a thief takes away or ſteals: and to be taken with the *Manour* or *Mainour*, is to be taken with the thing ſtoln about him, or doing an unlawful act, *flagrante delicto*, or, as we ſay, *in the fact*. The expreſſion is much uſed in the foreſt-laws. See Manwood's edition in quarto, 1665, p. 292. where it is ſpelt *Manner*.

Mappery, vii. 281. the art of planning and deſigning.

To *Mate*, vi. 289. to confound, to conquer, to overcome, to ſubdue. *Spen.*

A *Maukin* or *Malkin*, a kind of mop made of clouts for the uſe of ſweeping ovens; thence a frightful figure of clouts dreſſed up; thence a dirty wench.

A *Mazzard*, viii. 174. a jaw. Fr. *Maſchoire*.

A *Meacock*, ii. 320. an uxorious or effeminate man.

To *Meal*, i. 307. to mingle.

A *Medecin*, vi. 290. a phyſician.

Meed moſt frequently ſtands for reward; but it is ſometimes uſed for merit; as vi. 106. See alſo *Minſhew*.

Meered, vii. 129. relating to a boundary; *Meer* being a boundary or mark of diviſion.

Meether, vii. 212 beauty.

A *Meiny*, people, a retinue, domeſtic ſervants. Fr. *Meſnie*.

To *Mell*, iii. 63. to mix, to mingle. Fr. *Mêler*.

Mephoſtophilus, the name of an infernal ſpirit in the old fabulous hiſtory of Dr Fauſtus.

A *Mew*, ii. 306. a confinement at home.

A *Micher*, iv. 114. a truant, a lazy loiterer, who ſculks about in corners and by-places, and keeps out of ſight; a hedge-creeper.

Miching, viii. 138. ſecret, covered, lying hid; lying in wait.

Ming, mixture, compoſition.

A *Minnow*, the ſmalleſt of fiſhes, ſmall fry.

Miſpriſed, ſometimes it ſignifies miſtaken, from the French verb *meſprendre*; ſometimes undervalued or diſdained, from the French verb *mépriſer*.

A *Miſpriſion*, a miſtake.

Mobled,

Mobled, or *Mabled*, viii. 126. veiled.
Modern, common, ordinary, vulgar.
A *Moldwarp*, a mole.
A *Mome*, iii. 170. a dull ſtupid blockhead, a ſtock, a poſt. This owes its original to the French word *Momon*, which ſignifies the gaming at dice in maſquerade; the cuſtom and rule of which is, that a ſtrict ſilence is to be obſerved: whatſoever ſum one ſtakes, another covers, but not a word is to be ſpoken; from hence alſo comes our word *Mum!* for ſilence.
A *Mooncalf*, an idiot.
Mull'd, vi. 373. ſoftened and diſpirited, as wine is when burnt and ſweetened. Lat. *Mollitus*.
A *Mummer*, vi. 324. a maſker. *Mummerie*, maſquerading. Fr. *Momerie*.
A *Mure*, a wall. Lat. *Murus*.
Murk, darkneſs. *Murry*, dark.
A *Muſket*, a male hawk of a ſmall kind, the female of which is the ſparrow-hawk; ſo that *Eyas Muſket*, i. 218. is a young unfledg'd male hawk of that kind. Fr. *Mouchet*.
A *Muſs*, vii. 132. a ſcramble.

N

Nayward, "to th' nayward," iii. 222. to the ſide of denial, towards the ſaying Nay.
A *Nay-word*, iii. 106. the ſame as by-word; a word of contempt: alſo a word ſecretly agreed upon, as among ſoldiers, for the diſtinguiſhing friends from foes.
A *Neafe*, or *Neife*, or *Neive*, a fiſt.
A *Neb*, iii. 211. the bill or beak of a bird.
Nick, "out of all nick," i. 164. out of all count; *i. e.* extravagantly. A phraſe taken from accounts when calculations were made by nicking on numbers upon a ſtick.
Nine-mens morris, a kind of rural cheſs.
A *Nole*, i. 89. a noddle.

O

Oeillades, glances. Fr. *Oeillades*.
An *Opal*, iii. 109. a precious ſtone reflecting almoſt all colours. Fr. *Opale*. Lat. *Opalus*.
Orgillous, vii. (Prol. to *Tr. and Creſſ.*), proud. Fr. *Orgueilleux*.
Orts, ſcraps, fragments, leavings.
Oſprey, vi. 379. the ſea-eagle; of which it is reported, that when he hovers in the air, all the fiſh in the water underneath turn up their bellies, and lie ſtill for him to ſeize which he pleaſes. One of the names of this bird is *Oſſifraga*, from which by corruption is deduced *Oſprey*. See Geſner, and William Turner. The name in Pliny is *Haliaetos*.
An *Oſtent*, a ſhew, an outward appearance. Lat. *Oſtentus*.
To *Overween*, to reach beyond the truth of any thing in thought, eſpecially in the opinion of a man's ſelf.

Ouphe,

Ouphe, the ſame as *Elfe*, from which it is a corruption, a fairy, a hobgoblin.

Ouphen, elfiſh, of fairy-kind.

An *Ouzie*, a blackbird.

Owches, iv. 189. boſſes or buttons of gold ſet with diamonds. The word is mentioned in an old ſtatute of Henry VIII. made againſt exceſs in apparel; it is alſo uſed by Chaucer and Spencer.

To *Owe*, is very frequently uſed for poſſeſs; to be the owner of; eſpecially where the author would imply an abſolute right or property in the thing poſſeſſed.

P

A *Paddock*, a toad, or frog.

Palabras, ii. 43. o'my word. Span. *Dò Palabra*. *Pocas Palabras*, ii. 289. few words.

Pale-clipt, i. 45. incloſed or fenced with pales.

A *Palliament*, vi. 169. a robe. Ital. *Paliamento*.

A *Pantaloon*, ii. 246. a man's garment anciently worn, in which the breeches and ſtockings were all of a piece. Fr. *Pantalon*.

A *Pantler*, the officer in a great family who keeps the bread. Fr. *Panetier*.

To *Pantler*, vii. 145. to run after one like a footman.

To *Paragon*, to compare. Fr. *Paragonner*; alſo to equal, viii. 213.

A *Paragon*, a compleat model or pattern.

A *Parator*, the ſame as apparator or apparitor; an officer belonging to the ſpiritual courts, who carries ſummons, and ſerves proceſſes.

To *Parget*, to daub or plaiſter over.

Partlet, iii. 230. a name given to a hen; the original ſignification being a ruff, or band, or covering for the neck.

A *Paſh*, iii. 210. a kiſs. Span. *Paz*. *La paz de Judas*, is a phraſe with the Spaniards, by which they expreſs treachery.

To *Paſh*, to daſh.

Patens, ii. 134. a round plate of gold borne in heraldry; the cover of the ſacramental cup.

A *Pelt*, a ſkin or hide. Lat. *Pellis*.

Pelting, (a pelting village, a pelting farm), has the ſame ſenſe as beggarly. There is a rot among ſheep, particularly called the *Pelt-rot*; which is, when the ſheep from poverty and ill keeping firſt loſe their wool, and then die. This word comes from *Pelt*, a ſkin; the poor being generally clothed in leather.

Perdy, vi. 40. an oath. Fr. *Par Dieu*.

Periapts, iv. 396. amulets; charms worn as preſervatives againſt diſeaſes or miſchief. Gr. Περιάπτω, *Pro amuleto appendo*. Steph.

A *Pet*, a lamb taken into the houſe, and brought up by hand; a cade-lamb.

A *Petar*, viii. 153. a kind of little cannon filled with powder, and uſed for the breaking down the gates of a town, and for countermining. Fr. *Petard*.

Picked, ſharp, ſmart, Fr. *Piqué*.

Pight, pitched, placed, fixed.

A *Pike*, vi. 300. a fork.

A *Pilcher*, a furr'd gown or caſe, any thing lined with furr; a cloak or coat of ſkins.

Pin, vi. 55. a horny induration of the membranes of the eye.

Pink, i. 205. a veſſel of the ſmall craft, employed as a carrier (and ſo called) for merchants.

A *Pix*, iv. 286. a little cheſt or box wherein the conſecrated hoſt is kept in Roman Catholic countries. Lat. *Pixis*.

Plage, vi. 12. place, country, or boundary. Lat. *Plaga*.

Planched gate, i. 303. a gate of boards.

To *Plaſh*, to reduce into order the largeſt and moſt riotous plants in a hedge, by cutting deep into their bodies, to make them bend down, and then interweaving them with the lower parts of the hedge. The original and true word is to *Pleach*, by vulgar uſe pronounced *Plaſh*.

To *Pleach*, to twiſt together, to interweave.

Point-device, ii. 257. exact to the greateſt nicety. Fr. *A points deviſés*. The expreſſion is uſed by Chaucer.

Poll'd, vi. 373. ſhaven.

Pomander, iii. 269. a little round ball of perfumes. Fr. *Pomme d'ambre*.

Pomwater, iii. 269. a very large apple.

A *Preciſian*, i. 196. one who profeſſes great ſanctity, a ghoſtly father, a ſpiritual guide.

Prime, viii. 244. prompt; from the Celtique or Britiſh *Prim*.

Primero, a game at cards. Span. *Primera*.

A *Prizer*, ii. 235. a prize-fighter.

To *Procter*, vii 160. to plead by an advocate.

Proface, iv. 238. much good may do you! Ital. *Profaccia*.

To *Propend*, vii. 294. to lean more, to incline more favourably. Lat. *Propendeo*.

Properties, a term much uſed at the playhouſes for the habits and implements neceſſary for the repreſentation; and they who furniſh them, are called *Property-men*. This ſeems to have ariſen from that ſenſe of the word *Property*, which ſignifies a blind, a tool, a ſtalking-horſe.

To *Purfle*, to overlay with tinſel, gold thread, &c. Fr. *Pourfiler*.

A *Puttock*, a kite.

Q

A *Quab*, a gudgeon, (*Gobio capitatus*. Skin.); and a gudgeon is often uſed in a figurative ſenſe for a ſoft eaſy fool, ready to ſwallow any bait laid for him.

To *Quail*, to droop, to languiſh, to faint.

A *Quarrel*, v. 302. a large arrow ſo called.

Quatch, iii 25. ſquat or flat.

Queaſy, vi. 29. ſickiſh, nauſeating.

A *Quell*, vi. 247. a murtherous conqueſt. In the common acceptation, to *quell*, ſignifies to ſubdue any way; but it comes from a Saxon word, which ſignifies to kill.

A *Quern*, a churn; alſo a mill.

A *Queſt*, vi. 70. a lamentation, a complaint. Lat. *Queſtus*.

A *Queſtant* or *Queſter*, one who goes in queſt of any thing.

Quill, ("deliver our ſupplications in quill," v. 13.); this may be ſuppoſed to have been a phraſe formerly in uſe, and the ſame with the French *en quille*, which is ſaid of a man when he ſtands upright upon his feet, without ſtirring from the place. The proper ſenſe of *Quille* in French is a nine-pin; and in ſome parts of England nine-pins are ſtill called *Cayls*; which word is uſed in the ſtatute 33. Henry VIII. cap. 9. *Quille* in the old Britiſh language alſo ſignifies any piece of wood ſet upright.

Quillets, quibbles, querks, ſubtilties; law-chicane, a falſe charge, or an evaſive anſwer.

Quips, i. 162. gibes, flouts.

A *Quintain*, ii. 228. a butt, a poſt, or the figure of a man ſet up in wood for the purpoſe of military exerciſes, throwing darts, breaking lances, or running a tilt againſt it. Fr. *Quintaine*.

To *Quote*, to underſtand, to interpret, to rate, to eſtimate, to reckon.

R

The *Rack*, vii. 147. & viii. 126. the courſe or driving of the clouds; the veſtige of an embodied cloud, which hath been broken and diſſipated by the wind.

Raied, blotted, ſtained, fouled: the ſame as *Beraied*, which is the term more known of late days. Fr. *Rayé*.

Raſh, iv. 223. dry.

To *Rate*, ii. 45. to rail or revile.

Raught, the ſame as reached.

To *Ravin*, to ſnatch or devour greedily.

A *Raze* of ginger, iv. 96. this is the Indian word for a bale, and muſt be diſtinguiſhed from *Race*, which ſignifies a ſingle root of ginger.

Rear-mice or *Rere-mice*, bats.

Rebato, ii. 40. an ornament for the neck, a collar-band or kind of ruff. Fr. *Rabat*. Menage ſaith it comes from *Rabattre*, to put back; becauſe it was at firſt nothing but the collar of the ſhirt or ſhift turned back towards the ſhoulders.

A *Recheate*, ii. 7. a particular leſſon upon the horn to call dogs back from the ſcent; from the old French word *Recet*, which was uſed in the ſame ſenſe as *Retraite*.

Rechleſs or *Reckleſs*, regardleſs, negligent.

To *Reck*, to regard, to care, to be anxious about, to regret the loſs of.

Reechy or *Reeky*, ſmoaky, or ſoiled with ſmoak, or a dark yellow; thence alſo ſweaty or filthy with ſweat.

Reed, leſſon, doctrine, counſel.

Reer, vi. 38. ſlow, backward, unwilling to ſhew itſelf.

Reguerdon, iv. 370. recompence.

To *Rein*, to curb, to reſtrain.

To *Releve*, i. 64. to heighten, to add to. Fr. *Relever*.

To *Renege*, vi. 34. to renounce. Span. *Renegár*.

Ribaud,

Ribaud, debauched, abandoned, proſtituted, a luxurious ſquanderer. Fr. *Ribaud*.

Ribi, iv. 107. drink away! Italian. The imperative mood of *Ribére*, which is the ſame as *Ribevere*, to drink again.

Riggiſh, wanton.

Rigol, iv. 226. a circle; from the Italian *Rigole*, which ſignifies a little round wheel or trundle.

Roiſting, vii. 295. bluſtering, ſwaggering.

A *Rood*, a croſs.

A *Rowſe*, viii. 94. the ſame as a carowſe.

Royniſh, mangy, ſcabby. Fr. *Rogneux*.

A *Ruddock*, vii. 232. a robin-red-breaſt.

Rudesby, iii. 136. rude companion, rude fellow!

A *Runnion* or *Ronyon*, a ſcabby or mangy man or woman. Fr. *Rogneux* and *Rogneuſe*.

Ruth, pity, compaſſion.

S

Sacring-bell, v. 326. the little bell which is rung in the proceſſion of the hoſt, to give notice of its approach, or to call to ſome holy office. From the French word *Sacrer*, to conſecrate or dedicate to the ſervice of God.

Sad is frequently uſed for grave, ſober, ſerious.

To *Sagg*, is (properly) to ſink on one ſide, as weights do when they are not balanced by equal weights on the other.

Sallet or *Salade*, v. 77. a helmet. Corrupted from *Cælata*, a helmet, (ſays Skinner), *quia galeæ cælatæ fuerunt*. Span. *Celada*. Fr. *Salade*.

Saltier, iii. 261. a term in heraldry; one of the ordinaries in form of St Andrew's croſs.

Sanded, i. 104. of a ſandy colour, which is one of the colours belonging to a true blood-hound.

San Domingo, iv. 239. St Dominick. Span.

Sans, without. A French word.

A *Saw*, a wiſe ſaying, a proverb.

'Say, vi. 91. eſſay. Fr. *Eſſai*.

To *Scan*, to canvaſs, to examine, to weigh and conſider well any buſineſs.

Scarfed, ii. 95. pieced or joined cloſe together; a term uſed by the ſhipbuilders.

Scathe, harm, hurt, miſchief, damage. *Scatheful*, miſchievous.

A *Sconce*, a fort, a fortreſs; alſo a man's head.

A *Score*, i. 56. account; not the number twenty.

To *Scotch*, to hack, to cut, to bruiſe, to cruſh. Ital. *Schiacciare*.

Scroyles, iii. 310. the diſeaſe called the *king's-evil*, Fr. *Eſcroüelles*; here given as a name of contempt and abuſe to the men of Angiers; as we ſometimes ſcurrilouſly call men *ſcabs*.

To *Scutch*, iv. 208. to ſwitch, to whip, to ſcourge. Ital. *Scuticare*.

Seam, vii. 300. tallow, fat.

A *Sea-mall*, a kind of gull, a bird haunting the ſea-coaſts.

Sear'd, i. 282. old. *In the ſear*, ſignifies old age.

Seedneſs, i. 266. ſeed-time. An old word.

To *Seel*, vi. 264. a term in falconry, to run a ſilk through the eye-lids of a young hawk, and to draw them near together, in order to make the hawk bear a hood.

Sequele, a great man's train. A French word.

Seſſa or *Seſſey*, peace, be quiet. Lat. *Ceſſa*.

Shamois, i. 32. young kids.

A *Shard*, vii. 113. a tile, or broken piece of a tile: thence figuratively a ſcale or ſhell upon the back of any creature. The *Shard-born beetle*, means the beetle that is borne up by wings hard and glazed like a potſheard.

Sharded, ſcaled.

To *Shark up*, viii. 88. to pick up in a thieviſh manner. Fr. *Chercher*.

Sheen, clear, bright; ſmiling, ſhining; alſo brightneſs, luſtre: uſed in the firſt and laſt ſenſe by Spencer.

To *Shend*, to blame, to reprove, to rate, to rebuke, to diſgrace, to evil-intreat.

A *Shive*, vi. 180. a ſlice.

A *Showghe*, vi. 261. a rough-coated dog, a ſhock.

Shrift, confeſſion. To *Shrive*, to confeſs.

A *Siege*, a ſeat; alſo, i. 30. the fundament of a man, in which ſenſe the French often uſe it; *Mal au ſiege*; *une fiſtule au ſiege*.

Sieg'd, ii. 306. placed, ſeated, fixed.

Sizes, vi. 43. certain portions of bread, beer, or other victuals, which in public ſocieties are ſet down to the account of particular perſons. A word ſtill uſed in the colleges of the univerſities.

Sized, viii. 125. bedawbed as with ſize, which is a glewiſh compoſition uſed by painters. Ital. *Siſa*.

To *Skirr*, to ſcour about a country.

Sleaded or *Sleded*, viii. 87. carried on a ſled or ſledge.

Slop, wide-knee'd breeches.

Slough, an huſk, an outward ſkin.

Smirch'd, ii. 39. ſmeared, dawbed, dirtied.

To *Sneap*, to check, to ſnub, to rebuke.

A *Snipe*, viii. 211. a diminutive woodcock.

Sooth, true or truth, a reality; alſo iv. 48. adulation, in the ſenſe of the verb to *Sooth*.

To *Sowle*, vi. 372. to lug or pull.

A *Sowter*, iii. 114. a cobler. Lat. *Sutor*. In this paſſage it is intended as the name of a dog.

To *Sperre*, vii. 265. to bolt, to barricado, or any ways faſten.

Spleen is often uſed for a ſudden ſtart, a haſty motion, a momentary quickneſs.

A *Spray*, a young tender ſhoot or branch of a tree.

Spurs, the fibres of a root or tree.

To *Square*, to jar, to wrangle or quarrel. For the derivation ſee the next word.

A *Squarer*, ii. 3. a ſwaggering blade. This word is taken from the French phraſe, *Se quarrer*, which ſignifies to ſtrut with arms a-kembo,

a-kembo, *(anſatus incedere)*, an action which denotes a character of an hectoring bragadochio. The French ſay, *Les jeuns fanfarons ſe quarrent en marchant.*

A *Squier*, ii. 204. the ſame as a ſquare.

A *Stanyel*, iii. 114. otherwiſe called a *Ring-tail*, a kind of buzzard, or kite.

Starkly, i. 306. ſtiffly, wearily, ſoundly.

Station, viii. 149. attitude, preſence, perſon.

A *Statiſt*, viii. 181. a ſtateſman. Ital. *Statiſta.*

A *Stay*, iii. 313. a let, a ſtop, an impediment.

To *Stead* or *Sted*, to ſerve, to help.

Steads, ſtocks, ſtools, from whence young ſlips or ſuckers are propagated.

Stickler-like, vii. 355. ſticklers were ſeconds appointed in a duel to ſee fair play, who parted the combatants when they thought fit: and this being done by interpoſing with a ſtick, from thence came the name.

Stigmatical, iii. 181. branded with marks of diſgrace. Lat. *Stigmaticus.*

Stint, i. 18. proportion, allotment.

A *Stithy*, an anvil. To *Stithy*, to beat upon an anvil.

Stoccata, viii. 42. a thruſt in fencing. An Italian word.

A *Stole*, a robe, a long garment, a mantle, a woman's gown: uſed alſo by Spencer. Lat. *Stola.*

To *Suggeſt*, iv. 6. & 52. to prompt or egg on.

Sumpter, vi. 44. a beaſt which carries neceſſaries on a journey.

Surceaſe, vi. 245. this generally ſignifies the ſuſpenſion of any act; but in this paſſage it ſtands for the total ceaſing after the final execution of it. Fr. *Surſeoir.*

A *Swabber*, iii. 97. an inferior officer in a ſhip, whoſe buſineſs it is to keep the ſhip clean.

T

A *Tabourine*, vii. 143. a drum. Fr. *Tabourin.*

To *Take*, to blaſt, to ſtrike with infection. Fr. *Attaquer.*

Tall is very frequently uſed for eminent, notable, conſiderable.

Taniere, a hut or cave. A French word.

To *Tarre on*, to provoke, to urge on, as they ſet on dogs to fight.

A *Taſſel-gentle*, viii. 28. a particular kind of hawk, the male of the faulcon. In ſtrictneſs it ſhould be ſpelt *Tiercel-gentle.* Fr. *Tiercelet.*

Tear-cap, a ranting bully.

Tear-ſheet, a ranting whore.

Teen, trouble, grief.

Teſted, i. 280. tried, put to the teſt.

A *Tether*, a long rope with which horſes are tied to confine their feeding to a certain compaſs, and prevent their treſpaſſing farther.

Thewes, ſinews, muſcles, bodily ſtrength.

Thill-horſe, ii. 89. the horſe which draws in the ſhafts or thill of the carriage.

Thirdborough, the ſame as headborough or conſtable.

Thrift, thrift, thriving, ſucceſs.

Tilth, i. 304. tillage.

Tiny, ſmall, ſlender. Lat. *Tenuis*.

Tort, vii. 196. in the wrong. An old French word.

To *Toze*, iii. 272. to break in pieces, to draw out, or pull aſunder, as they do wool, by carding it to make it ſoft; Ital. *Tozzare*: thence figuratively, by artful inſinuations to draw out the ſecrets of a man's thoughts.

To *Tramell up*, vi. 245. to ſtop: a metaphor taken from a tramel-net which is uſed to be put croſs a river from bank to bank, and catches all the fiſh that come, ſuffering none to paſs. Fr. *Tramail*.

Trick is a word frequently uſed for the air, or that peculiarity in a face, voice, or geſture, which diſtinguiſhes it from others.

Trickſey, dainty, curious, ſleight.

Trigon, iv. 194. a term in aſtrology, when three ſigns of the ſame nature and quality meet in a trine aſpect.

Troll-madam, iii. 250. a game commonly called *pigeon-holes*.

Trouſſers, iv. 291. a kind of breeches wide and tucked up high, ſuch as are ſtill worn in the robes of the order of the Garter. Fr. *Trouſſe*. But *ſtrait trouſſers* in this paſſage has a jeſting ſenſe, and means the natural ſkin without any breeches.

To *Trow*, to believe. An old word.

To *Truſs*, is a term in falconry, when a hawk near the ground raiſeth a fowl, and ſoaring upwards with it, ſeizeth it in the air.

To *Try*, i. 2. a term in ſailing. A ſhip is ſaid to try when ſhe hath no more ſails abroad but her main-ſail, when her tacks are cloſe aboard, the bowlings ſet up, and the ſheets haled cloſe aft, when alſo the helm is tied cloſe down to the board, and ſo ſhe is let lie in the ſea.

Tub-faſt, vi. 141. The author in the place referred to, is alluding to the *lues venerea*, and its effects. At that time the cure of it was performed either by *guaiacum*, or *mercurial* unctions: and in both caſes the patient was kept up very warm and cloſe; that in the firſt application the ſweat might be promoted; and leſt, in the other, he ſhould take cold, which was fatal. "The regimen "for the courſe of *guaiacum* (ſays Dr *Freind* in his *hiſtory of* "*phyſic*, *vol.* ii. *p.* 380.) was at firſt ſtrangely circumſtantial; "and ſo rigorous, that the patient was put into a dungeon, in or-"der to make him ſweat; and in that manner (as *Fallopius* ex-"preſſes it) the bones, and the very man himſelf, was macerated." *Wiſeman* ſays, in England they uſed a *Tub* for this purpoſe, as abroad, a cave, or oven, or dungeon. And as for the *unction*, it was ſometimes continued for thirty-ſeven days, (as he obſerves, *p.* 375.); and during this time there was neceſſarily an extraordinary *abſtinence* required. Hence the term of the *Tub-faſt*.

Tucket, a prelude or voluntary in muſic, a flouriſh of inſtruments. Ital. *Toccata*.

Turlupins, vi. 38. a new ſpecies of gypſies, a fraternity of naked beggars,

beggars, that ſprang up in the fourteenth century, and ran up and down Europe.

U

Umber, a colour uſed by painters, a dark yellow.

Unaneal'd, viii. 106. unprepared. To *Anneal* or *Neal*, in its primary and proper ſenſe, is to prepare metals or glaſs by the force of fire for the different uſes of the manufacturers in them: and this is here applied by the author in a figurative ſenſe to a dying perſon; who, when prepared by impreſſions of piety, by repentance, confeſſion, abſolution, and other acts of religion, may be ſaid to be *anneal'd* for death.—— Mr Pope explains this word by, *no knell rung*; *i. e.* without enjoying the benefits of the *paſſing* bell; which uſed to toll while the perſon lay expiring, and thence was ſo called. This ſhocking cuſtom ſtill prevails in ſome parts of England.

Unanointed, viii. 106. not having received extreme unction.

Unbarbed, vi. 356. bare, uncovered. In the times of chivalry, when a horſe was fully armed and accoutred for the encounter, he was ſaid to be *barbed*; probably from the old word *Barbe*, which Chaucer uſes for a veil or covering.

Unbated, viii. 170. unabated, unblunted.

Unbolted, vi. 34. unſifted.

Unbraided, iii. 257. unfaded, freſh.

Unbreech'd, iii. 211. not yet in breeches, a boy in coats.

Uncape, i. 221. a term in fox-hunting, ſignifying to dig out the fox when earth'd.

Unchary, iii. 129. careleſs.

Unhouſel'd, viii. 106. without having received the ſacrament. *Houſel* is a Saxon word for the euchariſt, which ſeems derived from the Latin *Hoſtiola*.

Unneath, hardly, ſcarcely.

An *Urchin*, an hedge-hog, which was reckoned among the animals uſed by witches as their familiars: hence, figuratively, a little unlucky miſchievous boy or girl.

Ure, i. 264. uſe, practice.

Utas or *Utis*, iv. 188. the eighth and laſt day of a feſtival, for ſo long the great feſtivals were accounted to laſt, the concluſion being kept with more than ordinary merriment: from the French *Huit*.

To th' *Utterance*, vi. 260. to the utmoſt, to all extremity. Fr. *à Outrance*. At *Utterance*, vii. 205. at all extremity.

V

To *Vail*, to let down, to drop, to ſtoop.

To *Van*, to winnow, to purge; from the French *Vanner*; which is derived from the Latin *Vannus*, *Ventilabrum*, the fan uſed for winnowing the chaff from the corn.

Vantbrace, vii. 284. defenſive armour for the arm. Fr. *Avant-bras*.

Vary, vi. 34. variation, change.

Vaunt-

Vaunt-couriers, vi. 48. forerunners. Fr. *Avant-coureurs*.

Vaward, the ſame as van-guard, the firſt line of an army: and from thence the forward or leading part of any thing.

Velure, ii. 327. velvet. Fr. *Velours*.

Venew, ii. 188. a reſt or bout in fencing.

A *Ventige*, viii. 144. a vent or paſſage for air. Fr. *Ventouſe*.

Via! i. 205. away! An Italian word.

Vice, "Vice's dagger," iv. 208. and "Like the old Vice," iii. 140. This was the name given to a droll figure heretofore much ſhown upon our ſtage, and brought in to play the fool, and make ſport for the populace. His dreſs was always a long jerkin, a fool's cap, with aſſes ears, and a thin wooden dagger, ſuch as is ſtill retained in the modern figures of Harlequin and Scaramouche. In moral repreſentations, it was common to bring in the deadly ſins, but the *Vice* did not aſſume the perſonages of theſe ſins: for the *Vice* was always a fool or jeſter, and (as Shakeſpear calls him in the *Merchant of Venice*) a merry devil. The name *Iniquity* was likewiſe given to this *Vice*, on account of his unhappy tricks and rogueries. Minſhew, and others of our more modern critics, ſtrain hard to find out the etymology of this word, and fetch it from the Greek. Probably we need look no farther for it than the old French word *Vis*, which ſignified the ſame as *Viſage* does now: from this in part came *Viſdaſe*, a word common among them for a fool; which Menage ſays is but a corruption from *Vis d'aſne*, the face or head of an aſs. It may be imagined therefore, that *Viſdaſe* or *Vis d'aſne*, was the name firſt given to this fooliſh theatrical figure; and that by vulgar uſe it was ſhortened down to plain *Vis* or *Vice*.

To *Vice*, iii. 218. to hold faſt as with an inſtrument called a *vice*.

Vouch, i. 286. the teſtimony one man bears for another.

W

To *Wage*, to combat with, to enter into conflict with, to encounter.

Waped or *Wapid*, vi. 140. mournful, ſorrowful. *Chaucer*.

To *Warp*, to contract, to ſhrink.

Waſſel or *Waſſaile*, the merriment of twelfth night, with a great bowl carried about from houſe to houſe. The word is compounded of two Saxon words, ſignifying, *Health be to you!* A *Waſſel-candle*, iv. 171. is a candle larger than ordinary uſed at that ceremony.

A *Web*, iv. 171. a ſpot in the eye injurious to the ſight.

A *Weed*, i. 78. a garment.

To *Ween*, to think.

To *Weet*, to know.

Welkin, the firmament or ſky.

Welking, iii. 210. languiſhing, faint.

To *Well*, to ſpring or bubble forth.

To *Wend*, to go.

Weyward ſiſters, vi. 236. This word *Weyward* had anciently the ſame ſenſe as *Weird*, and was the very ſame differently ſpelt; having acquired its larger ſignification from the quality and tem-

per

per of theſe imaginary witches. As to theſe *weyward ſiſters*, they were the *Fates* of the northern nations; the three handmaids of *Odin*. *Hæ nominantur* Valkyriæ, *quas quodvis ad prælium Odinus mittit. Hæ viros morti deſtinant, et victoriam gubernant:* Gunna, *et* Rota, *& Parcarum minima* Skullda. *Per aëra et maria equitant ſemper ad morituros eligendos; et cædes in poteſtate habent.* Bartholinus de cauſis contemptæ à Danis adhuc Gentilibus mortis. It is for this reaſon that Shakeſpear makes them *three*, and calls them

Poſters of the ſea and land;

and intent only upon death and miſchief. However, to give this part of his work the more dignity, he intermixes with theſe northern, the Greek and Roman ſuperſtitions; and puts Hecate at the head of their inchantments. And to make it ſtill more familiar to the common audience, (which was always his point), he adds for another ingredient, a ſufficient quantity of our own country-ſuperſtitions concerning witches; their beards, their cats, and their broomſticks. So that his witch-ſcenes are like the charm they prepare in one of them; where the ingredients are gathered from every thing ſhocking in the natural world; as in the place referred to, from every thing abſurd in the moral. But as extravagant as all this is, the *Tragedy of Macbeth*, where theſe witch-ſcenes occur, has had the power to charm and bewitch every audience from that time to this. Mr *Warburton*.

Whelk'd, vi. 75. a whelk is ſuch a riſing tumour upon the ſkin, as the laſh of a whip or ſwitch leaves behind it.

Whiffler, iv. 321. an officer who walks firſt in proceſſions, or before perſons in high ſtations upon occaſions of ceremony. The name is ſtill retained in the city of London; and there is an officer ſo called, who walks before their companies at times of public ſolemnity. It ſeems a corruption from the French word *Huiſſier*.

Whinnid, crooked. Minſhew, under the word *Whinneard*, takes notice of this old word to *Whinnie*, and interprets it *(incurvare)* to bend or make crooked.

A *Whittle*, a coarſe blanket or mantle worn by the pooreſt ſort.

To *Wis* or *Wiſt*, to know, to judge rightly of a thing.

A *Wittol*, a cuckold jealous and uneaſy under his wife's tranſgreſſions, but not having ſpirit enough to reſtrain them.

Woe-begone, overwhelmed with ſorrow. *Spen.*

A *Wold*, a down, an open hilly country.

Wood or *Wode*, mad, frantic, wild, raving, crazy.

To *Wrack*, ii. 58. to deſtroy.

Wreak, revenge: *Wreakful*, revengeful.

Wrizled, iv. 357. wrinkled.

Y

Yare, ready, nimble, quick, dextrous.

Ycleped, called, named.

Z

A *Zany*, a Merry Andrew, a jack-pudding. Ital. *Zanè*.

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A list of the VARIOUS READINGS in *SHAKESPEAR*'s works; shewing what conjectures or alterations made by his editors are inserted in this edition.

The first word or reading is that preferred in this edition.

T. *is put for* Theobald, Thirl. *for* Thirlby, O. *for* Oxford editor, W. *for* Warburton, D. *for* Dodd, *and* V. *for the* common editions.

When a conjecture or alteration is adopted by several editors, all their names are mentioned.

The names of some persons are annexed to readings, who were not editors, but communicated their conjectures to the editors.

VOLUME I.

Pag. lin.

4. 24. no soul lost, O. & W. no foyle, T.
6. 23. unto, W. into, V. oft, W. of it, V.
8. 5. mock'd, W. deck'd, V. brack'd, O.
14. 9. couldst, W. didst, V.
10. show, W. know, V.
18. *ult.* stint, W. hint, V.
19. 9. 'viser, W. visitor, V.
26. 36. Moral, W. morsel, V.
32. 25. shamois, T. & W. seamels, V. sea-malls, O. & D.
33. 19. most busy-less, T. & W. least busy, Pope.
41. 29. putter out on, T. & W. puttter out of, V.
43. 36. thread, T. & W. third, V.
45. 29. 30. brown groves, O. broom groves, V.
32. pale-clipt, W. pole-clipt, V.
48. 17. th' air-visions, W. their vision, V.
53. 10. *entire*, W. Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let them forth, V.
15. has frail'd, W. is for, V.
54. 17. suck, V. lurk, T.
21. summer, V. sun-set, T. & H.
58. 36. her trim, Thirl. T. & W. out, V.
60. 'lixir, T. & W. liquor, V.
62. 30. wintering on, W. withering out, V.
64. 3. 'leve, W. leave, V.
66. 9. low, T. & W. love, V.
67. 20. Your's would I catch, O. & W. your words I'd catch, V.
69. 17. go on, W. grow on, V.
34. tear a cap, W. tear a cat, V.
73. 9. rails or cries, O. & W. tailor cries, V.
36. glimmering, through the night, W. through the glimmering night, V.
37. Periguné, T. & W. Perigenia, V.

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74. 2. that, W. the, V.
21. heried, W. here, V.
34. inchaſe, W. increaſe, V.
75. 10. follying, T. & W. following, V.
38. alarm'd, T. & W. all-arm'd, V. & D.
76. 35. ſlay, ſlayeth, Thirl. T. & W. ſtay, ſtayeth, V.
78. 38. the midnight, W. a minute, V.
79. 4. ſports, W. ſpirits, V.
85. 21. whit, T. & W. while, V.
88. 15. 16. parentage, O. & W. patience, V.
90. 4. Pth', W. with th', V.
92. 16. this pureneſs, O. & W. this princeſs, V.
22. *entire*, W. But you muſt join in ſouls—— V.
94. 4. like, M. Folks, Eſq; T. & W. life, V.
98. 37. far-bleſſing, W. fair bleſſed, V.
102. 12. all ways, T. & W. always, V.
14. maple; ivy, T. & W. female ivy, V.
103. 6. o'er, Thirl. T. & W. or, V.
16. five, Thirl. T. & W. fine, V.
27. far poſterity, W. fair poſterity, V.
106. 16. gemell, T. & W. jewel, V.
107. 3. 4. after death, T. & W. at her death, V.
20. naught, T. & W. nought, V.
110. 2. *entire*, W. That is hot ice, and wondrous ſtrange ſnow, V.
32. willing *added by* T. & W.
113. 40. rear, W. hear, V.
116. 23. moans, T. & W. means, V.
30. brows, T. & W. lips, V.
117. 31. behowls, T. & W. beholds, V.
123. 15. a ſtray, Thirl. T. & W. aſtray, V.
136. 31. wode, T. & W. ould, V.
142. 34. mine eye, T. & W. mine, V.
144. 33. I have, W. thou haſt, V.
154. 32. one kind, W. one knave, V.
155. 9. maſter's ſhip, T. &. W. maſterſhip, V.
161. 17. niece, V. & W. near, T.
168. 9. Julia, W. Sylvia, V.
171. 14. pitch'd, W. pinch'd, V.
172. 19. ſtatued, W. ſtatue, V.
178. 32. Milan——behold, T. & W. Verona—hold, V.
186. 35. contempt, T. & W. content, V.
190. 13. tranſlated her out of—W. tranſlated her will out of— V.
194. 4. and make, W. and drink make, V.
196. 20. mum, W. men, V. fat men, T.
197. 8. lack, W. hack, V.
201. 16. on, heris, T. & W. an heirs, V.
202. 24. bold-bearing, W. bold-beating, V.
205. 7. pink, W. punk, V.
211. 29. cry aim, W. cry'd game, V. cock o'th'game, O.
218. 37. tire vailant, W. tire-valiant, V.

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227. 1. bitch's blind, T. & W. blind bitch's, V.
228. 33. 34. direction, W. diſtraction, V.
238. 17. compt off, T. & W. come off, V.
240. 4. too, pinch, W. to pinch, V.
247. 9. no one, W. no man, V.
25. devil, Thirl. T. & W. herne, V.
248. 30. bribe-buck, T. & W. brib'd buck, V.
249. 11. Ouphen heirs, T. & W. orphan heirs, V.
25. rein, W. raiſe, V.
35. as, W. and, V.
250. 6. purfled, W. purple, V.
7. in, W. and, V.
38. i' th' blood, a fire, O. & W. a bloody fire, V.
257. 7. roll, W. ſoul, V.
258. 5. levell'd, W. leaven'd, V.
264. 20. ſtrict ure, W. ſtricture, V.
28. ſteeds, T. & W. weeds, V.
29. ſleep, T. & W. ſlip, V.
278. 5. are, W. were, V.
34. but ere they live, O. & W. but here they live, V.
279. 22. yourſelf, W. ourſelf, V.
281. 25. flames, T. & W. flaws, V.
282. 34. ſear'd, W. fear'd, V. & D.
286. 12. formal, W. former, V.
287. 32. reck, T. & W. keep, V. & D.
288. 23. 24. pall'd, thy blazed youth becomes aſſuaged, W. all thy bleſſed youth becomes as aged, V. & D.
26. bounty, W. beauty, V. & D.
290. 16. 19. prieſtly, W. & D. princely, V.
23. give thee for this rank offence, O. & W. give't thee; from this rank offence, V.
292. 18. falſify, W. ſatisfy, O.
295. 28. array, Mr Biſhop, T. & W. away, V.
296. 15. 16. It's not down i' th' laſt reign, W. Is't not drown'd i' th' laſt rain? V.
297. 27. gentle, W. general, V.
39. 40. ungenerative, T. & W. generative, V.
300. 1. ſwerve, W. ſwear, V.
301. 37. that likeneſs, W. likeneſs, V.
39. draw, W. to draw, V.
304. 24. tilth, T. & W. tythe, V.
310. 14. what is here writ, W. what is writ, V.
312. 39. to th' under generation, O. & W. to yonder generation, V.
319. 26. not hide, W. and hide, V.
328. 27. bain'd, W. brain'd, V.
331. 23. worth works your's, O. & W. worth worth your's, V.

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3. 12. himſelf from harm, W. himſelf warm, V.

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14. 33. Jove, T. & W. love, V.
15. 35. impaſſable, W. impoſſible, V.
16. 33. your, O. & W. their, V. & D.
18. 18. impaſſable, T. & W. impoſſible, V.
22. 37. Borachio, T. & W. Claudio, V.
24. 14. hid fox, W. kid fox, V.
25. 37. definite, W. infinite, V.
31. 25. aglet, T. W. & D. agat, V.
36. 25. more, W. no, V.
38. 38. villain, W. villany, V.
45. 30. approoft, T. & W. proof, V.
ult. rate, W. write, V.
46. 39. like an illiberal, W. moſt like a liberal, V.
47. 40. 'fraine, W. frame, V.
48. 7. 8. as, W. and, V.
49 34. princes left for dead, T. & W. princeſs (left for dead), V.
54. 3. defteſt, T. & W. eaſieſt, V.
36. *Sext.* Let them be in hand.
37. *Conr.* Off, coxcomb! W.
Sext. Let them be in the hands of coxcomb, V.
55. 34. waive, O. & W. wage, V.
58. 9. off, T. & W. of, V.
15. wrack, W. wake, V.
64. 21. above, T. & W. below, V.
67. 25. ſpeed's, Thirl. T. & W. ſpeeds, V.
76. 36. ſome time, T. & W. ſometimes, V.
18. witleſs, W. wilful, V.
83. 13. outſide's, W. outſide, V. & D.
85. 6. fearleſs, W. fearful, V.
86. 16. page, T. & W. rage, V.
89. 2. thill-horſe, T. & W. fill-horſe, V.
95. 12. widgeons, T. & W. pidgeons, V.
101. 34. vanned, T. & W. varniſhed, V. & D.
103. 34. thy, T. & W. my, V.
104. 15. 16. bankrupt, for a prodigal, W. bankrupt, a prodigal, V.
109. 15. plainneſs, T. & W. paleneſs, V.
110. 29. ſome, W. ſum, V.
114. 11. condition'd: an, W. condition'd and, V.
116. 32. hear, Thirl. T. & W. here, V.
117. 20. Padua, T. & W. Mantua, V.
121. 32. now, W. not, V.
129. 39. formally, W. formerly, V.
134. 35. patens, W. patterns, V. & D.
39. ſounds, T. & W. ſouls, V. & D.
144. 14. feaſt, T. & W. faſt, V.
145. 3. feign, W. fame, V. & D.
147. 35. having, T. & W. heaven, V.
148. 3. in, W. with, V.
25. but ſo, ſo, O. & W. but ſo, V.

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153. 18. maſter deſerves, O. & W. maſter, V.
158. 38. on, T. & W. one, V.
162. 25. 26. 'compliſhments, W. complements, V.
165. 8. jewel, W. Jew, V.
11. 12. 13. *ſtood formerly thus,* No, I'll give you a remuneration: Why? it carries its remuneration. Why? it is a fairer name than a French crown. *Reformed by* T. *approved by* W.
166. 21. Signior Junio, T. & W. ſenior-junior, O. & W. Signior Julio, D.
28. file, T. W. & D. field, V.
29. tumbler, ſtoop, T. W. & D. tumbler's hoop, V.
168. 38. my waſte, W. your waſte, V.
ib. your wit, W. my wit, V.
39. my waſte, W. your waſte, V.
172. 1. 2. for thoſe parts (which we taſte and feel, *ingradare*) that do fructify, *&c.* W. & T. which we taſte, and feeling are for thoſe parts, *&c.* V.
173. 4. of ſorel, W. O ſorel, V.
30. *Hol.* Thirl. T. & W. *Sir Nath.* V.
174. 38. canzonet, T. & W. cangenet, V.
175. 4. imitari, T. & W. imitary, V.
5. try'd, W. & T. tired, V.
177. 34. ſloop, W. & T. ſhop, V.
178. 27. but corporal, T. & W. not corporal, V.
179. 34. feſtring, W. faſting, V.
180. 21. geap, W. leap, V.
181. 2. cynic, W. critic, V.
13. vane-like men, W. men like men, V.
183. 13. wood, W. Thirl. & T. word, V.
20. ſcowl, W. & T. ſchool, V.
21. crete, W. creſt, V.
184. 40. duty, W. beauty, V.
185. 29. 30. *reformed by* W. & T.
And when love ſpeaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowſy with the harmony. D.
186. 1. all women love, W. that loves all men, V.
26. cockle, W. & T. cockrel, V.
187. 20. inſanity, W. inſanie, T. infamy, V.
23. *reformed by* T. bome boon, for boon. Priſcian, *&c.* V.
188. 9. o, u, T. & W. out, V.
19. *circùm circà*, T. & W. *unum cita*, V.
191. 15. paſt cure is ſtill paſt care, Thirl. T. & W. paſt care is ſtill paſt cure, V.
192. 17. portent-like, W. pedant-like, T. pertaunt-like, V.
199. 11. 12. *reformed by* W. Diſmaſk'd, their damaſk ſweet commixture ſhewn,
Are angels veiling clouds, or roſes blown. V.
211. 1. day of right, W. the day of wrong, V.

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211. 15. nimble, T. & W. humble, V.
212. 19. this, (ſave, W. theſe are, V.
25. quote, W. coat, V.
213. 12. fetter, W. flatter, V.
215. 24. much-bedight, W. with delight, V. & D.
217. 27. my father, W. faſhion, V.
33. ſtys, W. ſtays, V.
218. 9. diſcountenance, W. countenance, V.
219. 2. revenue, W. reverence, V.
220. 21. new Dukes, W. Dukes, V.
225. 16. ſet, T. & W. ſee, V.
226. 12. our, W. your, V.
13. our, W. your, V.
231. 20. ſhine, W. ſeem, V.
40. me, T. & W. thee, V.
233. 10. but, T. W. & D. not, V.
235. 35. bony, W. bonny, V.
237. 29. weary, T. & W. merry, V.
241. 28. *duc ad me*, O. & W. duckdame, V.
243. 37. not to ſeem, T. W. & D. ſeem, V.
247. 10. ſheen, W. ſeen, V. & D.
249. 11. groſs, W. good, V.
251. 22. foreſter, W. foreſt, V.
252. 15. juniper, W. Jupiter, V.
253. 17. off, T. & W. of, V.
261. 27. beard, T. & W. bread, V.
ult. deals, T. & W. dies, V.
263. 32. rail, T. & W. all, V.
33. have beauty, Anonymus, T. & W. have no beauty, V.
264. 17. found to be, W. foul to be, V.
35. deed ſhepherd, O. & W. dead ſhepherd, V.
270. 6. weep, W. ſleep, V.
39. atheiſtical, W. pathetical, V.
282. 21. 22. untimeable, T. & W. untuneable, V.
ult. their hap, W. they hope, V.
ib. their fear, W. they fear, V.
284. 1. unclean, W. very ſtrange, V.
19. of you the like, W. you of the like, V.
288. 30. them, W. you, V.
32. to like as much as pleaſes them, *added by* W.
290. 4. 5. third borough, T. & W. head-borough, V.
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25. 21. candent, W. & T. cadent, V.

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25. *ult.* fence, W. ſenſe, V.
30. 29. found, diſpatch'd, W. found diſpatch, V.
30. arch and, V. and arch, T.
31. 2. when, W. what, V.
32. 13. in this inſtance, W. doth this inſtant, V.
22. poiſe, W. prize, V.
35. good downing, W. good dawning, *or* good evening, V.
34. 32. intrinſicate, Pope, T. & W. intrince, V. & D.
35. 22. ſilky, W. ſilly, V.
36. 8. foil, W. fool, V.
38. 10. reer, W. their, V. & D.
ib. Turlupin, W. Turlygood, V.
43. 30. hallow, W. & T. allow, V.
35. fines, W. finds, V. & D.
44. 4. deem't, W. ſeem, V.
45. 22. 24. wrinkled, W. wicked, V.
48. 2. ſcathed, W. ſcatter'd, V.
3. ſeize, W. ſea, V.
36. germins, T. W. & D. germains, V.
49. 11. brave, W. ſlave, V. & D.
50. 8. covert of convivial, W. covert and convenient, V. & D.
50. 26. ſtring, O. & W. thing, V.
35. or two ere, W. or ere, V.
55. 5. wold, Biſhop, T. & W. old, V.
6. name told, W. nine-fold, V.
8. aroynt thee right, W. aroynt thee, V.
24. geer, O. & W. deer, V.
58. 13. heels, W. health, V.
62. 10. favour, W. favours, V.
14. ſimple-anſwer'd, O. & W. ſimple-anſwerer, V.
35. boil'd, W. buoy'd, V.
36. ſtelled, T. & W. ſteeled, V.
64. 34. hate, V. wait, T.
65. 32. Ang'ſhing, O. & W. Ang'ring, V.
66. 24. braves, W. ſlaves, V. & D.
68. 1. material, V. maternal, T.
70. 12. wetter May, W & T. better day, V. & D.
18. queſt, W. queſtion, V.
25. clamour-motion'd, W. & T. clamour-moiſten'd, V.
71. 7. ſaid, W. ſo, V.
18. fumiterr, *or* fumitory, T. & W. fenitar, V.
74. 11. outright, W. upright, V.
75. 1. attach'd, Pope & W. at each, V. & T.
35. ſober, W. ſafer, V.
76. 7. barb, W. & T. bird, V.
35. ſtalled, W. ſoyled, V.
81. 23. laid, W. made, V.
82. 13. Perdu, W. Perdue, V.
20. concluded. Ah! W. concluded all, V. & D.

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87. 22. goujeres, O. & W. good jers, V.
92. 35. 36. 37. W.
This would have ſeem'd a period
To ſuch as love not ſorrow: but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top-extremity! V. & D.
99. 3. man, T. & W. men, V.
10. leaven'd, W. levell'd, V.
17. natures, O. & W. creatures, V.
100. 1. to th' ſcope, T. & W. to ſcope, V.
102. 17. own'd, W. ow'd, V.
104. 33. ſo hungry a wit, W. & T. ſo angry wit, V.
105. 15. do part, T. & W. depart, V.
107. 13. 14. 'fore I ſhould e'er, W. for I ſhould ne'er, V.
18. to't, W. too, V.
108. 39. made a joy, O. & W. made away, V.
109. 1. but to make them drink thee, O. & W. to make them drink, V.
24. Th' ear, taſte, touch, ſmell, pleas'd from thy table riſe,
Theſe——— W. & T.
There taſte, touch, all pleas'd from thy table riſe,
They——— V.
111. 14. Me near, O. & W. near, V.
112. 24. My thanks, O. & W. Methinks, V.
40. ſerring, W. ſerving, V.
113. 9. 10. proper, W. & T. paper, V.
32. Ten, T. & W. An, V.
114. 21. in compt, T. & W. in. Come, V.
119. 4. Hold good, W. How goes, V.
123. 10. nurture, O. & W. nature, V.
34. 35. miſlook'd, W. miſtook, V.
124. 13. fifty times five hundred, O. & W. fifty-five hundred, V.
22. dirt, T. part, V.
125. 1. ſpirit, T. & W. ſport, V.
22. attorn'd to him, O. & W. return'd to him, V.
130. 35. this, W. his, V.
131. 14. His outſide wear; hang like his raiment, careleſsly. W.
His outſides; wear them like his raiment, careleſsly. V. & D.
37. made juſt, W. moſt juſt, V.
132. 13. ſwoln rioter, W. ſworn rioter, V.
133. 12. now to ſwell your ſpirit, W. not to ſwell our ſpirit, V.
26. moſt hands, W. moſt lands, V.
135. 29. foes, W. fees, V.
40. with your, W. you with, V.
138. 10. from, O. W. & D. to, V.
16. bleſſing-breeding, W. bleſſed, breeding, V.
24. denude, W. & T. deny't, V.
27. wedder's, W. & T. beggar's, V.
141. 33. tub-faſt, W. T. & O. ſub-faſt, V.

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142. 26. window-lawn, T. W. & O. window, barn, V.
29. extort, O. W. & D. exhauſt, V.
143. 4. whole, W. & T. whore, V.
30. forefend, W. foreſee, V. & D.
144. 20. cript, W. criſp, V. & D.
25. to ingrateful, W. ungrateful, V. & D.
30. harrow'd, W. & T. marrows, V. & D.
145. 9. weeds, W. T. & D. woods, V.
24. moſs'd, O. W. & D. moiſt, V.
146. 4. What a knave thou, O. & W. What? a knave too, V.
150. 39. meet, T. & W. meat, V.
151. 15. takes wealth and life together, O. W. & D. take wealth and live together, V.
22. mounds, W. T. & D. moon, V.
152. 8. humour, W. honour, V.
12. will'd, W. wiſh'd, V.
13. too, W. woo, V.
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155. 13. black-cornette, W. black-corner'd, V.
158. 33. Hallow'd, W. Allow'd, V.
161. 34. rear'd, W. & T. read, V.
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31. brine's flow, O. & W. brain's flow, V.
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168. 23. her, T. & W. his, V.
169. 18. In, T. & W. And, V.
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185. 31. cope, W. hope, V.
191. 7. have, T. & W. half, V.
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194. 2. ſpight, T. & W. ſight, V.
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201. 26. laments and dolings, O. lamenting doings, V. lamenting dolings, T.
204. 32. or, V. ere, T.
205. 27. thee, W. the, V.
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215. 5. Æmilius, T. & W. Nuntius Æmilius, V.
229. 20. Damn'd, T. & W. And, V.
233. 23. quarrel, W. quarry, V.
31. nape, W. nave, V.
34. 'gins, W. gives *or* 'gins, V.
37. Diſcomfit well'd, Thirl. T. & W. Diſcomfort ſwell'd, V.
239. 9. upfix, W. unfix, V.
11. feats, W. & T. fears, V.
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251. 16. birth, W. death, V. & D. [geon, V. & D.
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292. 34. confin'd, W. confident, V.
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325. 14. cup, W. cap, V.
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31. reach, T. & W. teach, V.
335. 21. monſter, O. & W. multitude, V.

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380. 13. foiled, W. fouler, V.
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384. 38. poiſon, V. priſon, T.
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20. 13. fourteen, T. & W. fifteen, V.
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22. 18. ſtain, V. ſtrain, W.
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29. 38. were, T. & W. heard, V. are, D.
30. 9. Of evils, O. & W. And evils, V.
34. 31. ſtir, W. fire, V.
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85. 6. immature, O. & W. being mature, V.
22. 'dear'd, T. & W. fear'd, V.
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113. 38. fortreſs, V. fortune, T.
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27. ſtrain, T. ſtain, V.
120. 4. oſtentation, V. oſtent, T. & D.
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121. 4. their, T. & W. his, V.
129. 4. Drink, O. & W. Think, V.
130. 18. Though, T. & W. The, V.
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36. favouring, T. & W. ſavouring, V.
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146. 7. doits, W. dolts, V.
16. Led thee, O. & W. Let me, V.
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154. 17. Mecænas, Thirl. T. & W. Menas, V.
156. 18. eternaling, O. & W. eternal in, V.
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163. 33. assur'd, T. absurd, V.
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32. all, W. half, V.
168. 24. brows, W. bloods, V.
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172. 34. yare, W. & T. year's, V.
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36. this, W. & T. his, V.
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27. blowing, W. & D. growing, V.
178. 28. could believe, W. could not believe, V.
180. 6. afraid, T. & W. a friend, V.
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22. mine, W. your's, V.
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184. 26. cope, W. crop, V.
29. th' humbl'd, W. the number'd, V. th' unnumber'd, T.
191. 10. divorce hell-made, O. & W. divorce he'ld make, V. & T.
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193. 31. that pretty bin, O. & W. that pretty is, V.
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31. self-finger'd, W. self-figur'd, V.
198. 13. Ere, T. & W. Or, V.
200. 22. Has —— done, W. Was —— dumb, V.
204. 13. rocks, O. & W. oaks, V.
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210. 17. I' th' cave, wherein they bow, W. & D. I' th' cave, there on the brow, *or* whereon the bow, V. here on the brow, T.
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35. so, T. & W. know, V.
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281. 11. grace; exacts, W. grace exact, V.
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298. 30. lunes, O. & W. lines, V.
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65. 24. him, V. hymn, W.
70. *ult.* ſome, V. fond, T.
72. 25. ruth, W. truth, V.
73. 36. beggarly, V. braggartly, W.
86. 22. ſight, V. ſpright, W.
87. 21. try'd, W. true, V.
88. 12. of heraldry, W. and heraldry, V.
91. 38. head, W. blood, V. is the throne, W. to the throne, V.
ib. is thy father, W. to thy father, V.
92. 15. Kind my ſon, W. and my ſon, V.
96. 15. effect, W. act, V.
98. 21. ſoil of cautel, W. ſoil, nor cautel, V.
99. 16. he a puft, W. like a puft, V. & D.
100. 10. as the light the day, W. as the night the day, V. & D.
16. inveſts, T. & W. invites, V.
101. 3. wringing, W. wronging, V.
16. intraitments, W. intreatments, V.
102. 20. advent, W. intents, V. & D.
41. baſe, T. & W. eaſe, V.
42. worth out, T. & W. a doubt, V.

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103. 5. earth, W. death, V. & D.
35. deprave, W. deprive, V. & D.
104. *ult.* too, W. to, V.
110. 34. an utter ſcandal, O. & W. another ſcandal, V.
111. 14. or Sire, W. or ſo, V.
39. ev'n yourſelf, O. & W. in yourſelf, V.
113. 5. noted, W. quoted, V.
116. 20. beatified, T. & W. beautified, V.
117. 17. ſee too, W. ſhe took, V.
18. For, W. And, V.
118. 21. a god, kiſſing, W. a good kiſſing, V.
122. 22. eyaſes, T. & W. yaſes, V.
129. 18. Moſt free, W. Niggard, V.
19. Niggard, W. Moſt free, V.
22. o'er-rode, W. o'ertook, *or* o'er-raught, V.
130. 31. aſſail, W. ſea, V. & D.
131. 1. th'time, W. time, V. & D.
132. 18. name, *added by* W.
137. 28. 'fore, W. for, V.
138. 9. Malhechor, W. Malicho, V.
144. 36. better, W. bitter, V.
146. 10. will, V. & D. th' ill, W.
27. th'offence, V. & D. th'effects, W.
37. cannot, V. & D. can but, V.
147. 8. ſole, V. & D. fall'n, V.
35. 'ſconce me even here, O. & W. ſilence me e'en here, V.
149. 13. and, as, 'gainſt, W. as againſt, V.
16. it thunders to the Indies, W. and thunders in the Index, V.
36. notion, W. motion, V.
152. 21. habits evil, Thirl. T. & W. habit's devil, V.
161. 18. d'opt, W. dupt, V.
162. 35. ward, W. & T. word, V.
164. 25. fine, V. fall'n, W.
34. wheel, V. weal, W.
166. 1. tax, W. ax, V.
169. 10. wealth, W. health, V.
170. 13. ſigh, V. ſign, W.
178. 9. virgin-chants, W. virgin-rites, V.
179. 28. ſun, W. zone, V.
34. Ere, W. When, V. & D.
180. 17. Our, V. Or, W.
181. 2. mark the——bane, W. & T. make a——brains, V.
15. commere, W. & T. comma, V.
184. 40. compliment, W. did ſo, Sir, *or* did comply, V.
185. 3. fann'd, W. fond, V.
190. 8. wing, W. ſing, V.
193. 18. let, W. led, V.
26. (as of old), W. by old, V. & D.
194. 29. ſpred, W. ſpied, V.

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197. 6. deſpited, W. deſpiſed, V.
198. 23. Unbonnetted, V. unbonnetting, W. and bonnetted, T.
200. 6. culled, W. & T. curled, V.
13. notion, T. & W. motion, V.
201. 11. the aim, W. they aim, V.
206. 30. ourſelf, W. yourſelf, V.
207. 8. pieced, W. & T. pierced, V.
40. and ſtorm of fortunes, V. to forms, my, V.
209. 2. belighted, W. delighted, V.
210. 15. diſſeat, W. defeat, V.
23. loches, W. locuſts, V.
29. errant, W. erring, V.
36. night, V. ſpite, W.
213. 40. terreſtrial, W. eſſential, V.
217. 31. prayer, W. power, V.
220. 19. brach, W. & T. traſh, V.
ib. cheriſh, W. cruſh, V.
222. 25. deem, T. & W. damn, V.
225. 22. all ſenſe of place, O. & W. all place of ſenſe, V.
229. 15. denotement, T. & W. devotement, V.
231. 34. hie, O. & W. I'll, V.
334. 25. take, V. make, W.
235. 20. cloaths, W. gloves, V.
236. 39. knaves, W. none, V.
237. 17. Think, W. Though, V.
238. 21. make more, W. are moſt, V.
243. 9. ear-piercing, V. fear-'ſperſing, W.
245. 32. th'unhallow'd, W. thy hollow, V.
34. parted, W. hearted, V.
246. 15. remord, W. remorſe, V.
247. 7. bid, W. & T. by, V.
38. ſtrong, W. young, V.
250. 38. wrangler, W. warrior, V.
252. 35. tempts not, they, W. tempts and they, V.
253. 2. propertied, W. protectreſs, V.
17. ſuppled, T. & W. ſupplied, V.
34. induction, W. inſtruction, V.
256. 5. rogue, W. Roman, V.
260. 13. raze, W. & T. graze, V.
262. 28. thence, W. there, V. & D.
34. bale weed, W. weed, V. & D.
268. 22. forſook her, W. prov'd mad, V.
23. ſhe prov'd mad, W. did forſake her, V.
282. 3. For what then ſerves, W. But what ſerves for, V.

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See Notes omitted, *and* Errata, *on the laſt page of Volume* VI.

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